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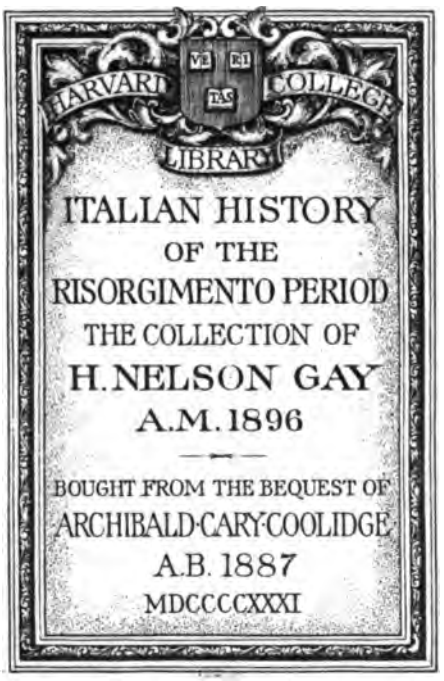

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THE

CLASSIC AND CONNOISSEUR

IN

ITALY AND SICILY:

WITH

AN APPENDIX,

CONTAINING AN

Abridged Translation of Lanzi's Storia Pittorica.

BY THE

REV. G. W. D. EVANS.

. . . . . Apis Matinæ
More modoque.—Hor.

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ERRATA.

Page 22, *line* 21, *for* Claverius *read* Cluverius.
— 29 — 15 — of grandeur *read* of their grandeur.
— 112 — 29 — give *read* gives.
— 266 — 4 — cæsis *read* cæcis.
— 301 *note, line* 1, *read* Syracusas elegerat.
— 354, *line* 28, *for* μεμιγμενην *read* μεμιγμενον.

THE

CLASSIC AND CONNOISSEUR

IN

ITALY AND SICILY.

VILLAS.

. . . . . Alta parabat
Culmina villarum, Græcis longèque petitis
Marmoribus, vincens Fortunæ atque Herculis ædem.—Juv.

THE different villas on the outskirts of modern Rome have been noticed as one of its characteristic beauties, as well as one of the principal features of its resemblance to the ancient city, the environs of which seem to have been studded with similar retreats. Though these villas may be reckoned among the consequences of the rapacity of ministers of state and the extortion practised by papal families, who, during their temporary elevation, strove to enrich themselves at any rate—for most of the great villas are the work of a few cardinals—yet on contemplating the elegance displayed in their decorations, it must be admitted that wealth has seldom been more tastefully employed. "While the eminent founder was

squandering thousands on a statue, he would allow but one crown for his own dinner. He had no children, no dogs, no stud, to keep. He built, indeed, for his own pleasure, or for the admiration of others; but he embellished his country, he promoted the resort of rich foreigners, and he afforded them a high intellectual treat for a few pauls, which never entered into his pocket. This taste generally descended to his heirs, who marked their little reigns by successive additions to the stock. How seldom," continues Forsyth, "are great fortunes spent so elegantly in England! How many are absorbed in the table, the field, or the turf; expenses which centre and end in the rich egotist himself!"

Villa Borghese.—The grounds of this villa are agreeably diversified by hill and dale; but though embellished with casinos, temples, grottos, aviaries, modern ruins, sculptured fountains, a lake, an aqueduct, a circus, and studded with an infinity of

> Statues growing that noble place in,
> All heathen goddesses most rare;
> Homer, Plutarch, and Nebuchadnezzar,
> All standing naked in the open air—

yet do they err, after all, on the side of formality. Here and there, indeed, we see scattered that peculiar feature of a Roman landscape—the stone pine—whose umbrella shaped head, thick and dark, yet tipped with lively touches of green, and borne on a lofty palm-like stem, produces a very picturesque effect; but the clipped hedges of ilex,

and the rectilinear walks, give this villa too close a resemblance to those monotonous pleasure grounds where, as Pope expresses it,

> Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
> And half the platform just reflects the other.

The fronts of the principal casino still serve as frames for a variety of ancient relievos; but the interior, which once boasted a collection of busts and statues such as the whole world could hardly match—the Gladiator, the Silenus, the Hermaphrodite, "each supreme in its own saloon, and encircled with subordinate statues and paintings related to it"—has long been stripped of its choicest treasures. The more exquisite of these antiques were surrendered by the prince in exchange for the vice-royalty of Turin, and now grace the halls of the Louvre. The David, and the Apollo and Daphne, two works of Bernini's, still remain. The David is represented at the moment when he is placing the stone in the sling: the body is bent, and rests on one leg, that he may hurl the stone with the greater force. The statue has an air of buoyancy and lightness about it, but its position, if not unnatural, is such a one as could be retained only for a moment.

The Apollo and Daphne is one of the earliest and best of Bernini's performances. The figure and posture of Daphne present all the lightness which we associate with the idea of a young and delicate girl in the act of flight. Her uplifted arms are still advanced before her, while the transformation is even now going on; the bark

already covers one of her legs, and the other, extended as in the act of running, is just taking root. The air of Apollo contrasts admirably with that of Daphne: he seems to pant for breath, and while he stretches forth his hand to stop the object of his pursuit, as if shocked at the change which is taking place, he appears half inclined to withdraw it.

The Judgment of Paris, the Fall of Phaëton, the story of Acis and Galatea, that of Paris and Helen, and other frescos, adorn the ceilings. There are also a few landscapes by More, Both, and Labruzzi, scattered through the rooms.

The prince has lately been endeavouring to repair the loss of his statues, and in one of the rooms may be seen an infinity of heads, arms, and legs, all waiting to be annexed to their respective trunks.

VILLA ALBANI.—"Deep learning," observes Forsyth, "is generally the grave of taste; but the learning which is engaged in Greek and Roman antiquities, as it embraces all that is beautiful in art, rather refines and regulates our perceptions of beauty. Here is a villa of exquisite design, planned by a profound antiquary. Here Cardinal Alexander Albani, having spent his life in collecting ancient sculpture, formed such porticos and such saloons to receive it, as an old Roman would have done*;

* "Deinde porticus in D litteræ similitudinem circumactæ—ante porticum, xystus concisus in plurimas species, distinctusque buxo. Inter has, marmoreo labro aqua exundat.—Cavato lapide

—porticos where the statues stood free on the pavement between columns proportioned to their stature; saloons which were not stocked, but embellished with families of allied statues, and seemed full without a crowd."

This villa was plundered of all its costly marbles by the French revolutionary forces, in pitiful revenge for the resistance which its possessor had opposed to their unprincipled aggression. It is said that no less than two hundred and ninety-four pieces of ancient sculpture had been conveyed by these marauders to the banks of the Tiber, ready to be shipped for Paris. Some of them, were, however, ransomed at the time, others have since been brought back; and the Villa Albani still boasts a larger and finer assemblage of ancient sculpture, than, perhaps, any other private collection in the world.

In the vestibule stand a variety of imperial busts and statues, together with several admired Caryatides*.

---

suscipitur, gracili marmore continetur, et ita occulta temperatur, ut impleat nec redundet." Such were the objects which this villa seems to have copied from Pliny's.

* Male figures, as we learn from Vitruvius, when placed as columns, were denominated *Telamones* or *Atlantes*. According to the same writer, female figures, when used for the same purpose, were styled *Caryatides;* and the following is the way in which he accounts for the term. At the time of the Persian invasion, Carya, a city of Peloponnesus, took part with the enemy; after whose expulsion, the Greeks destroyed the city, and put all the male inhabitants to the sword. The women, though reduced to slavery, were forced to retain the robes and ornaments of matrons, as a memorial of their infamy. From this circumstance, architects took to representing female figures in the act of supporting great burdens; in order that

Among the curiosities of the rooms may be seen a Canopus in basalt, supposed to be a Roman imitation of the Serapis, worshipped in the form of a jar—a Diana Multimammia—a singular relievo of Diogenes in an amphora—and an Apollo *Sauroctonos*, according to Winckelmann, that identical work of Praxiteles recorded by Pliny, and certainly one of the finest bronze statues that has come down to us. It was found entire on the Aventine Hill, but the trunk of the tree and the lizard are wanting.

Among the beautiful relievos of this villa, the most beautiful is the Antinoüs, now placed over the mantelpiece of one of the smaller apartments. It is only a half-length; and the face, which is seen nearly in profile, is strongly marked with that pensive, downcast expression peculiar to the Antinoüs. This relic is supposed to have formed part of a relievo representing the apotheosis of Antinoüs: the head is encircled with a wreath of flowers: the right hand sustains the drapery; and the left, in which the restorer has placed a garland, may, it is thought, have held the reins. "As fresh as if it had but just come from the sculptor's hands, this work," (says Winckelmann, whose history of art, projected during his residence in this very villa, continually brings its treasures into view), "next to the Apollo and the Laocoön, is perhaps the most beautiful monument of antiquity that time has transmitted to us."

Of this splendid collection—for besides the statues

---

the name and the posture might transmit the story of Carya to the latest posterity.—*Vitruv.* l. vi. 10, and l. i. 1.

and relievos, there are also vases of exquisite workmanship, together with mosaics, and cameos, and columns of the rarest marbles—a great proportion belonged to Hadrian's Tiburtine Villa—a mine which the researches and thefts of ages have not yet exhausted.

A Parnassus by Mengs, on one of the ceilings of the Villa Albani, ranks, in the opinion of Lanzi, among the three most successful efforts of that artist to be seen at Rome.

VILLA LODOVISI.—This extensive villa, situated within the city walls, is said to include a part of Sallust's gardens, as well as the spot from whence, according to the fiction, Romulus ascended into heaven. It consists of three casinos, filled with antiques; but the most attractive objects are the two groups, of which connoisseurs have hardly yet been able to determine the subjects. The first, which, according to the inscription, is the work of Menelaus, a Grecian sculptor, has been variously denominated the Phædra and Hippolytus, the Electra and Orestes, and the Papirius and his Mother; the other is more generally styled the Pætus and Arria.

In the Papirius and his Mother—for the popular name is Roman, although the sculptor's is Greek—"the Papirius," says Forsyth, "affords great play to the fancy of critics. In this expressive figure, they find all the ingenuousness of a sprightly boy, blended with a cunning assumed for the occasion: they see secrecy concealed under open manners, and a titter lurking under affected seriousness. But the ancient artists seldom

aimed at mixed passion*; they knew practically the limited powers of art; they were content to bring forth one strong sentiment, and left to us the amusement of analyzing that one into fifty."

In the group called Pætus and Arria, the ferocity of the male figure is hardly consistent with the character of Pætus. Winckelmann thinks him the guard who slew both Canace and himself; but Forsyth is of opinion that he looks still too fierce for so sentimental a cut-throat. Where there is so much room for conjecture, every antiquary has a right to advance his own hypothesis. Accordingly, we are told by Fea that the group probably represents the Theban Hæmon, who killed himself in despair while sustaining in his arms Antigone, of whom he was passionately enamoured, and whom Creon, his father, had caused to be put to death:—

> Quid? Non Antigones tumulo Bœotius Hæmon
> Conruit ipse suo saucius ense latus;
> Et sua cum miseræ permiscuit ossa puellæ,
> Quâ sine Thebanam noluit ire domum?—Prop. l. ii. 335.

On the ceiling of another casino is the Aurora of Guercino. This work, which is detailed into compartments, may, compared with Guido's Aurora, be charac-

* Euphranor's statue of Paris is said by Pliny to have expressed three characters at once—"Judex dearum, amator Helenæ, et tamen Achillis interfector." But Pliny is a bad authority in the history, and no authority at all in the criticism, of the fine arts. On this point a late statuary flatly contradicts him, and declares the thing to be impossible.—*Forsyth.*

terized as more learned in its story, and less obvious in its composition. In Guercino's work we see the goddess in her car, and the shades of night seem as if vanishing at her approach. Tithon, whose couch she has just quitted—"Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile"—is represented as only half awake; while the Morning Star*, under the semblance of a winged Genius, bearing a torch, is observed following her course. In another compartment is a personification of Night, in the character of an aged female, poring over a book. Her gloomy abode is just illumined by the first rays of light, and her companions, the owl and bat, are seen shrinking from its unwelcome intrusion. The Hours, which, in Guido's performance, surround the car of Phœbus, decked out in gay and flowing drapery—"pictis incinctæ vestibus Horæ"—are here represented as infants, fluttering

* Stella Veneris, quæ Phosphorus græcè, Lucifer latinè dicitur, cum antegreditur solem; cum subsequitur autem, Hesperus.—(Cic. de Nat. Deor.) "When considered as a planet," says Spence, "it is directed by Venus, in her chariot drawn by doves. But when it is considered as the morning or evening-star, it is directed by a boy or a young man; who is sometimes called Lucifer, under both those characters; but more generally Lucifer for the former, and Hesperus for the latter. Where I have seen him, he is always represented as a youth; either before the chariot of the sun, with a torch, as Lucifer; or before the chariot of the moon, without a torch, as Hesperus." In the latter character the poets give him a black horse, in the former, a white one:—

Hesperus et fusco roscidus ibat equo.—*Ovid. Fast.* ii. 312.

. . . . . Cumque albo Lucifer ibat
Clarus equo.—*Ovid. Met.* xv. 190.

before the goddess, and extinguishing the stars—a whimsical idea, borrowed perhaps from Statius, who, in like manner, represents Aurora as chasing the stars before her with her whip—"moto leviter fugat astra flagello." In thus allegorizing nature, it has been justly observed, that Guercino imitates the deep shades of night, the twilight grey, and the irradiations of morning, with all the magic of chiaroscuro; but it is objected that his figures are too mortal for the region where they move. The work, however, is an admirable one, and, but for Guido's exquisite performance, we could hardly have conceived any thing superior to the Aurora of Guercino.

TIVOLI.

Itur ad Herculei gelidas quà Tiburis arces
Canaque sulphureis Albula fumat aquis.—MART.

ON their way from Rome to Tivoli, travellers usually stop to visit two natural curiosities at a little distance from the road—the one called the Lago de' Tartari from its petrifying properties—the other, Albunea or Aquæ Albulæ—a deep pool of bluish sulphureous water, emitting a very offensive smell. This latter pool—whose redundant waters are conveyed into the Anio by a narrow canal, called Solfatara—is famed for its floating islands, which, after all, are nothing more than small masses of reeds and other substances matted together in a bituminous turf, and carried to and fro by the wind, like those of the Vadimon lake, of which Pliny has given such a minute account.—(Ep. viii. 20.) The same bituminous masses that form these little islands gradually add to the solid concretions on the margin of the lake; so that but a small portion of it is now visible, and probably, in the course of time, the whole remaining surface will be hidden. The ground, for a considerable distance, sounds hollow under foot; which seems to shew that we are treading only on the crust that covers the lake; and this, it is conjectured, may be all that is meant by the "domus Albuneæ resonantis," the phrase applied to it by Horace. The sulphureous exhalations of the

lake, the celebrity of the temple of Faunus, and the singular mode of consulting the oracle, are all noticed by Virgil.—(Æn. vii. 87). But the sacred groves and the temple of Faunus exist only in poetry. Agrippa's baths, too, have disappeared, and Virgil's lofty Albunea, if the same as Horace's, is now a flat.

The dreary and monotonous plains of the Campagna form an excellent preparative for the varied scenery of Tivoli. For twenty miles you traverse this desolate region—

> . . . . . Groves, temples, palaces,
> Swept from the sight; and nothing visible,
> Amid the sulphurous vapours that exhale
> As from a land accurst, save here and there
> An empty tomb, a fragment like the limb
> Of some dismembered giant:—Rogers.

you ascend the olive-clad hill of Tivoli—you enter its narrow street, and meet nothing but filth, beggary, and wretchedness—you proceed but a few steps further, and the loveliest scenes imaginable open on your view;—romantic precipices—a headlong torrent, thundering among rocks shaded by pensile foliage—cliffs crowned with picturesque ruins—in a word, the combined charms of hill and dale, wood and water. "Dame Nature," says Gray, in his lively description of this charming spot, "desired me to put in a list of her little goods and chattels, and, as they were small, to be very minute about them. She has built here three or four little mountains, and laid them out in an irregular semicircle; from certain others behind, at a greater distance, she has drawn

a canal, into which she has put a little river of hers, called Anio; she has cut a huge cleft between the two innermost of her four hills, and there she has left it to its own disposal; which she has no sooner done, but like a heedless chit, it tumbles headlong down a declivity fifty feet perpendicular, breaks itself all to shatters, and is converted into a shower of rain, where the sun forms many a bow, red, green, blue and yellow. To get out of our metaphors without any further trouble, it is the most noble sight in the world. The weight of that quantity of waters, and the force they fall with, have worn the rocks they throw themselves among into a thousand irregular crags, and to a vast depth. In this channel it goes boiling along with a mighty noise till it comes to another steep, where you see it a second time come roaring down—but first you must walk two miles further—a greater height than before, but not with that quantity of waters; for by this time it has divided itself, being crossed and opposed by the rocks, into four several streams, each of which, in emulation of the great one, will tumble down too; and it does tumble down, but not from an equally elevated place; so that you have at one view all the cascades intermixed with groves of olive and little woods, the mountains rising behind them, and on the top of one—that which forms the extremity of one of the half-circle's horns—is seated the town itself. At the very extremity of that extremity, on the brink of the precipice, stands the Sibyl's temple, the remains of a little rotonda, surrounded with its portico, above half of whose beautiful Corinthian pillars are standing and en-

tire: all this on one hand. On the other, the open Campagna of Rome, here and there a little castle on a hillock, and the city itself on the very brink of the horizon, indistinctly seen, except the dome of St. Peter's, which, if you look out of your window, wherever you are, I suppose you can see. I did not tell you that a little below the first fall, on the side of the rock, and hanging over that torrent, are little ruins which they shew you for Horace's house, a curious situation to observe the

> Præceps Anio, et Tiburni lucus, et uda
> Mobilibus pomaria rivis.

Mæcenas did not care for such a noise, it seems, and built him a house so situated that it sees nothing at all of the matter, and for any thing he knew there might be no such river in the world. Horace had another house on the other side of the Teverone, opposite to Mæcenas's; and they told us there was a bridge of communication, by which 'andava il detto Signor per trastullarsi col istesso Orazio.'"

This description of Gray's was applicable in every respect till the autumn of 1826, at which period, owing to an unexampled inundation of the Anio, the features of the place, as far at least as regards the cascades, underwent considerable change. The Ponte del Lupo, a lofty bridge from which the first Fall was seen to most advantage, was carried away, and the beauty of the Fall itself —which was an artificial one, the work of Bernini— greatly impaired. The Grotto of Neptune—consisting of three or four natural arches formed by the rock,

under which the waters, after passing the Ponte del Lupo, precipitated themselves into a frightful abyss, and were for some time lost to view; together with the Grotto of the Sirens, a little lower down the stream—where was a third Fall, combining scarcely less of the sublime and the beautiful—have also suffered considerably from the same inundation.

The Sibyl's Temple, as it was formerly denominated, is now called the Temple of Vesta, chiefly because of its round form. This elegant little structure is referred to the Augustan age; and, independent of its situation—overhanging the Falls—might serve as a model of symmetry and proportion. The portico, which surrounds it, consisted originally of eighteen columns of the Corinthian order, of which ten still remain; and even those that are fallen rather impart to the temple the picturesque character of a ruin, than detract from its beauty as a building.

The real Temple of the Sibyl, it is now supposed, must be looked for in a portion of the neighbouring Church dedicated to St. George; a supposition founded on the circumstance, that, in the wall of the vestibule of this church, there was formerly embedded a square marble slab, with a figure of the river Anio, and another of the Sibyl herself, clad in a Roman mantle, and in the act of prophesying, sculptured upon it. This, the most ancient temple at Tivoli, appears to have been of an oblong form, with an open portico of four Ionic columns; vestiges of which are still distinguishable.

In making the tour of the hills—a circuit of about

four miles—the objects successively shewn are—the Villa of Vopiscus, which, contrary to Statius's account, stands only on one bank of the Anio, on the verge of the great cascade, and in a situation as rugged and noisy as that described by the poet is smooth and quiet*—the Villa of Catullus, ascertained by his own minute description of it, by marbles discovered there, and by the popular name of Truglia—the pretended Villa of Horace—that of Quintilius Varus, remarkable for its curious reticular work in stone—and a variety of unintelligible ruins, under the modern names of Cassiano, Campolimito, Pisanetti, said to have been the retreats of Cassius, Lepidus, and the Pisos. "None of these buildings," observes Forsyth, "rose above the basement story, except in the towers which flanked them†, and therefore the

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* Ingenium quam *mite* solo! nemora alta citatis
Incubuêre *vadis*—
Ipse Anien, (miranda fides!) infraque superque
Saxeus, *hic* tumidam rabiem spumosaque *ponit*
Murmura—
Littus *utrumque* domi; nec te mitissimus amnis
Dividit, alternas servant prætoria ripas.

† Turres in propugnaculum villæ utrinque subrectas.—SENECA.

Their town-houses, on the contrary, ran into so many stories, that Augustus found it necessary to restrict their height to seventy feet, and Trajan to sixty. In the upper part of those mansions were the freedmen of the family, or poor tenants, lodged in separate *cœnacula*. Modern Italians reverse this arrangement: they give up the ground-floor to their servants and to the common offices; the first story is open to the public as a gallery; the second and third they reserve to themselves.—*Forsyth.*

present remains were mere substructions; for all villas, like these, on a declivity, were based on vaulted terraces, the front of which rose in proportion to the slope."

It was in the neighbourhood of Rome and Tivoli that Claude Lorraine executed most of his landscapes; and in many of them, as Algarotti has observed, may we discover not only the warm and vapoury atmosphere which characterizes the neighbourhood of Rome, but some features also of those soft and beautiful combinations of the elements of landscape with which the scenery of Tivoli abounds. But "the hill of Tivoli is all over picture. The town, the villas, the ruins, the rocks, the cascades, in the foreground; the Sabine hills, the three Monticelli, Soracte, Frascati, the Campagna, and Rome in the distance—these form a succession of landscapes superior, in the delight produced, to the richest cabinet of *Claudes*. Tivoli cannot be described; no true portrait of it exists; all views alter and embellish it: they are poetical translations of the matchless original. Indeed, when you come to detail the hill, some defect of harmony will ever be found in the foreground or distance, something in the swell or channelling of its sides, something in the growth or the grouping of its trees, which painters, referring every object to its effect on canvass, will often condemn as bad nature. In fact, the beauties of landscape are all accidental. Nature, intent on more important ends, does nothing exclusively to please the eye. No stream flows exactly as the artist would wish it; he wants mountains where he finds only hills; he

wants hills where he finds a plain. Nature gives him but scattered elements; the composition is his own*."

Horace has afforded us many indications of his fondness of rural scenery, of the

> . . . . . ruris amœni
> Rivos, et musco circumlita saxa, nemusque—

more especially of the scenery of Tivoli. No spot, indeed, could be better calculated to inspire a taste for the calm pleasures of a life of rural retirement,

> Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis
> Ducere solicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ.

Well, therefore, may we sympathize with the poet in his predilection for the "præceps Anio et Tiburni lucus;" and readily may we enter into his feelings, where he expresses an anxious wish that he might here find a retreat in old age, and a refuge from the storms and troubles and fatigues of life:—

> Tibur, Argeo positum colono,
> Sit meæ sedes utinam senectæ!
> Sit modus lasso maris et viarum,
> Militiæque!

HADRIAN'S VILLA.—The various buildings of this proud imperial villa, which stands at no great distance from the foot of the hill of Tivoli, are said to have extended, independent of the gardens, over a space seven

* Forsyth.

miles in circumference. Here Hadrian imitated every thing that had taken his fancy during his progress through the distant provinces of the empire, and here he brought together the different edifices and institutions of other countries:—

> All things that strike, ennoble—from the depths
> Of Egypt, from the classic fields of Greece,
> Her groves, her temples—all things that inspire
> Wonder, delight!—ROGERS.

According to Spartian, each portion of the villa bore the name of the town or district from which it was copied:— "Tiburtinam villam mirè ædificavit, ut in eâ et provinciarum et locorum celeberrima nomina inscriberet, et veluti Canopum, Pœcilem, Tempe vocaret; et ut nihil prætermitteret, etiam Inferos finxit." Thus there were the Lyceum, the Academus, the Stoa, the Pœcile, the Prytaneum, the Tempe, all borrowed from Greece; the Canopus and its hideous statues, copied from similar objects in Egypt.

Of all these various edifices nothing now remains but a mass of ruins, exhibiting all the confusion of a demolished town. These ruins, however, which enable us to trace the vestiges of baths, porticos, a library, a *palæstra*, a *hippodrome*, a menagery, a *naumachia*, an aqueduct, theatres both Greek and Latin, temples for different rites, and every appurtenance requisite for an imperial residence, are amply sufficient to attest the ancient magnificence of the villa.

MONS ALBANUS—VAL RUSTICA—FRASCATI.

. . . . . Where yon bar
Of girdling mountains intercepts the sight,
The Sabine farm was tilled, the weary bard's delight.—Byron.

Nemi*—the modern appellation of the Nemus Dianæ, or Arician Grove—and the Alban Hill, are well worth a visit, both for the charms of the scenery, and the interesting recollections which it recalls. The two beautiful lakes of Nemi and Albano, which, to all appearance, occupy the craters of extinct volcanos, must not be forgotten. The emissary, or tunnel, carried through the heart of the mountain, for the purpose of sluicing off the redundant waters of the Alban Lake, is one of the most astonishing instances of Roman perseverance now existing. Livy, who notices the work, after briefly stating that it had been advised by a Tuscan soothsayer and the Delphic oracle, merely adds, "jam ex lacu Albano aqua emissa in agros." The tunnel—built of solid masonry, three feet and a half wide, six feet high, and nearly two miles in length—is said to have been completed in a year. It is objected, however, that, as not more than two or three men could have worked together in so con-

* The village of Nemi was near the Arician retreat of Egeria, and, from the groves which surrounded the Temple of Diana, it was called Nemus Dianæ; whence its present name—*The Grove.*

fined a space, and must have worked at one end only, the other being under water, the work could not have been finished in so short a time. Others, however, contend that the assumption on which this objection is founded is inadmissible; that the line of the canal was first traced above ground, and shafts sunk at certain distances, for the purpose of accelerating the work, by carrying it on at various points at once. But whatever was the mode adopted, or the time employed, in its formation, the tunnel has fulfilled the object for which it was constructed, from the Veian war down to the present day, without receiving or requiring repairs.

The whole declivity of the Monte Cavo, for such is the modern name of the Alban Hill, is justly celebrated for its beauty. From the convent on the summit of the hill, erected on the foundations, and partly, as it is said, with the materials of the Temple of Jupiter Latialis, the prospect embraces the Mediterranean, the whole scene of the latter half of the Æneid, and a line of coast extending from beyond the mouth of the Tiber to the Circæan Promontory and the Cape of Terracina. This scene, lovely in itself, is rendered still more so by the recollections with which it is associated; for nothing can be more just than Walpole's remark, that "our memory sees more than our eyes in this country:—"

> In this, this land of shadows, where we live
> More in past time than present, where the ground,
> League beyond league, like one great cemetery,
> Is covered o'er with mouldering monuments.—Rogers.

The same eminence commands a view of the Sabine hills, embosomed in which lies the long valley of Rustica.

"There are several circumstances," says Hobhouse, "which tend to establish the identity of this valley with the 'Ustica' of Horace*; and it seems possible that the mosaic pavement which the peasants uncover by throwing up the earth of a vineyard may belong to this villa. Rustica is pronounced short, not according to our stress upon—'Usticæ cubantis'. It is more rational to think that we are wrong than that the inhabitants of this secluded valley have changed their accent on this word. The addition of the consonant prefixed is nothing; yet it is necessary to be aware that Rustica may be a modern name, which the peasants have caught from the antiquaries.

"The villa, or the mosaic, is in a vineyard on a knoll covered with chesnut trees. A stream runs down the valley, and although it is not true, as said in the guide books, that this stream is called Licenza; yet there is a village on a rock at the head of the valley which is so denominated, and which may have taken its name from the Digentia. On the banks of the Anio, a little before you turn up into Val Rustica, to the left, about an hour from

* "Claverius," says Eustace, "insists upon Ustica's being a valley, on account of the epithet *cubantis*, which he maintains could not be applied to a hill. Most of my readers will probably think otherwise, and conceive that such an epithet is applicable to hills only; and this opinion is confirmed by the name which a hill in the neighbourhood of Mount Lucretilis still bears. Its form is long and rises gradually, like that of a person *leaning on his elbow:* its surface is marked by a number of white smooth stones; and it is always pointed out as the Ustica alluded to by Horace:—

Utcunque dulci, Tyndari, fistula
Valles et *Usticæ cubantis*
Levia personuêre saxa.—Od. i. 17."

the villa, is a town called Vicovaro, another favourable coincidence with the *Varia* of the poet. At the end of the valley, towards the Anio, there is a bare hill, crowned with a little town called Bardela. At the foot of this hill the rivulet of Licenza flows, and is almost absorbed in a wide sandy bed before it reaches the Anio. Nothing can be more fortunate for the lines of the poet, whether in a metaphorical or direct sense:—

> Me quotiens reficit gelidus Digentia rivus,
> Quem Mandela bibit, rugosus frigore pagus.

"Rocca Giovane, a ruined village in the hills, half an hour's walk from the vineyard where the pavement is shewn, seems to be the site of the fane of Vacuna; and an inscription found there records that this temple of the Sabine Victory was repaired by Vespasian. With these helps, and a position corresponding exactly with every thing which the poet has told us of his retreat, we may feel tolerably secure of our site." Indeed, as Eustace has justly observed, the tract in question "corresponds in every particular with the description which Horace gave of it two thousand years ago. Not only the grand and characteristic features*—the 'continued chain of mountains' —the 'shady valley'—the 'winding dell'—the 'abund-

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* Continui montes, nisi dissocientur opacâ
Valle.—Epist. i. 16. 5.

Hic in reductâ valle Caniculæ
Vitabis æstus.—Od. i. 17.

Fons etiam rivo dare nomen idoneus.—Epist. i. 16. 12.

. . . . . Deserta et inhospita tesqua.—Epist. i. 14. 19.

ant fountain'—the savage rocks'—features which a general convulsion of nature only can totally efface, not these alone remain, but the less and more perishable beauties*—the 'little rills'—the 'moss-grown stones'—the 'frequent groves'—the 'arbutus half-concealed in the thickets'—the 'oak'—and the 'ilex suspended' over the grotto—the occasional 'pine'—these meet the traveller at every turn, and rise around him as so many monuments of the judgment and accuracy of the poet."

The mountain which should be Lucretilis is called Campanile, "and a more beautiful mountain has rarely been discovered by a traveller or celebrated by a poet. It rises in a gentle but irregular swell, forming several hills of different shapes as it ascends, and leading the eye through several easy gradations to its summit. Its lower regions are divided into corn fields and vineyards; groves of olives and of chesnuts, interspersed with forest trees,

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* . . . . . Ruris amœni
Rivos, et musco circumlita saxa, nemusque.—Epist. i. 10.

Impune tutum per nemus arbutos
Quærunt latentes.—Od. i. 17.

. . . . . Quid si rubicunda benigne
Corna vepres et pruna ferunt, si quercus et ilex
Multâ fruge pecus, multâ dominum juvat umbrâ.—Epist. i. 16.

. . . . . Cavis impositam ilicem
Saxis.—Od. iii. 13.

Imminens villæ pinus.—Od. iii. 22.

"There is not a pine in the whole valley," says Hobhouse: this may be true, but they are by no means unfrequent in the neighbourhood.

wave round its middle; its upper parts are heathy pasture. Herds may be seen ranging through the meadows, and flocks of goats spread over the wilds and browsing on the precipices. Arcadia itself could scarcely have exhibited more beautiful scenes, or opened more delightful recesses; so that Lucretilis, without being indebted to poetical exaggeration for the compliment, might easily be supposed to have attracted the attention of the rural divinities, and allured them to its delicious wilderness*:"—

Velox amœnum sæpe Lucretilem
Mutat Lycæo Faunus, et igneam
Defendit æstatem capellis
Usque meis, pluviosque ventos.—Hor. Od. i. 17.

Pan from Arcadia's hills descends
To visit oft my Sabine seat,
And here my tender goats defends
From rainy winds, and summer's fiery heat.—Francis.

"By following up the rivulet to the pretended Bandusia, you come to the roots of the higher mountain Gennaro. Singularly enough, the only spot of ploughed land in the whole valley is on the knoll where this Bandusia rises:—

. . . . . Tu frigus amabile
Fessis vomere tauris
Præbes, et pecori vago.

But we must not hope

To trace the Muses upward to their spring,

by exploring the windings of this romantic valley in search

* Eustace, Vol. ii.

of the Bandusian fountain." Horace gives not the slightest reason to think Bandusia a fountain of the Digentia; "and this immortal spring has in fact been discovered in possession of the holders of many good things in Italy—the monks. It was attached to the church of St. Gervais and Protais near Venusia, on the Lucano-Appulian border, where Horace was born—'Lucanus an Appulus anceps'—and where it was most likely to be found*."

Frascati consists of a cluster of villas, built during the sixteenth century, and as white and conspicuous as those of old Tusculum. The three largest of these villas, Mondragone, Taverna, and Belvedere, belong to the Prince Borghese, who may indeed be considered as the Lucullus of the hill.

The Villa Aldobrandini, otherwise called the Belvedere, is, as its name indicates, remarkable for the beauty of its site. It is also famed for the complicated nature of its waterworks, which form a sort of aquatic theatre behind it. These waterworks are supplied by a stream which has its source in Mount Algidus, and which, after

* Hobhouse. A bull of Pope Paschal II. (says the same writer) has served to determine the site of a fountain which inspired an ode of Horace.—Confirmamus equidem vobis Cœnobium ipsum et omnia quæ ad illud pertinent, monasteria sive cellas cum suis pertinentiis: videlicet, Ecclesiam S. Salvatoris cum aliis ecclesiis de Castello *Bandusii*. The bull is addressed to the Abbot *Monasterii Bantini in Apulia Acheruntia*, and, enumerating the churches, goes on: *Ecclesiam* sanctorum martyrum Gervasii et Protasii *in Bandusino fonte apud Venusiam*. (See Bullarium Romanum, Paschalis, num. xvii. tom. ii. p. 123, edit. Rom. 1739.)

dashing down a succession of terraces in artificial cascades, is made to squirt up from a multitude of hidden pipes, and perform a variety of extraordinary tricks. "Water is made to blow the trumpet of a Centaur, and the pipe of a Cyclops: water plays two organs; makes the birds warble, and the Muses tune their reeds; sets Pegasus neighing, and all Parnassus on music."

These, and the other villas of Frascati, such as the villas Conti, Bracciano, Rospigliosi, with their casinos, fountains, parterres, and terraces, did we not know their date, might be supposed to have been created for the purpose of caricaturing the formal gardens of the rest of Europe; whereas in fact they served as models to the Browns and Reptons of the seventeenth century. Such formal objects, however, are not what one looks for on the Tusculan hill. "Modern architecture and made ground are seldom picturesque either in the landscape, or on canvass. Painters may account for this defect from their professional dislike of right lines and right angles, of the dry, and the uniform; but perhaps the picturesque may rather be considered as a species of poetry, a subject of the imagination and memory. In landscape we love ruined temples, a Gothic castle, a moss-grown cell, more than the most elegant villa; because ancient Romans, a feudal baron, and a hermit, being remote from our own times or manners, are more poetical beings than a private gentleman or a modern prince. We know what the villa and its inhabitants are; one glance gives us all, and exhausts the subject. But we must fancy what a ruin has been; we trace and

we lose its design, we rebuild and repeople it; we call in history, we compose, we animate, we create; and man ever delights in his own creation:"—

. . . . . There is given
Unto the things of earth, which Time hath bent,
A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
And magic in the ruined battlement,
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.—BYRON.

EASTER CEREMONIES.

. . . . Jucunda rudi spectacula plebi.

On the approach of Easter, Rome becomes thronged with pilgrims of all ages, whose staves, and scrips, and oil-skin capes speckled with cockle-shells, and large slouched hats, carry us back in imagination to the palmy days of romance and popery. Pilgrims, however, are not the only visitants attracted by the ceremonies of Passion Week: the influx of strangers of every nation is astonishing. Not only the English, but the inhabitants of most of the northern states of Europe descend from the Alps in such numbers, that, without much exaggeration, Rome might be said to be once more in the hands of the Goths. Americans, too, men from a world unknown to the ancient Romans, may be seen poring over the remaining monuments of grandeur—monuments which seem alike interesting to all:—

Quæ tam seposita est, quæ gens tam barbara, Cæsar,
Ex quâ spectator non sit in urbe tuâ.—Mart.

At this sacred season, frequent processions of penitents—covered with long robes, which, passing over the head and having holes cut for the eyes, are girt about the waist with ropes—preceded by crucifixes, and bearing skulls and bones and begging-boxes for the souls in purgatory, are seen gliding along the streets, or through the Coliseum, or beneath the triumphal arches of old

Rome. At this season, too, every piazza, as well as every pulpit, resounds with the stentorian voice of some lusty friar. "It is, for the most part, in the evening, and with the lights extinguished, that, during Passion Week, the voice of the preacher is heard in the churches of Rome. At that season the women are all clad in black, and this universal mourning, repeated annually for so many ages, has in it something very touching. It is, therefore, not without real emotion that we enter these beautiful churches, whose very monuments so well dispose the mind to prayer; but the preacher soon contrives to dissipate every feeling of this kind.

"His pulpit is a sort of long tribune, which he paces from one end to the other with equal agitation and regularity; invariably starting from one end of the pulpit at the commencement of each sentence, and returning to it at its close, like the pendulum of a clock. During all this time, so violent is his gesticulation, and so impassioned his air, that one almost expects him to forget what he is about. It is, however, if we may be allowed the expression, but a systematic kind of vehemence after all, such as is very frequently met with in Italy, where vivacity of gesture is any thing but a proof of real emotion. At one extremity of the pulpit is suspended a crucifix: this the preacher takes down, kisses, presses to his bosom, and, when the pathetic period is finished, replaces with the utmost *sang-froid*. There is also another means of producing effect, to which ordinary preachers often have recourse—the little square cap which they wear, and which they take off and put on again with inconceivable rapidity. One of these preachers took it into his head to

rate Voltaire and Rousseau, upbraiding them with the scepticism of the age. Tossing his skull-cap into the middle of the pulpit, he there let it lie as a meet personification of Jean-Jacques, and in that character proceeded to lecture it, exclaiming at last:—'Well, my Genevese philosopher, what objections have you to urge against my arguments?'—He then remained silent a few moments, as if pausing for a reply; but the cap not thinking proper to make any, he replaced it on his head, and closed his remarks with these words:—'Now that you appear to be convinced, we will dismiss the subject*.'"

The Easter ceremonies are ushered in by a solemn procession to the Church of the Minerva, and the celebration of grand mass there on the day of the Annunciation; and by the blessing of sundry imitative palm branches in the Sistine Chapel, on Palm Sunday. In the former of these solemnities, it is customary for the pope, or his representative, to proceed to the Church of the Minerva on the back of a white mule, in imitation of our Saviour's lowly entry into Jerusalem. In the latter, a substitute for a palm-branch, which has previously received the papal benediction, is presented to each of the attendant clergy, who, on receiving it, kisses, according to his rank, either the hand or the toe of his holiness. The whole body, consisting of the Armenian patriarchs, and the dignitaries and priests of the Romish church, followed by the pope's body-guard and then by the pope himself, go in procession to the Sala Regia, adjoining the

* Corinne, Vol. 1.

Sistine Chapel. As soon as all have left the chapel, the doors are closed;—a pause ensues—a single voice is heard from within the chapel—the choristers in the hall respond—the doors are again thrown open, and the whole procession re-enters. All this is said to be typical—the shutting of the chapel-doors—the pause—the solo voice—and the re-opening of the doors—bearing some allusion to the opening of the gates of the heavenly Jerusalem.

On the Wednesday in Passion Week is sung, in the Sistine Chapel, the first of the famous *Misereres*. The first part of the service is long and tedious. The low and solemn and piteous tones in which this first part is chaunted are intended to express the fear which the Apostles felt when our Saviour was seized by the Jews*; and of the lighted tapers which are successively extinguished at long intervals, till one only is left burning, those which are put out are meant to indicate the base desertion of the Twelve, that which remains unextinguished, the exemplary constancy of the Virgin.

After the extinction of the tapers, an impressive pause precedes the commencement of the Miserere—a solemn kind of vocal music, in which a chorus occasionally relieves the solo voice that performs the principal part.

Towards the close of the Miserere, a priest with a lighted taper moves across the chapel, carrying a book to the officiating cardinal, who reads a few passages from it. The light then disappears, and the concluding and

* See "Office of the Week," p. 156.

most affecting portion of the Miserere follows, in a strain, of which it has been truly said, that "some sounds might reach the soul of an infidel."

At the conclusion of the Miserere, a stamping with the feet, or a clapping of hands, is made by the cardinals and their attendants; meant, according to some accounts, to represent the tumult with which the Jews sought our Saviour in the garden; according to others, the noise which accompanied his scourging, or those convulsions of nature which followed his death.

Thursday is full of movement and drama: it includes the solemn translation of the host to the sepulchre—the public benediction—the washing of the twelve pilgrims' feet in imitation of our Saviour, and the serving them at table. Italians say of the Thursday's benediction, that it is confined to the city itself, while the one given on Easter Sunday extends to the whole Christian world. Moreover, previous to the benediction on Thursday, one of the cardinals curses all Jews, Turks, and heretics, "by bell, book, and candle." A little bell is rung, a curse is sung from a book, and a lighted taper thrown down among the people. The Pope's benediction immediately follows.

After the Miserere, which is repeated on this day, the Pope proceeds to St. Peter's to witness the effect of the Illuminated Cross. The hundred lamps which burn over the tomb of the Apostle are extinguished, and a single cross of lamps is seen suspended from the dome, between the altar and the nave. The Pope prostrates himself before the blazing cross; while a long train of

cardinals, whose splendid robes and attendant train-bearers form a singular contrast with the humility of their attitude, kneel down behind him.

On Good Friday are successively given various symbolical representations, as the Crucifixion, and the Procession to the Pauline Chapel, to raise up the body of Christ which they had buried the day before;—for the Roman Catholic church most unaccountably confounds the order of events, and, oddly enough, our Saviour is buried on Thursday—that being the day on which the host is deposited in the sepulchre—and raised again on Friday, the day on which he suffered death. Friday is also set apart for two other ceremonies, called the Discovery of the Cross, and the Adoration of the Cross. By the former is meant the taking off the little purple bag, which covers the crucifix of the altar from the morning of Palm Sunday till Good Friday, and the holding of it up to the view of the congregation. The latter explains itself.

The most curious service, however, on Good Friday, is the representation of the Crucifixion, or, as it is usually called, the "Agonie" or "Tre Ore." In some of the churches this service forms a perfect drama. An altar is fitted up like a theatre, with painted trees and pasteboard rocks, and thickets in imitation of Mount Calvary. On the declivity of the Mount may be seen Roman Centurions, as large as life, decked out in military uniforms, mounted on pasteboard horses, and armed with drawn swords; while on a more elevated spot are the three crosses, to which are nailed the figures of Christ

and the two thieves; all represented with due attention to stage effect.

On this occasion it is the duty of the preacher to enlarge upon the words uttered by our Saviour while hanging upon the cross; the lecture being so managed as to occupy the three hours of the Crucifixion. And that nothing may be wanting to produce scenic effect, curtains are in the meantime drawn before the windows, to create a gloom significant of that darkness which prevailed from the sixth to the ninth hour.

Christ, say the Catholics, spake seven times upon the cross, and at every saying, it seems, a dagger entered into the heart of the Virgin. Hence she is painted with seven daggers sticking in her breast, and addressed by her votaries as "Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows:"—Nostra Signora de' Sette Dolori. Hence also the service of the "Three Hours" is divided into seven acts, between each of which is sung a hymn. In every act, one of the seven set dissertations upon the "Seven Words" of Christ is read by an attendant priest, who goes on till he is interrupted by the preacher—the latter breaking in upon the dissertation at whatever part he pleases with a discourse of his own. The service having been spun out to the requisite length, the priest exclaims, "The moment is arrived, the Saviour now expires," and all instantly sink upon their knees. A short pause ensues. The preacher then again exclaims, "Here they come, the holy men, to bear the body of our Redeemer to the sepulchre;" and forthwith from the side of the scene issues a band of friars, clad in black, who gradually as-

cend Mount Calvary, and take down the body, amidst the groans and lamentations of the bystanders.

Five prayers are then severally addressed to the five wounds of Christ; while the body itself, laid on a bier, decorated with artificial flowers, and covered with a transparent veil, is deposited on the stage, where the multitude throng to kiss the toe, through the veil, and vent their feelings in loud lamentations.

"This disposition to represent every thing heavenly by sensible images is," as Mathews observes, "the leading feature of the Romish religion; and the Roman Catholics would have us believe, that the distinction between the sign and the thing signified is never lost sight of. This may be true of the enlightened few; between whom, to whatever sect they may belong, there is perhaps but little real difference of opinion. For even among the old heathens, the initiated were taught the existence of one Almighty Spirit, though this doctrine was considered too sublime for the vulgar; whose grosser feelings were thought to require the interposition of some visible object of adoration. The Roman Catholic priests seem to take the same view of human nature at present."

On Easter Day the Pope celebrates grand mass at St. Peter's. Seated in a chair of state, arrayed in robes of white with the tiara on his head, and preceded by two pole-bearers with splendid fans of ostrich feathers fixed on the top of their poles, the Pope is borne into the church on the shoulders of twenty men. On this day, indeed, the church puts forth all her pomp and splendour. Cloth of gold, and embroidery of gold and silver,

and crimson velvet, and mantles of spotted ermine, and flowing trains, and attendant train-bearers, and mitres and crucifixes glittering with jewels, and priests and patriarchs, bishops and cardinals, dazzle the eye, and line the whole length of S. Peter's. The "Guardia Nobile," too, in their splendid uniforms of gold and scarlet, with nodding plumes of white ostrich feathers, and the Swiss guards in their polished cuirasses and steel helmets, muster in the church and keep the ground:—"A strange attendance this, for the successor of St. Peter—the Apostle of the Prince of Peace! But it may be doubted whether the apostles, if they could return to this world, would now be able to recognise their own religion, swelled out and swaddled as it is in the papal pontificals*."

Mass, as it is explained in the "Tesoro della Devozione," a little book put into the hands of all Italians that can read, and answering the purpose of our Common Prayer-book, is intended as a representation of the last scenes of our Saviour's life and sufferings. Thus, when the priest approaches the altar, Christ's entrance into the garden is to be understood; and to the prayer which he offers there, the commencement of the mass alludes. When the priest kisses the altar, reference is made to that kiss by which our Saviour was betrayed. When he turns to the people, and repeats the "Dominus Vobiscum," he is representing Christ when he turned and looked upon Peter.

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* Mathews.

When he washes his hands, he figures Pilate, who declared that he washed his hands of the blood of that innocent man. When he elevates the consecrated wafer, he expresses the elevation of our Saviour on the cross. When he breaks it, he displays him expiring. A ceremony like this, where the priest turns his back upon the people, and mumbles the prayers to himself—where there seems to be no community of worship, except in the general genuflexion at the elevation of the Host—where the people have no functions to perform, and scarcely appear to differ from the spectators of a pantomime;—such a ceremony must always be tiresome; but when performed by the Pope it becomes absolutely ridiculous. "If faithfully represented in a Protestant country, it would be regarded as a burlesque; as far beyond nature as King Arthur with his courtiers Doodle and Noodle;—for Noodle and Doodle, with all their bowing and head-shaking, would cease to be ridiculous at the celebration of grand mass. Just two such personages are in attendance on the Pope during the whole of the ceremony, to arrange the different changes in his petticoats, and take off and put on his tiara as the service requires*."

But pomp and mummery are tiresome enough to witness, much too tiresome to describe. Mass is over, let us finish the show.

"Behold, then, fifty thousand persons, not crowded,

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* Mathews.

but spread over the slopes of the magnificent piazza! How finely the colonnades embrace all the pageantry of this solemn moment! The holy father approaches the balcony—the multitude kneels down—the troops gape for the apostolical blessing—the blessing is given—the cannons roar—the wheels rattle, and the blessed disperse. 'Dio mio,' cried a Pope, when the work was done, 'quanto è facile di coglionare la gente* !' "

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* Forsyth.

RELIGION OF ITALY AND SICILY.

Mos unde deductus per omne
Tempus.—Hor.

As it is both curious and amusing to trace the ancient customs of Italy subsisting in the modern, and as the ceremonies of the church of Rome present many striking coincidences with the observances of paganism, I shall now proceed to notice some of the more remarkable of those coincidences, taking Middleton's celebrated "Letter from Rome" as the groundwork of my observations.

"The greatest of the ancient poets seem to have held, that every thing in the moral, as well as in the natural world, was carried on by the influence and direction of the supreme Being*. It was Jupiter that actuated every thing; and, in some sense, might be said to do every

* Virgil, in his proposition to the Æneid, says that every thing that happened to his hero was, Vi superum; and Homer, in his proposition to the Iliad, says that the quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon, (and all the mischievous consequences of it), was only a fulfilling of the will of Jove: Διος δ' ετελειετο βουλη.—When Cicero (De Div. i. 55) says, "that reason obliges us to own that every thing is done by Fate"—Fieri omnia à Fato, ratio cogit fateri—he means just the same by that word that Homer does by his Διος βουλη, and Virgil by his Vis superum; Fatum being nothing else but the word of Jupiter, or, as they otherwise term it, of the gods. Fatum dicunt esse, quod Dii fantur, vel quod Jupiter fatur. (Isid. Orig. Lib. 8. c. 2.)—*Spence, Polymetis*, p. 316.

thing that was done. This universal principle of action they considered, for their own ease, as divided into so many several personages, as they had occasion for causes. Hence, every part of the creation was filled by them with deities; and no action was performed without the assistance of some god or another; for every power superior to man they called by that name. This way of thinking, or, at least, this way of talking, was received by many of their philosophers, as well as poets: though it was particularly serviceable to the latter; and therefore appears so frequently in their works. In the Æneid, almost the whole course of the story is carried on by the intervention of gods. If Æneas meets with a storm, just after his first setting out; it is Æolus that raises it, at the request of Juno, and by the operation of the several genii that preside over the winds. If the sea grows calm again, it is by an appearance of the deity, who presides over that element; who countermands the winds, and sends them back to their caves. If Æneas lands on the coast of Afric, and is to be received kindly at Carthage; it is Mercury that is sent by Jupiter, to soften the minds of the Carthaginians and their queen towards him: and if he escapes all the attacks and dangers in passing through an unknown country, and an inhospitable people, till he comes to their capital; it is Venus who shrouds him in a cloud, and protects him from all danger. In fine, if the Queen falls in love with him when he is arrived there; though she be represented as not old, and he as very handsome; yet must Cupid do no less than undergo a transformation, to lie on her breast, and insinuate that

soft passion there. This sort of management, which is used so much by Virgil in the entrance of his poem, runs through it quite to the end; and appears as fully in Æneas's combat with Turnus, in the last book, as it did, on his arrival at Carthage, in the first. Every step and progression in the story is carried on by the interposition and administration of the gods*."

Thus, though the heathen world, in general, believed that there was but one supreme God; yet they also believed in a multitude of ministers, deputies, or inferior gods, as acting under this supreme. The first may be called the philosophical belief; and the second, the vulgar belief of the heathens. This, as we shall find in the sequel, has been closely copied by the Roman Catholics; who, though they maintain that there is but one God, scruple not to offer up their prayers to a countless multitude of Saints, as ministers and dispensers of blessings under that one God.

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* Spence's Polymetis, p. 316.

OF SAINTS.

Dis, quibus septem placuêre colles.—Hor.

The Romish Saints, whether we consider their numbers, their reputed lives, the places and objects over which they are supposed to preside, or the miraculous powers ascribed to them, will be found to bear a close resemblance to the gods of old Rome.

"The deities of the Romans were so numerous, that they might well complain of wanting a nomenclator to help them to remember all their names. Their vulgar religion, as indeed that of the heathens in general, was a sort of Manicheism. Whatever was able to do good or to do harm to man, was immediately looked upon as a superior power; which, in their language, was the same as a deity. It was hence that they had such a multitude of gods, that their temples were better peopled with statues than their cities with men. It is a perfect mob of deities*;" nor can we wonder at Juvenal's complaint, that, in his time, they had so multiplied as to become a burden to Atlas almost greater than he could bear†. Not only were the cities of ancient Italy crowded

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* Polymetis, p. 2.

† . . . . . Nec turba Deorum
Talis, ut est hodiè; contentaque siderapaucis
Numinibus miserum urgebant Atlanta minori
Pondere.—Sat. xiii. 46.

with temples, but the country itself was studded with chapels to the rural powers, as it is now with those erected to a Saint or a Madonna. These gods were called *Viales*. Their little altars, decked with flowers, were thus placed at convenient distances in the public ways for the benefit of travellers, who used to step aside to pay their devotions at these rural shrines, and beg a prosperous termination of their journey*. And as the heathens used to paint the rude statues of their gods with red or some such showy colour, so have I often observed the coarse images of Catholic saints so bedaubed with a gaudy red†, as to resemble, exactly, Virgil's description of the god Pan:—

> Sanguineis ebuli baccis minioque rubentem.—Ecl. 10.
>
> His cheeks and temples of vermilion hue.—Dryden.

In passing along the road nothing is more common than to see travellers on their knees before these rustic shrines. None presume to approach them without some mark of reverence; and even those who are most in haste, or at a distance, seldom fail to take off their hats in token of respect.

Besides these images and altars, we frequently see erect-

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* Ut religiosis viantium moris est, cùm aliquis lucus, aut aliquis locus sanctus in viâ oblatus est, votum postulare, donum apponere, paulisper assidere.—*Apuleii Florid.* i.

Invoco vos, Lares viales, ut me bene juvetis.—*Plaut. Merc.* v.

† Fictilem fuisse et ideo miniari solitum.—*Plin. N. H.* L. xxxv. 12.

Et à Censoribus Jovem miniandum locari.—*Ibid.* L. xxxiii. 7.

ed by the road side huge wooden crosses decked with flowers, and the trifling offerings of the country people. On viewing these, one can hardly help calling to mind the superstitious veneration paid by the heathens to certain old trunks of trees, or posts*, set up in the highways; or that venerable oak in Ovid, covered with garlands and votive offerings:—

> Stabat in his ingens annoso robore quercus;
> Unà nemus: Vittæ mediam, memoresque tabellæ,
> Sertaque cingebant, voti argumenta potentis.—Mɛт. viii.

> Reverend with age a stately oak there stood,
> Its branches widely stretched, itself a wood;
> With ribbons, garlands, pictures covered o'er,
> The fruits of pious vows from rich and poor.—Middleton.

"To the multitude of the gods of old," says Blunt, "must we ascribe that extraordinary catalogue of festivals which have ever been, and, under their successors, the modern saints, still continue to be, destructive of all habits of industry in these countries. The serious ill effects which result from this cause must have come under the notice of every traveller; and so convinced was Augustus heretofore of the same truth, that he abolished thirty of the number, in order that fewer interruptions might be given to the administration of justice—(Sueton. August. sec. 32). Agriculture, too, as might have been

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* Nam veneror, seu stipes habet desertus in agris,
Seu vetus in trivio florida serta lapis.—*Tibull.* El. i.

expected, suffered severely under their baneful influence; and therefore it is that Virgil endeavours to meet the scruples of the farmer, by pointing out certain occupations in husbandry, which it was lawful to exercise at all seasons:"—

> Quippe etiam festis quædam exercere diebus
> Fas et jura sinunt; rivos deducere nulla
> Religio vetuit, &c.—GEORG. i. 268.
>
> Even holidays and feasts permission yield,
> The meads to water, and to fence the field,
> To fire the brambles, &c.—DRYDEN.

We have seen that the Saints, by their numbers, furnish one parallel to the old deities; we shall now find that by their reputed lives they afford another.

"When," says Blunt, "I observed such a preamble to a prayer as this, printed and publicly suspended in a Christian church, 'O most glorious Virgin, S. Rosolia, who fired by the love of thy heavenly spouse, (Christ,) abandonedst the comforts of thy father's house and the pleasures of a court, to live with him in the narrow cavern of Quisquilina, and the savage den of Monte Pellegrino,' &c.:—when I read such verses as these upon the same tablet,

> SCENE.—*The Cavern of Monte Pellegrino.*
>
> Locum intras tenebrosum,
> Nec te piget luminosum
> Vultum solis non videre;
> Nempe Christo vis placere.
> In hâc cellâ, Peregrina,
> Terram calcas, et divina

Meditando, supernorum
Socia fis habitatorum.
Nunc te liliis, nunc te rosis
Sponsus ornat odorosis;
Nunc apostolos miraris,
Nunc Mariam contemplaris, &c.

In Pellegrino's gloomy cell,
For Christ thou bid'st the world farewell;
And musing there in heavenly love,
Hold'st converse with the powers above.
To deck that brow thy spouse bestows
A lily here, and there a rose;
While stand confessed before thy view,
Our Lady and the apostles too:—BLUNT.

—when in a consecrated room annexed to the chapel of S. Catherine at Siena, I found it recorded upon a similar tablet, 'that in that house S. Catherine one day felt an amorous longing *(amorose smanie)* to see her divine husband; and that two very beautiful angels appeared to comfort her; but she turned to them and said, *it is not you I want, but him who created you,*' &c.:—when in the same manner I saw it proclaimed, 'that under that roof she had been married to Jesus Christ on the day of the carnival, in the presence of the most blessed Virgin Mary, of King David, who played upon the harp, of St. John the Evangelist, of St. Paul and St. Dominic:'—when on entering the church of S. Rosa at Viterbo, I discovered an altar adorned with such blasphemy as the following:—

Quis tamen laudes recolat, quis hujus
Virginis dotes, sibi quam pudicis

pate every vestige:—"Ye shall utterly destroy the places wherein the nations served their gods, upon the high mountains and upon the hills, and under every green tree: and ye shall overthrow their altars, break their pillars, burn their groves, and hew down the graven images of their gods.*"

The various supernatural powers with which the saints of the Italians and gods of the Romans have been respectively endowed, furnish a fourth parallel.

Whatever worship was paid by the ancients to their inferior deities, the same do the Catholics now pay to their saints and martyrs; as their own inscriptions plainly testify. These inscriptions, like that of the Pantheon, generally signify, that "the honours, which of old had been impiously given in that place to the false god, are now piously and properly transferred to the Christian saint:" or as one of their poets expresses himself with regard to St. George:—

> Ut Martem Latii, sic nos Te, dive Georgi,
> Nunc colimus, &c.
>
> As Mars our fathers once adored, so now
> To thee, O George! we humbly prostrate bow.—MIDDLETON.

Everywhere throughout Italy may you see sacred inscriptions, speaking the pure language of Paganism, and ascribing the same powers, characters, and attributes to their saints, as had formerly been ascribed to the heathen gods. Witness the following examples†:—

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* Deut. xii. 2, 3.

† Vid. Boldonii Epigraphica, et Gruteri Corpus Inscriptionum.

Catholic Inscriptions.	*Pagan Inscriptions.*
MARIA ET FRANCISCE TVTELARES MEI.	MERCVRIO ET MINERVÆ DIIS TVTELARIB.
DIVO EVSTORGIO QVI HVIC TEMPLO PRÆSIDET.	DIIS QVI HVIC TEMPLO PRÆSIDENT.
NVMINI DIVI GEORGII POLLENTIS . POTENTIS. INVICTI.	NVMINI MERCVRII SACR. HERCVLI . VICTORI. POLLENTI . POTENTI. INVICTO.
DIVIS PRÆSTITIBVS JVVANTIBVS GEORGIO STEPHANOQVE CVM DEO OPT. MAX.	PRÆSTITI JOVI S. DIIS DEABVS QVÆ. CVM JOVE.

Boldonius censures the author of the last inscription for the absurdity of putting the saints before God himself; and imitating too closely the ancient inscription placed opposite to it, in which the same impropriety is committed with regard to Jupiter.

" In the monkish rhymes which hang near the altar of S. Rosolia at Palermo, she is besought to protect her favourite city from earthquake, pestilence, and war:—

Nunc ô, Virgo gloriosa,
Candens lilium, rubens rosa,
Audi preces, audi vota
Quæ profundit gens devota—

Terræmotum, pestem, bellum,
Procul pelle; nec flagellum
Appropinquet civitati,
Quæ tuæ fidit pietati.

Virgin, modest as the rose,
Fairer than the lily's snows,
Listen whilst our lips disclose
A nation's prayer—

Nature's scourges banish hence,
Earthquake, battle, pestilence;
Or grant us but thy firm defence,
And come what dare.—BLUNT.

"How little does this strain of supplication differ from that of propitiation addressed by Horace to Apollo*:"

Hic bellum lacrimosum, hic miseram famem
Pestemque, à populo et Principe Cæsare, in
Persas atque Britannos,
Vestrâ motus aget prece.

Moved by your prayer the god of day
Seconds a bounteous Cæsar's sway;
And famine gaunt, and noisome pest,
And murderous war with tear-steep'd crest,
Chases from Rome, to curse and spoil
A British or a Persian soil.—BLUNT.

Notwithstanding this constant recurrence of the Roman Catholics to different saints in their different exigences, they affirm that the devotion paid to them goes no farther than to desire their prayers. Yet, what can we say of those miraculous images to be met with in

* Blunt.

every great town of Italy, but that some divinity or power is generally believed to be inherent in them? Are not the people persuaded that these images have sometimes moved themselves from one place to another; have wept, talked, and worked many miracles? And does not this necessarily imply the belief of a supernatural power inherent in them? In vain do Catholics declare, that they do not ascribe these miracles to any power in the image itself, but to the power of God, who is moved to work them by the prayers and intercession of his saints. How can we think that the Deity can be moved to exert his power so wonderfully for the confirmation of such ridiculous stories as those with which the Catholic legends abound: of pictures and statues, for instance, sent down from heaven; which, while they blasphemously impute them to the workmanship of saints or angels, or of God himself, are yet always so rudely and contemptibly executed, that an indifferent artist on earth would be ashamed to own them*.

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* "The Olympian Jove," says Gibbon, speaking of the introduction of images into the church, "created by the muse of Homer, and the chisel of Phidias, might inspire a philosophic mind with momentary devotion; but these Catholic images were faintly and flatly delineated by monkish artists in the last degeneracy of taste and genius.

"'Your scandalous figures stand quite out from the canvass; they are as bad as a group of statues!' It was thus that the ignorance and bigotry of a Greek priest applauded the pictures of Titian, which he had ordered and refused to accept."—*Decline and Fall*, Vol. 9, p. 121.

I cannot close this subject without adding a few instances, though perhaps somewhat out of place, of the facility of admission into the army of saints and martyrs.

In the stories of the saints we meet with the names of Quirinus, Romula and Redempta, Concordia, Nympha, Mercurius; which, though they may have been the genuine names of Christian martyrs, yet cannot but give occasion to suspect that some of them at least have been formed by corrupting old names; and that the adding of a modern termination, or Italianizing the old name of a deity, has given birth to some of the present saints. Thus the corruption of the word Soracte (the old name of a mountain, mentioned by Horace, within sight of Rome) has, according to Addison, added one saint to the calendar; being now softened, because it begins with an S, into S. Oreste; in honour of whom a monastery is built on the place. How natural this change was will plainly appear, if we reflect that the title of Saint is seldom written by the Italians at length, being usually expressed by the single letter S, as S. Oreste. Thus does this holy mountain now stand under the protection of a patron, whose being and power are just as imaginary, as the being of its old guardian Apollo:—

Sancti custos Soractis Apollo.—Virg. Æn. xi. 785.

The Christians of the earlier ages often made free with the sepulchral stones of heathen monuments, which they converted to their own use. Turning down the side, on which the old epitaph was engraved, they either inscribed a new one on the other, or left it without any

inscription at all, as they are often found in the Catacombs of Rome. Now this custom has frequently been the cause of ascribing saintship to the persons and names of Pagans.

Of this Mabillon gives a remarkable instance in an old stone found on the grave of a Christian with this inscription:—

D. M.
JVLIA EVODIA
FILIA FECIT
MATRI.

And because in the same grave there was also found a glass vial, or lachrymatory, tinged with a substance of a reddish colour, which they call blood, and look upon as a certain proof of martyrdom, this Julia Evodia, though undoubtedly a heathen, was presently adopted both for a Saint and Martyr, on the authority of an inscription, which appears evidently to have been taken from a heathen sepulchre. But whatever the person there buried might have been, whether Heathen or Christian, this, at least, is certain, that it could not be Evodia herself, but her mother; whose name is not there recorded.

The same author mentions some original papers which he found in the Barberini Library, giving a pleasant account of a negotiation between the Spaniards and Pope Urban VIII., relative to this very subject.—(Mabil. Iter. Ital. p. 145). The Spaniards, it seems, have a saint, held in great veneration in some parts of Spain, called Viar. The more to encourage the worship of this saint, they solicited the Pope to grant some special indulgences

to his altars; upon which the Pope desiring first to be better acquainted with his character, and the proofs of his sanctity, they produced a stone with these letters, S. VIAR, which the antiquaries of the day instantly perceived to be a fragment of some old Roman inscription, in memory of one who had been PræfectuS VIARum, or overseer of the highways.

But we have in England an instance still more ridiculous of a fictitious saintship, in the case of a certain saint called Amphibolus; who, according to our monkish historians, was bishop of the Isle of Man, and fellow-martyr and disciple of St. Alban. Yet Usher has given good reasons to convince us, that he owes the honour of his saintship to a mistaken passage in the old acts or legends of St. Alban: where the Amphibolus mentioned, and since reverenced as a Saint and Martyr, was nothing more than the *cloak* which Alban happened to have on at the time of his execution.—(Usser de Britann. Eccles. Primord. c. xiv. p. 539). The word is of Greek derivation, and signifies a large cloak, or *wrapper*, which ecclesiastics of that age usually wore.

They pretend to shew, at Rome, two original impressions of our Saviour's face, on two different handkerchiefs; one of them sent as a present by himself to Agbarus, Prince of Edessa, who by letter had desired a picture of him; the other, given by him at the time of his crucifixion to a saint named Veronica, upon a handkerchief which she had lent him to wipe his face with on that occasion. Both these handkerchiefs, it is said, are still preserved with the utmost reverence; the first in St. Sylvester's

Church; the second in St. Peter's, where, in honour of this sacred relique, an altar was erected by Urban VIII. Yet this Veronica, as Mabillon has shewn, like Amphibolus before mentioned, was not any real person, but the name given to the picture itself by the old writers who mention it; being formed by a corruption of the words Vera Icon, or *true image*, the title inscribed perhaps, or given originally to the handkerchief, by the first contrivers of the imposture*.

* Hæc Christi Imago à recentioribus Veronicæ dicitur: imaginem ipsam veteres Veronicam appellabant, &c.—*Mabill. Iter. Ital.* p. 88.

OF THE VIRGIN.

. . . . . Micat inter omnes,
. . . . . Velut inter ignes
Luna minores.—Hor.

The religious worship now paid to the Virgin seems clearly deducible from that which was paid to the female deities of old. How reluctantly the converts from heathenism bade adieu to that sex as objects of worship, is evident from the heretical opinions held by the sect of the Collyridians—a sect which arose towards the close of the fourth century, and offered up cakes *(collyridæ)* to the Virgin Mary, as a goddess, and the Queen of Heaven*. Much of that reverence in which the Virgin is still held may fairly be attributed to the same chivalrous feeling. "Le culte de la Vierge," says Madame de Staël, "est particulièrement cher aux Italiens et à toutes les nations du Midi; il semble s'allier, de quelque manière, à ce qu'il y a de plus pur et de plus sensible dans l'affection pour les femmes."

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* "When," says Middleton, "Jeremiah rebukes the people of Israel for burning incense to the *Queen of Heaven*, one can hardly help imagining, that he is prophetically pointing out the worship now paid to the Virgin, to whom they actually burn incense at this day, under that very title:"—

Salve Regina Cælorum, Domina Angelorum," &c.
Vid. Offic. Beat. Virg.

There was, however, one female deity who may be considered more particularly as the prototype of the Virgin. The latter, we know, is not unfrequently styled "the Mother of God;" and "as the same epithet in Pagan times was applied to Cybele, and as that goddess from her primitive regard for the ancestors of the Romans,

> Iliacas Mater amavit opes,
>
> Ilium, the Mighty Mother ever loved,

was held in peculiar honour in the capital of the world, and celebrated there with a magnificence agreeable to the importance of her character—

> Illa Deos peperit . . . cessere parenti
> Principiumque dati mater honoris habet.—Ov. Fast. iv. 360.
>
> The gods she bore—to her the immortal race
> Resigned the honour of the foremost place—Blunt.

so does it seem almost inevitable that some confusion in the minds of half-enlightened persons would ensue, in consequence of so singular an identity of name." Such is Blunt's remark on the resemblance between Cybele and the Virgin—a remark which is corroborated, as indeed it was anticipated, by Spence. "The goddess Cybele," says that writer, in a note to his Polymetis, "was one of the highest dignity and worship in the religion of the old Romans. I have often thought, that several of the honours paid by them to her, and various other of their deities, have been, at different times, united and transferred to the worship of the Virgin Mary, by the artifices of the Church of Rome. To mention a few in-

stances out of many: they now generally apply to the Virgin Mary all over Italy, for rain; just as the old Romans did to their Jupiter Pluvius. The ladies at Rome who are desirous of having children, pay their devotions now at the church of S. Maria Maggiore, as they did formerly when it was the temple of Juno Lucina. They look on the Virgin now as the most present aid to women in labour, as they did formerly on their virgin-goddess Diana. And they have now in Italy perhaps as many and as magnificent processions in her honour, as they had formerly to Cybele. There is some resemblance, too, in the titles given to Cybele of old, and to the Virgin now. The old Romans called Cybele, Domina; Mater; Mater Cultrix; Divina Mater; Alma Parens Deûm; Sancta Deûm Genetrix; and, Mater Deûm. As to the titles given to the Virgin Mary in Italy at present, some that resemble these will occur to every one; and to reckon them all up might make this note, (which is but too long perhaps already), longer than my whole book."

ANCIENT TEMPLES AND MODERN CHURCHES.

Aliusque et idem.—Hor.

The churches of Italy present a great many points of resemblance with its ancient temples; a few of the more prominent of these may here be noticed.

The noblest heathen temple now remaining is the Pantheon; which, as the inscription over the portico informs us, having been "impiously dedicated of old by Agrippa to Jove and all the Gods, was piously reconsecrated by Boniface IV. to the Blessed Virgin and all the Saints*." With this single alteration, it serves as well for all the purposes of Catholic, as formerly it did of the Pagan worship, for which it was built. As, in the old temple, every one might find the god of his own country, and address himself to that deity to whose religion he was most devoted; so, in the modern church, every one chooses the patron whom he likes best; and here may we see different services going on at the same time at differ-

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* PANTHEON, &c.
AB AGRIPPA AVGVSTI GENERO
IMPIE JOVI, CÆTERISQVE MENDACIBVS DIIS,
A BONIFACIO IIII. PONTIFICE
DEIPARÆ ET S. S. CHRISTI MARTYRIBVS PIE
DICATVM, &c.

ent altars, with distinct congregations around them, just as the inclinations of the people lead them to the worship of this or that particular saint.

And as it is with the Pantheon, so is it also with the other remaining temples: the Roman Catholics have only pulled down one idol to set up another; and have changed rather the name than the object of their worship. Thus the little Temple of Vesta, near the Tiber, is now possessed by the Madonna of the Sun; fire being the prevailing idea in both appellations; that of Fortuna Virilis, by Mary the Egyptian; that of Romulus and Remus in the Via Sacra, by Cosmo and Damien, not only brothers, but twin brothers; that of Antonine the Godly, by Lawrence the Saint; yet who would not, with Middleton, rather prostrate himself before the statue of a Romulus or an Antonine, than that of a Lawrence or a Damien; and give divine honours rather with pagan Rome, to the founders of empires, than with popish Rome to the founders of monasteries. At the foot of Mount Palatine, on the way from the Forum to the Circus Maximus, and on the very spot where Romulus was believed to have been suckled by the wolf, stands a little round temple, dedicated to him in the early ages of the republic. It is mentioned by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, as containing, in his time a "brazen group, of antique workmanship, of the wolf giving suck to the infant brothers*." This

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* Και τεμενος εστι ενθα εικων κειται του παθους, λυκαινα παιδιοις δυσι τους μαστους επεχουσα, χαλκεα ποιημματα παλαιᾶς ἐργασιας.— *Dion. Halicarn.* i. c. 64.

group is, by many, thought to be the one which is still preserved and shewn in the Capitol; though Middleton takes this latter to have been another of the same kind, which stood originally in the Capitol, and is mentioned by Cicero as having been struck with lightning*; of which it retains to this day evident marks in one of its hinder legs. It is, at any rate, to one or other of these celebrated statues that Virgil alludes in that elegant description:—

. . . . . Geminos huic ubera circum
Ludere pendentes pueros et lambere matrem
Impavidos: Illam tereti cervice reflexam
Mulcere alternos, et fingere corpora linguâ†.—Æn. viii. 631.

The martial twins beneath their mother lay,
And hanging on her dugs with wanton play,
Securely suck'd; whilst she reclines her head,
To lick their tender limbs, and form them as they fed.—
Middleton.

But to return: from the tradition of the wonderful es-

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* Tactus est etiam ille, qui hanc urbem condidit, Romulus, quem inauratam in Capitolio parvum atque lactantem, uberibus lupinis inhiantem fuisse meministis.—*Orat. in Catil.* iii. 4.

† Most of the strongest expressions, in this fine picture, (says Spence, in his Polymetis,) are adapted to it from the elder poets, by Virgil:—

. . . . . Gemineique huic ubera circum
Ludunt pendentes puerei.—*Ennius*, An. L. i.
Obstipum caput, et tereti cervice reflexum.—
Cicero de Nat. Deor. L. 2, 42.

cape which Romulus had in this very place, when exposed in his infancy to perish in the Tiber, he was looked upon, as soon as he was deified, as singularly propitious to infants; and from this notion, it became a custom for nurses and mothers to bring their sickly children and present them at the shrine of this little temple, in the confident hope of relief. Hence, when this temple was afterwards converted into a church, care was taken to substitute in the place of the heathen god, a Christian saint, who, like Romulus, had been exposed in his infancy, and preserved by a lucky chance; and who might, therefore, be presumed to be as fond of children, as their old deity had been. Thus the worship paid to Romulus, being now transferred to Theodorus, the old superstition still subsists, and the custom of presenting children at this shrine continues without intermission to the present day.

In consecrating these heathen temples to the Christian worship, that the change might be the less offensive, we have seen it was usual to look for some resemblance of quality and character in the saint who was substituted for the old deity. But more frequently regard has been had rather to a similitude of name between the old and new idol. Thus, in a place formerly sacred to Apollo, now stands the church of Apollinaris; "built, that the profane name of that deity might be converted into the glorious name of this martyr*:" and where there formerly stood a temple of Mars, they have now erected a church to Martina, with this inscription:—

* Rom. Moderna.—*Gior.* iii. 21.

Martyrii gestans virgo Martina coronam,
Ejecto hinc Martis numine, Templa tenet.

Mars hence expelled; Martina, martyr'd maid,
Claims now the worship, which to him was paid.—MIDDLETON.

"At a short distance from the old Lavinium," says Blunt, "or Pratica, as it is now called, is a chapel dedicated to S. Anna Petronilla. Here we have, no doubt, a corruption of Anna Perenna, the sister of Dido, who was cast ashore upon the coast of Italy near the Numicus; a point corresponding with the situation of this little church. On that occasion, having accidentally met with Æneas and Achates, and rejected all terms of reconciliation with them, she was warned by the shade of Dido, in a dream, to escape from the treachery of Lavinia. In the sudden consternation excited by this vision, she is said to have precipitated herself into the Numicus, of which she became the protecting nymph—whilst games, described at length in Ovid, were instituted in her honour:—

. . . . . Placidi sum nympha Numici,
Amne perenne latens, Anna Perenna vocor.

This stream's *perennial* nymph, I steal from view,
Once Anna called, but now *Perenna* too.—BLUNT.

Thus Anna, the sister of the Virgin, has inherited the seat and credit of Anna, the sister of the Queen of Carthage, on condition of adding to her former name that of Petronilla."

OF THE CONFORMITY BETWEEN THE CATHOLIC AND PAGAN RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES.

Facies non . . . . . una
Nec diversa tamen: qualem decet esse sororum.—Ovid.

So evidently has the Church of Rome borrowed its principal ceremonies from the rituals of paganism, that even the more candid and learned Catholics scruple not to admit it. M. de Marolles informs us how he once surprised an archbishop of France by a frank avowal of it; demonstrating afterwards, by an induction of particulars, the justness of his position*. The learned Du Choul also thus concludes his book on the religion of the old Romans:—"If we consider the case attentively, we shall find very many institutions of our religion to have been borrowed from the ceremonies of the Egyptians and the Gentiles—all which our priests now make use of in our mysteries, by referring to the only true God, Jesus Christ, what the ignorance, false religion, and senseless superstition of the Pagans had applied to their gods, and

* Un jour que j'etois auprès de Mons. de la Feuillade, Archevêque d'Embrun, l'occasion s'étant offerte de luy dire, que beaucoup de ceremonies du paganisme avoient été sanctifiées par la pieté de nostre religion, ce qui ne s'étoit point fait sans mystère; je m'apperçus, qu'il s'en étonna un peu: sur quoy je luy demandai audience, &c.—*Memoires de Marolles*, par. ii. p. 209.

to mortal men after their consecration."—(De Relig. Vet. Rom. ad fin.)

The very first thing a stranger must necessarily notice on entering a Catholic church is the use of incense. This custom, received directly from paganism, cannot fail to recall to mind the old descriptions of the heathen temples and altars, which are seldom mentioned by the ancients without the epithet *perfumed* or *incensed**.

In some of the principal churches, where one sees at one view a great number of altars, all smoking at once with clouds of incense, how natural is it to fancy oneself transported into the temple of some heathen deity, or that of the Paphian Venus described by Virgil:—

> . . . . . Ubi templum illi, centumque Sabæo
> Thure calent aræ, sertisque recentibus halant.—Æn. i. 416.

> Her hundred altars there with garlands crowned,
> And richest incense smoking, breathe around
> Sweet odours.—Middleton.

In the old relievos, where any heathen sacrifice is represented, we never fail to observe a boy in sacred habit,

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* Τεμενος Βωμος τε Θυηεις.—*Hom. Il.* ψ. 148.

Thuricremis cum dona imponeret aris.—*Virg. Æn.* iv. 453. *Theocrit. Id.* κζ. 123. *Hom. Il.* ϕ. 48. *Virg. Æn.* iv. 486.

> Sæpe Jovem vidi, cum jam sua mittere vellet
> Fulmina, thure dato sustinuisse manum.—*Ovid.*

"This custom," says Hughes, "is observed, as some say, on account of its grateful odour and utility in a hot climate, or, according to others, to drive away demons and evil spirits:"—

> Αυχνων γαρ οσμας ου φιλουσι δαιμονες.—
> *Plat. Com. in Athen.* L. x. p. 442.

(which was always white,) attending upon the priest, with a little chest or box in his hands, in which this incense was kept for the use of the altar:—

Da mihi thura, puer, pingues facientia flammas.—Ovid. Trist. v. 5.

In a picture found at Herculaneum*, a boy wearing a white tunic, which descends to his knees, bears in one hand a dish with the offering, and in the other a wreath of flowers, which the priest is about to receive and present to the god.

In the same manner, in the church of Rome, there is always a boy in a surplice, waiting on the priest at the altar, with the sacred utensils, and among the rest the "Thuribulum," or vessel of incense, which, as it is smoking, the priest with many ridiculous motions and crossings waves several times around, and over the altar during the different parts of the service.

"In the 'Stanza de' Sacrifizii' of the Museum at Naples," observes Blunt, "there is a small bronze image representing a 'Sacerdotum minister.' He has an upper garment descending to the middle, which answers exactly to that now worn by the priests, under the name of 'mozzetta;' whilst beneath and below it is a petticoat, as directly corresponding with their 'sottana.' It may be remarked, that the cassock of the Protestant church is an imitation of this more ancient article of clerical dress."

* This painting, formerly in the Portici Museum, is now in the Museo Borbonico at Naples.

The next thing that arrests the attention of a stranger is the use of holy water; for nobody ever enters or quits a church without being either sprinkled by the priest, who attends for that purpose on solemn days, or else serving himself with it from a vessel, usually of marble, placed just at the door, and not unlike one of our baptismal fonts. This practice is so evidently a remnant of paganism, that Catholics themselves hesitate not to admit it. The Jesuit De la Cerda, in his notes on a passage of Virgil*, where this practice is mentioned, says, "Hence was derived the custom of holy church to provide purifying or holy water at the entrance of their churches." The "Aquaminarium, or Amula," says Montfaucon, "was a vase of holy water, placed by the heathens at the entrance of their temples, to sprinkle themselves with†." The same vessel was by the Greeks called περιῤῥαντηριον; two of which, the one gold, the other silver, were given by Crœsus to the temple of Apollo at Delphi; and the custom of sprinkling themselves was so necessary a part of all their religious offices, that the method of excommunication seems to have been by prohibiting to offenders the approach and use of the holy water-pot.—(Vid. Æschin. Orat. contra Ctesiphon. 58.) The very composition of this holy water was the same also among the heathens, as it is now among the Catholics, being nothing more than a mixture of salt with common water.—(Theocr. κδ. 95.) The form of the sprinkling-brush, too, called by

* Spargens rore levi, &c.—*Virg. Æn.* vi. 230.

† Vide Montfauc. Antiquit. Vol. ii.

the ancients "aspersorium," or "aspergillum," and much the same with that the priests now make use of, may be seen in relievos, or ancient coins, wherever the insignia or emblems of the pagan priesthood are described.

Before the commencement of high-mass, (or the Messa Cantata, as it is called,) the priest, standing in front of the altar, takes in his hand the aspersorio, and sprinkles the holy water with which it is filled, towards the congregation; after this he proceeds to the performance of the rite.

Such, too, was the ceremony which accompanied a sacrifice among the old Romans:—

> Spargite me lymphis; carmenque recentibus aris
> Tibia Mygdoniis libet eburna cadis.—PROPERT. iv. 6, 7.
>
> The water sprinkle—wake the pipe divine,
> Whilst drip the altars with Mygdonian wine.—BLUNT.

But ridiculous as such a ceremony is, it is still more ridiculous to see learned writers gravely reckoning the several virtues and benefits derived from the use of it, both to the soul and the body—(Durant. de Ritib. L. i. c. 21) and, to crown all, producing a long list of miracles to attest the certainty of each virtue they ascribe to it. Why then may we not justly apply to the present people of Rome, what was said by the poet of its old inhabitants, for their addiction to this very superstition:—

> Ah! nimium faciles, qui tristia crimina cædis
> Flumineâ tolli posse putetis aquâ!—OVID. FAST. ii. 45.
>
> Ah! easy fools, to think that a whole flood
> Of water e'er can purge the stain of blood!—MIDDLETON.

Pursuing his survey of a Catholic church, a stranger next finds his attention arrested by a number of lamps and candles, constantly burning before the shrines and images of saints; a sight which will not only surprise him by its novelty, but also supply him with another example of the conformity between the Romish and Pagan worship, by recalling to his memory many passages of the heathen writers, where lamps and candles are described as continually burning before the altars and statues of their deities*.

Herodotus tells us of the Egyptians, (who, according to Clemens Alexandrinus, first introduced the use of lights or lamps into their temples,) that they had a yearly festival, called, from its principal ceremony, "the lighting up of candles†:" but there is scarcely a single festival at Rome, which might not for the same reason be called by the same name.

The primitive writers frequently expose the absurdity of this heathenish custom. "They light up candles to God," says Lactantius, "as if he lived in the dark; and do not they deserve to pass for madmen, who offer lamps to the Author and Giver of light?"

In the collections of old inscriptions, we find many instances of donations from private persons of lamps and

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* Placuere et Lychnuchi pensiles in delubris.—*Plin. N. H.* L. 34. 3.
Vidi Cupidinem argenteum cum lampade.—*Cic. in Ver.* ii.
Centum aras posuit, vigilemque sacraverat ignem.—*Virg. Æn.* iv. 200.

† Και τη ὁρτη ουνομα κειται λυχνοκαιη.—*Herod.* L. ii. 62, *edit. Lond.*

candlesticks to the temples and altars of the heathen gods*; a custom which still exists in modern Rome, where each church abounds with lamps of massive silver, and sometimes even of gold—the gifts of princes and other persons of distinction. It is astonishing to see how great a number of this kind are perpetually burning before the altars of the principal saints, or miraculous images; as St. Anthony of Padua, or our Lady of Loreto; as well as the vast profusion of wax candles with which the churches are illuminated on every festival. On such occasions, the high altar, covered with gold and silver plate, brought out of the treasuries of the church, and stuck full of wax-lights, disposed in beautiful figures, looks more like the rich sideboard of some great prince, decked out for a feast, than an altar for divine worship.

But a stranger will not be more surprised at the number of lamps or wax-lights, burning before their altars, than at the number of offerings, or votive gifts, hanging around them, in consequence of vows made in time of danger; and in gratitude for deliverance from sickness or distress. So common was this practice among the heathens, that no custom of antiquity is so frequently mentioned by ancient writers. Many of their original "donaria," or votive offerings, are preserved to this day in the cabinets of the curious, in images of metal, stone, or clay;—in legs, arms, and other parts of the body,

* Cupidines II. cum suis Lychnuchis et Lucern.—*Grut. Inse.* clxxvii. 3.

which had formerly been hung up in their temples in testimony of some cure wrought by their tutelary deity. But the most common of all offerings were pictures, representing the history of the miraculous cure or deliverance vouchsafed upon the vow of the donor:—

> Nunc, dea, nunc succurre mihi; nam posse mederi
> Picta docet templis multa tabella tuis.—TIBULL. El. i. 3.
>
> Now, goddess, help! for thou canst help bestow,
> As all these pictures round thy altars shew.—MIDDLETON.

A friend of Diagoras the philosopher, called the atheist, having found him once in a temple, as the story is told by Cicero—(De Nat. Deor. L. iii. 253): "You," says he, "who think the gods take no notice of human affairs, do you not here see by this multitude of pictures, how many have, for the sake of their vows, been saved in storms at sea, and got safe into port."—"Yes," says Diagoras, "I see how it is; for those are never painted who happen to be drowned." The temples of Esculapius were more especially rich in these offerings, which, Livy says, were the price and pay for the cures that he had wrought for the sick*. In these temples it was customary to hang up and expose to public view, in tables of brass or marble, a catalogue of all the miraculous cures which the god had performed for his votaries†. A remarkable frag-

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* Tum donis dives erat, quæ remediorum salutarium ægri mercedem sacraverant Deo.—*Liv.* L. xlv. 28.

† Το ἱερον πλῆρες ἐχοντος αει τῶν τε καμνοντων, και τῶν αναπει-

ment of one of these tables is still remaining and published in Gruter's Collection, (Gruter. Insc. p. 71), having been found in the ruins of a temple of Esculapius, in the island of the Tiber at Rome.

This sort of superstition, however, had been found so beneficial to the priesthood of old, that it could not fail to be adopted into the Catholic system; where it reigns to this day in so gross a manner as to scandalize some of their own community. Polydore Virgil, after having described the practice of the ancients, says:—" In the same manner do we now offer up in our churches little images of wax, and as oft as any part of the body is hurt, as the hand or foot, &c., we presently make a vow to God, or one of his saints, to whom upon our recovery we make an offering of that hand or foot in wax. To such an extravagant height is this custom now carried, that we do the same thing for our cattle which we do for ourselves, and make offerings on account of our oxen, horses, and sheep; where a scrupulous man will question whether in this we imitate the religion or the superstition of our ancestors."—(Polyd. Virg. de Invent. Rer. L. v. 1.)

So great is the number of these offerings in some churches, that they detract from the beauty of the building; obstructing the sight of something more valuable and ornamental. Such, too, was the case in the old heathen temples; where the priests were sometimes oblig-

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μενων πινακων, εν οἷς αναγεγραμμεναι τυγχανουσιν αι θεραπειαι—Strabo, t. i. 515.

ed to take them down, on account of the obstruction which they gave to the view of a fine pillar or altar*. They consist, chiefly, of arms, and legs, and little figures of wood or wax, but especially pieces of board rudely painted, describing the sort of deliverance obtained by the miraculous interposition of the saint invoked. Of these offerings, the Virgin is so sure to carry off the greatest share, that we may truly say of her, as Juvenal says of the goddess Isis, whose worship was then in such vogue at Rome—that the painters get their livelihood out of her.

> Pictores quis nescit ab Iside pasci?
>
> As once to Isis, so now it may be said,
> That painters to the Virgin owe their bread.—MIDDLETON.

The stories relating to these votive offerings will usually be found to be mere copies or verbal translations of the originals of heathenism; for the vow is often said to have been divinely inspired, or expressly commanded; and the cure and deliverance to have been wrought, either by the visible apparition and immediate hand of the tutelar saint, or by the notice of a dream, or some other miraculous admonition from heaven.

And what is all this but a revival of the old impostures, and a repetition of the same old stories, of which the ancient inscriptions are full, with this only difference, that what the Pagans ascribed to the imaginary help of

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* Ab his columnis, quæ incommodè opposita videbantur, signa amovit, &c.—*Liv.* L. xl. 51.

their deities, the Catholics as foolishly impute to the favour of their saints*?

But the gifts and offerings hitherto noticed are the fruits only of vulgar zeal, and the presents of inferior people; whilst princes and persons in authority, just as it used to be of old†, frequently make offerings of large vessels, lamps, and even statues of massive silver or gold, with diamonds, and all sorts of precious stones of incredible value; so that the church of Loreto became a proverb for its riches, just as Apollo's temple at Delphi was with the ancients on the same account:—

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* SILVANO SALUTARI
L. MANLIUS SATURNINUS
EX VISO POSUIT.—(*Gruter.* p. 65).

SILVANO,
&c.
SOMNIO MONITA.—(*Id.* p. 62.)

MINERVÆ MEMORI
CŒLIA JULIANA
INDULGENTIA MEDICINARUM
EJUS GRAVI INFIRMITATE
LIBERATA. D. P.—(*Id.* p. 48.)

JOV. OPT. &c.
FLAVIUS COSMUS
JUSSU DEI FECIT.—(*Id.* p. 20)

That this is the style also of votive inscriptions among the Roman Catholics, we see by the following one taken from a church at Milan:—

DIVÆ. SAVINÆ. &c.
LIVIA. EUPHEMIA. IN
ACERBO. STOMACHI
CRUCIATU. OPEM. NACTA.
V. S. M. D. XI.

† Consul Apollini, Æsculapio, Saluti dona vovere et dare signa inaurata jussus; quæ vovit, deditque.—*Liv.* L. xl. 37.

Ουδ' ὁσα λαΐνος ουδος αφητορος εντος εεργει
Φοιβου Απολλωνος—Il. ι. 404.

Not all the wealth Apollo's temple holds
Can purchase one day's life, &c.

In the famed treasury of this holy house, one part consists, as it did likewise among the heathens, of a wardrobe*. For the very idols, as Tertullian observes, used to be dressed out in curious robes, of the choicest stuffs and fashion.—(De Idolat. p. 116). On looking over, therefore, the various rich habits with which the Holy House abounds—some covered with precious stones, others more curiously embroidered by such a queen or princess, for the use of the miraculous image —how natural is it to recall to mind the picture which Homer draws of Hecuba prostrating herself before the miraculous image of Pallas, with a present of the richest and best wrought gown she was mistress of:—

Τῶν ἰν αειραμενη Εκαβη φερε δῶρον Αθηνῃ,
Ὸς καλλιστος ειην ποικιλμασιν, ηδε μεγιστος·
Αστηρ δ' ὡς απελαμπεν· κ. τ. λ.—Il. .293.

A gown she chose, the best and noblest far,
Sparkling with rich embroidery, like a star, &c.

When a man is once engaged in reflections of this kind, imagining himself transported into some heathen temple, and expecting, as it were, some sacrifice, or other

* Since the visit of the French, the treasures of Loreto are no longer what they were in the time of Middleton; but they are still considerable, and are now daily increasing.

act of paganism to ensue, he will not be long in suspense, before he sees the finishing act of genuine idolatry, in crowds of bigot votaries, prostrating themselves before some image of wood or stone, and paying divine honours to an idol of their own creating.

Image-worship was condemned by many of the wisest heathens, and for several ages, even in Pagan Rome, was thought impious and detestable. Numa prohibited it to the old Romans, nor would he suffer any images in their temples; and this regulation, as we learn from Plutarch*, was religiously observed for the first hundred and seventy years of the city. But as image-worship was thought abominable even by some of the pagan princes, so by some of the Christian emperors it was forbidden on pain of death†.

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* The passage of Plutarch here referred to is so much in point, that the reader may not, perhaps, be displeased at having it before him.—"The regulations of Numa concerning images seem to have some relation to the doctrine of Pythagoras, who was of opinion, that the First Cause was not an object of sense, nor liable to passion, but invisible, incorruptible, and discernible only by the mind. Thus Numa forbad the Romans to represent the Deity in the form of either man or beast. Nor was there among them formerly any image or statue of the Divine Being: during the first hundred and seventy years they built temples, indeed, and other sacred domes, but placed in them no figure of any kind; persuaded that it is impious to represent things divine by what is perishable, and that we can have no conception of God but by the understanding."—*Langhorne's Plutarch.*

† Pœnæ capitis subjugari præcepimus, quos simulacra colere constiterit.—*Vid. Gothof. Comment. de stat. Pagan. sub Christ. imp. leg.* vi. p. 7.

Cicero reproaches Clodius for having publicly dedicated the statue of a common strumpet, under the name of the goddess Liberty. Now this practice, also, is still frequent with the present Romans, who have scarcely a fine statue or picture of a female saint, which is not said to have been designed originally by the artist for the representation of his own mistress; and "who dares," may we say ironically with the old Roman, "to violate such a goddess as this—the statue of a whore*?"

Statues were not the only ornaments of the ancient temples; they were also decorated with paintings. Pliny speaks of those of Lanuvium and Ardea in very early times, and those of Rome were subsequently adorned in the same way.—(Plin. N. H. 35, c. 4). Much of the plunder which Verres collected from the temples in Sicily consisted of pictures. From that of Minerva at Syracuse he plundered no less than twenty-seven of fine execution. —(Cic. in Verr. 4).

The walls of the churches in these countries are now hung with pictures, many of them by the first masters;

How justly does Lactantius ridicule the folly of idolaters, who bowed before the work of their own hands—images of brass and marble, which, had *they* been endowed with sense and motion, would have started from their pedestals to adore the creative power of the artist. "Nec intelligunt homines ineptissimi, quòd si sentire simulacra et movere possent, adoratura fuissent à quo sunt expolita."—*Divin. Justit.* L. 2, c. 2.

* Hanc deam quisquam violare audeat, imaginem meretricis?—*Cicero pro Dom.* 43.

and though it is true that this custom of ornamenting places of worship with the labours of the artist is not confined to Italy and Sicily, yet it is certain that, however general it may be, it is borrowed from the Pagans.

Upon the conversion of the Empire to the Christian faith, when the church found herself supported by the laws, and invested with authority, it is natural to suppose that one of the first acts of her power would be, to render all due honours to the memory of those martyrs, by whose blood she had obtained it. This, therefore, was the reigning devotion of the age; so that it became a sort of fashion for the new converts, who were eminent for birth or fortune, to erect churches at their own expense, in honour of the first martyrs, and as a repository for their bones. They affected also, after the manner of pagans, to adorn them with paintings; representing the story of the Old and New Testaments, and especially the acts of those martyrs to whom the churches were consecrated; in opposition to the fabulous acts of the old heroes, or pretended deities, with which the heathen temples were usually painted.

Thus Paulinus, a convert from paganism, of senatorial rank, celebrated for his parts and learning, and afterwards Bishop of Nola, rebuilt in a splendid manner his episcopal church, dedicated to Felix the Martyr; and on the porticos he caused to be painted the miracles of Moses and Christ, together with the acts of Felix, and other martyrs, whose relics were there deposited. He gives a short description of these paintings in one of his poems;

where, to obviate an objection, that might probably be made to this "new" and "unusual" method of painting churches, as he calls it, he says, that "it was done with a design to draw the rude multitude, habituated to the profane rites of paganism, to a knowledge and good opinion of the Christian doctrines; by learning from these pictures*, what they were incapable of learning from books —the lives and acts of the Christian saints†."

The first and most important of the religious services of the Romans was sacrifice. The first and most important of the religious services of their posterity is the mass. This too is a sacrifice, and is accordingly termed Sacrifizio della Messa. The victim which was the subject of the former was called *Hostia;* the wafer which is

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* Forte requiratur quânam ratione gerendi
Sederit hæc nobis sententia, *pingere sanctas*
Raro modo domos, animantibus adsimulatis;
Accipite, et paucis tentabo exponere causas.
Quos agat huc *Sancti Felicis* gloria cœtus
Obscurum nulli; sed turba frequentior his est,
Rusticitas non cassa fide, neque docta legendi.
Hæc adsueta diù sacris servire profanis
Ventre Deo, tandem convertitur advena Christo,
Dum sanctorum opera in Christo miratur aperta.
Vid. S. Paulini Oper. Nat. ix.

† Pope Gregory, called the Great, about two centuries later, makes the same apology for images or pictures in churches; declaring them to have been introduced for the sake of the pagans; that those, who did not know, and could not read the scriptures, might learn from them what they ought to worship. Unde et præcipuè Gentibus pro lectione, pictum est, &c.—*Epist.* L. ix. c. 9.

the subject of the latter is called *Ostia* also; and yet so little does the import of the term seem attended to by the Italians, that it is used as the common name for letter-wafers, and may be seen labelled on the box that contains them in any stationer's shop in Rome.

With regard, however, to that celebrated act of idolatry, the adoration of the Host, it must be confessed that we shall look in vain for any vestige of it in the pagan worship. As often as I have been present at mass, and seen the whole congregation prostrate on the ground, in the humblest posture of adoration, at the elevation of this consecrated bit of bread; I could not help thinking of that passage of Cicero, where, speaking of the absurdity of the heathens in the choice of their gods, he says:—"Was ever any man so mad, as to take that which he feeds on for a god*?" This was a piece of extravagance reserved for popery alone; and what an old Roman could not but think too gross even for Egyptian idolatry,

* Sed ecquem tam amentem esse putas, qui illud, quo vescatur, Deum credat esse?—*Cic. de Nat. Deor.* iii.

In this doctrine of transubstantiation we see a remarkable instance of the prolific nature of error, and how one absurdity naturally begets another; for the first consequence of it was, to render one half of the sacramental institution superfluous, by denying the cup to the laity; though our Saviour expressly commanded all his disciples to drink of it, and declared, that, *without drinking* of it, *they could have no life in them.* Yet grant them their transubstantiation, and the conclusion is natural, as the author of "The Catholic Christian Instructed" has deduced it; "for," says he, "whosoever receives the body of Christ most certainly receives his blood at the same time, since the body which he receives is a living body, and cannot be without blood!!"

is now become the principal part of worship, and the distinguishing article of faith, in the creed of modern Rome.

"In the high-mass, and in other offices of his church, the priest employs such modulations of voice as amount to a simple chant. That this was also the case in the services of the ancients is ascertained by a picture found at Herculaneum, and formerly exhibited at Portici—(Chamber 12, No. CCI.*) It expresses a sacrifice to Ibis; a priest addressing himself to the congregation; and a second person at the same time regulating his tones by the sound of a pipe. Hence that frequent application of the word 'cantare' to the ministers of the pagan worship:—

. . . . Musarum sacerdos
Virginibus puerisque canto.

Priest of the Nine, a sacred strain I sing.

The use of small bells, which are so frequently rung during the performance of mass, is not without its claim to antiquity. The sounding brass, in some shape or other, was struck in the sacred rites of the Dea Syria—(Lucian. de Deâ Syriâ, § 29); and in those of Hecate.—(Theocr. Idyll. ii. 36). 'It was thought,' says the scholiast on Theocritus, 'to be good for all kinds of expiation and purification.' It had, moreover, some secret influence over the spirits of the departed.—(Ov. Fast. v. 441). Indeed, it is probable that χαλκιον and æs occurring in the passages to which I have alluded, though general expressions for a certain metal, are there intend-

* Now in the Museo Bornico.

ed to specify bells made of that metal: for they were instruments well known to the ancients, and employed by them for many superstitious purposes; and certainly they would have been more convenient for those rites than brass in any other shape. The *sistrum*, shaken by the priests in the service of the goddess Isis, was, no doubt, intended to have the same effect. It consisted of a frame in the figure of a battle-door, through which passed transversely several loose bars, hooked at each end, to prevent them from slipping out through the sides of the frame. These bars, when rattled to and fro, were calculated to make nearly as much disturbance as the more orthodox bells, like which, they were of brass. Among the early Christian relics deposited in the Library of the Vatican is one of the following construction: A piece of metal, forming a handle, was beat out at the extremities into broad laminæ, and to each of these laminæ were attached four small bells. A slight turn of the wrist would thus naturally and easily put the eight bells in motion. The discovery of such an instrument is a proof that the use of them in the church is not of modern date, and consequently comes in aid of the supposition that it owed its commencement to pagan times.

" Again, the relative situation of the image and altar in the old temples and modern churches is the same. This is satisfactorily seen from a painting found at Pompeii, and now in the Museo Borbonico*. It exhibits a female

* It was formerly in the Museum at Portici—(Chamber 8, No. DCCCXLVI.)

in the act of sacrificing to Bacchus. The altar is placed in front of the statue of the god, and so much below him, as to allow him to receive the full benefit of the odour of the offering. Here may be distinctly traced the practice now so common of fixing a figure of our Saviour, the Virgin, or a Saint, above the altar at which the priest performs mass, and during the celebration of which the incense from time to time is made to rise like an exhalation towards the object of reverence*.

The effigies of our Saviour and the Saints are often treated by the modern Italians with great familiarity. Frequently may they be seen expostulating with a favourite image with as much emphasis and expression, as if they really expected an answer. Here again they closely resemble their heathen ancestors; for, according to Suetonius, Caligula was wont to "converse in secret with Jupiter Capitolinus, sometimes whispering, and listening in his turn; sometimes audibly, and in terms of reproach; for he was overheard to threaten that he would send him about his business into Greece—εις γαῖαν Δαναῶν περαω σε—until softened by the entreaties of the god, and invited, as he declared, to an intimacy with him, he built a bridge which connected his palace with the Capitol."—(Calig. 22). "When disappointed by his tutelary saints, an Italian will sometimes proceed so far as to heap reproaches, curses, and even blows on the wax, wood, or stone which represents them. The same turbulent gusts of passion displayed themselves in the

* Blunt.

same way amongst the Romans, who scrupled not to accuse their gods of injustice, and to express their indignation against their faithless protectors by the most unequivocal signs:—

> . . . . . Injustos rabidis pulsare querelis
> Cælicolas solamen erat.—STAT. SYLV. v. 22.
>
> To him who smarts beneath the heavenly rod,
> Some comfort is it to reproach the god.—BLUNT.

Upon the death of Germanicus stones were cast by the populace at the temples in Rome; the altars were overturned, and in some instances the Lares thrown into the streets.—(Suet. Calig. 5). And Augustus thought proper to take his revenge upon Neptune for the loss of one of his fleets, by not allowing his image to be carried in procession at the Circensian games which followed*."—(Suet. Aug. 16).

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* Blunt.

RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

Nos numerus sumus, et fruges consumere nati.—Hor.

Catholics seem to have contrived to keep up as near a resemblance as possible between their own religious orders and those of pagan Rome; and the sovereign pontiff himself, instead of deriving his succession from St. Peter, may with more propriety style himself the successor of the Pontifex Maximus, who was looked upon as the "arbiter and judge of all things, civil as well as sacred, human as well as divine"—(Fest. in Ord. Sacerdotum); "whose power, established almost with the foundation of the city, was an omen and sure presage of that priestly majesty, by which Rome was once more to reign as universally as it had done before by the force of its arms." —(Polyd. Virg. Inv. Ver. lib. iv. 14)*.

It is remarkable, that, of all the sovereign pontiffs of

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* From the following passage of Cæsar, it appears that the privilege of excommunication, claimed by the Pope, is but a relic of heathenism:—"Si qui aut privatus aut publicus Druidum decreto non stetit, sacrificiis interdicunt. Hæc pœna est apud eos gravissima. Quibus ita est interdictum, ii numero impiorum et sceleratorum habentur, iis omnes decedunt, aditum eorum sermonemque defugiunt, ne quid ex *contagione incommodi accipiant;* neque iis petentibus jus redditur, neque honos ullus communicatur."—*De bello Gallico*, lib. iv. cap. 13.

Pagan Rome, Caligula should have been the first who offered his foot to be kissed by those who approached him. Those who endeavoured to excuse it said, that it was not done out of insolence but vanity; that he might, by this means, display his golden slipper, set with jewels. Seneca declaims upon it as the last affront to liberty, and the introduction of a Persian slavery into the manners of Rome*. Yet this servile act is now the standing ceremonial of Christian Rome, and a necessary condition of access to the reigning Pope†.

The great variety of religious orders and societies of priests among the modern Italians, seems to have been formed upon the model of the old colleges or fraternities of the Augurs, Pontifices, Salii, Fratres arvales, &c. The Vestal Virgins might probably furnish the hint for the foundation of nunneries; and something very like the rules and austerities of the monastic life is discoverable in the character and habits of certain of the heathen priests, who used to live by themselves, retired from

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* Absoluto et gratias agenti porrexit osculandum sinistrum pedem—qui excusant, negant id insolentiæ causâ factum; aiunt soccultum auratum, imo aureum, margaritis distinctum ostendere eum voluisse—natus in hoc, ut mores civitatis Persicâ servitate mutaret, &c.—*Senec. de Benef.* L. ii. 12.

† Eustace, like the friends of Caligula, endeavours to furnish at once a reason and an excuse for this strange ceremonial, by saying, that it is to the cross embroidered on the slipper that this homage is really paid; but we are naturally led to ask, what business has the cross in such a situation?

the world, near the temple or oracle of the deity, to whose particular service they were devoted; as the Selli, for instance, the priests of Dodonæan Jove, a self-mortifying race:—

. . . . . Αμφι δε Σελλοι
Σοι ναιουσ' ὑποφῆται ανιπτοποδες, χαμαιεῦναι.—Il. xvi. 234.

Whose groves, the Selli, race austere, surround;
Their feet unwashed, their slumbers on the ground.—Pope.

In the old descriptions, too, of the mendicant priests among the heathens, who used to travel from house to house, with sacks at their backs, and, from an opinion of their sanctity, raise large contributions of money, bread, wine, and all kinds of provision*, for the support of their fraternity, we see the very picture of the begging friars; who are always about the streets in the same habit, and on the same errand, and never fail to carry home with them a good sackful of provisions for the use of their convent.

Blunt, though he admits it would be too fanciful to suppose that a regular system of monkery existed in the classical ages, is of opinion that the mendicant orders may be ultimately traced to the priests of Isis and Serapis; not only because monachism is believed to have commenced in Egypt, about the middle of the third cen-

* Stipes æreas, immo et argenteas, multis certatim offerentibus sinu recepere patulo: necnon et vini cadum et lactis et caseos avidis animis corradentes et in sacculos huic quæstui de industria præparatos farcientes, &c.—*Apuleius Metam.* L. viii. p. 262.

tury, when the Decian persecution compelled many of the inhabitants of that country to take shelter among the deserts and mountains, but because of the many points of resemblance between them.

"The priests of Isis," says he, "like the mendicant monks, were supported by the charity or credulity of the public. At six in the morning they opened their temple, and having performed their religious duties, they dispersed to beg with the *sistrum* in their hands till two in the afternoon, when they returned to the evening service of their divinity, after which the temple was closed.—(Vid. Vossius de Idolatr. ix.12). The practice of the mendicant monks is at this day almost the same. And as heretofore there were few persons bold enough to repel from the door one of these consecrated beggars, who, by rattling his sistrum at once indicated his approach and his errand—

> Ecquis ita est audax ut limine cogat abire
> Jactantem Phariâ tinnula sistra manu?—
>
> OVID. EX PONT. I. i. 38.

> Who from his door dares chase the Pharian band,
> The sistrum tinkling in the insatiate hand?—

so are there now numbers among the poor who would think it an act of dangerous consequence to turn a deaf ear to the craving Franciscan, while he shakes his almsbox, and solicits charity for the souls in purgatory, the church, or the Madonna.

"Further, of all the monasteries in Italy and Sicily, none so much abound with relics to captivate the vulgar

as those of the mendicant orders. This too was a stratagem to which the priests of Isis had recourse in the same degree; and the reason is manifest—the superstitious regard of the common people was to be conciliated by them for the same purpose as it is now to be courted by their successors—for a maintenance. Thus it was given out, that Isis gathered up the fourteen pieces into which her husband's body had been torn by Typhon, and that she buried each of them separately in the spot where it was found; a circumstance which served to explain the variety of places of burial assigned to Osiris in Egypt. 'Some, however,' adds Plutarch, 'do not assent to this account; affirming, that, having made several images, she distributed them among all the cities as the real body, that he might receive divine honours from a greater portion of votaries, and that in case Typhon should search for the tomb, he might be misled.'—(Plutarch. de Isid. et Osir. ιη). The same treatise also informs us, that these priests 'declared the bodies of other gods to be deposited with them, and preserved by their care, but that their souls glittered in the heavens like stars.' (κ).

"Finally, the costume of these monks in several respects accords with that of the ministers of the Egyptian deities.

"In the chamber of the Mercury in the Vatican is a bas-relief, representing a priest of Isis, clad in a manner singularly like a Franciscan. A cowl covers the back of his head, which is shaven in front, and a loose cloak descends to his knees. It is true that the materials of their dress were not the same; that of the priests having been

always of linen, while that of the monks is of wool. Sandals, again, an article of dress worn by the Egyptian priest, are still retained by the mendicant monk; though in this as in the last instance, the material is changed. (Herod. β. § 36). The tonsure of the servants of Isis and Serapis is also strictly adhered to, and a ring only of hair is left to surround a shorn and naked crown."

OF THE CATHOLIC AND PAGAN MIRACLES.

. . . . . Garrit aniles
Ex re fabellas.—Hor.

The priests of modern Rome are not degenerated from their predecessors, in the art of forging these holy impostures, which, as Livy says of the ancient city, are always multiplied in proportion to the credulity and disposition of the silly people to swallow them*.

In the early ages of the republic, during the war with the Latins, Castor and Pollux are said to have appeared on white horses in the Roman army, which by their assistance gained a complete victory. In memory of the circumstance, the general, Posthumius, vowed and built a temple to those deities; and, in testimony of the fact, there was shewn, we find, in Cicero's time, the marks of the horses' hoofs on a rock at Regillum, where they first appeared. —(Cic. de Natur. Deor. L. iii. 5).

Now this miracle, with many others of the same kind, has as authentic attestation as any which the Catholics can produce:—the decree of a senate to confirm it; a temple erected in consequence of it; visible marks of the fact on the spot where it was transacted; and all this sup-

* Quæ quo magis credebant simplices et religiosi homines, eo plura nunciabantur.—*Liv.* L. xxiv. 10.

ported by the concurrent testimony of the best authors of antiquity; amongst whom Dionysius of Halicarnassus says, that there were subsisting in his time at Rome, many evident proofs of its reality, besides a yearly festival, with a solemn sacrifice and procession to commemorate it. Yet, notwithstanding all this, these stories were but the jest of men of sense, even among the heathens*.

What better opinion then can we have of all those of the same stamp in the Popish legends, which have been evidently copied from this very original? Not content, indeed, with copying, the Catholics seldom fail to improve upon the old story, with some additional forgery and invention of their own. Thus, in the present case, instead of two persons on white horses, they take care to introduce three; and not only on white horses, but at the head of white armies; as in an old history of the holy wars, written by a pretended eye-witness, and published by Mabillon, it is solemnly affirmed of St. George, Demetrius, and Theodorus.—(Iter. Ital. t. i. Par. ii. p. 138, 155). Moreover, in several parts of Italy are shewn the marks of hands and feet on rocks and stones, said to have been caused miraculously by the apparition of some saint or angel on the spot; just as the impression of Hercules's feet was shewn of old on a stone in Scythia, exactly resembling the footsteps of a man.—(Herod. L. iv. Par. 4, 251, edit. Lond.) Many churches and public monuments have also been erected in testimony of such miracles;—of saints

* Aut si hoc fieri potuisse dicis, doceas oportet quomodo, ne fabellas aniles proferras.—*Cic. de Nat. Deor.* L. iii. 5.

and angels fighting visibly for them in their battles;—which, though always as ridiculous as that above mentioned, are not supported by half as much evidence of their reality.

Ceres of Enna was worshipped, as Cicero informs us, "with great devotion, both in private and public, throughout all Sicily; for her presence and divinity had been frequently manifested by numerous prodigies, and many people had received immediate help from her in their utmost distress. Her image, therefore, in that temple, was held in such veneration, that whenever men beheld it, they fancied themselves beholding either Ceres herself, or at least the figure of her, not made by human hands, but dropped down from heaven."—(In Verr. iv. 49). If instead of Ceres of Enna, we substitute Our Lady of Loreto, or of Impruneta, or any other miraculous image in Italy, the very same account would suit as exactly with the history of the modern Saint, as it formerly did with that of Ceres. What else, indeed, are all the miraculous images scattered through the towns of Italy, said to be made by angels, and sent down from heaven, but mere copies of the ancient fables, of the Διοπετες Αγαλμα, or image of Diana dropped from the clouds; or the Palladium of Troy—a wooden statue, three cubits long, which came from the same celestial manufactory?

In one of the churches of Rome, they shew a picture of the Virgin, which, as their writers affirm, was brought down from heaven with great pomp, and after having hung awhile, with surprising lustre in the air, in the sight of all the clergy and people of Rome, was delivered by

angels into the hands of Pope John the First, who had marched out in solemn procession to receive it! And what is this but a revival of the story of Numa, who, in this same city, issued from his palace with priests and people at his heels, and with public prayer and solemn devotion received the "ancile," or heavenly shield, which, in the presence of all the people of Rome, was sent down to him from the clouds with much the same formality*? And as that wise prince, for the security of his heavenly present, ordered several others to be made so exactly like it, that the original could not be distinguished†; so the modern priests have thence taken the hint to form, after each celestial pattern, a number of copies so perfectly resembling each other, as to occasion endless disputes among themselves about their several pretensions to the divine original.

In another church the rod of Moses is still preserved; and just so the rod of Romulus, with which he performed his auguries, was preserved by the priests as a sacred relic in old Rome, and kept with great reverence from being touched or handled by the people‡. The latter,

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* A mediâ cælum regione dehiscere cœpit:
Submisere oculos cum duce turba suos.
Ecce levi scutum versatum leniter aura
Decidit, à populo clamor ad astra venit, &c.—*Ov. Fast.* L. iii.

† Plura jubet fieri simili cælata figurâ;
Error ut ante oculos insidiantis eat.—*Fast.* L. iii.

‡ *Παραλαβοντες δε ιερεις το ξυλον ωσπερ αλλο τι των ιερων αψαυστον εφυλαττον.*—(*Plutarch. in Camil.* 145.)

too, like most of the Popish relics, had the testimony of a miracle in proof of its sanctity; for when the temple where it was kept was burnt to the ground, it was found entire under the ashes, and untouched by the flames*. Now the same miracle has, in many instances, been exactly copied by the present Romans; particularly in a miraculous image of our Saviour in St. John Lateran; over which the flames it seems had no power, though the church itself has been twice destroyed by fire†.

Among the miracles of Popery, nothing is more common than to hear of images that on certain occasions had spoken, or shed tears, or sweat, or bled; and do we not find the very same stories in all the heathen writers? In Rome is shewn an image of the Virgin, which reprimanded Gregory the Great for passing by without saluting her. Durantus mentions another Madonna, which spoke to the sexton in commendation of the piety of one of her votaries‡. And did not the image of Fortune do the same or more in old Rome, having, as it is said, "spoken twice in praise of those matrons, who had dedicated a temple to her§?"

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* Possunt et illa miraculorum loco poni: deusto sacrario Saliorum, nihil in eo præter lituum Romuli integrum repertum est.—*Valer. Max.* c. viii. 10.

† E questa imagine non s'abbruciò, essendo la chiesa stata abbruciata due volte.—*Rom. Modern. Giorn.* vi. *Rion de' Monti.* xi.

‡ Imaginem S. Mariæ custodem ecclesiæ allocutam et Alexii singularem pietatem commendasse.—*Durant. de Ritib.* L. i. c. 5.

§ Fortunæ item Muliebris simulacrum, quod est in Viâ Latinâ,

At Rome there is a church dedicated to St. Mary the Weeper, or to a Madonna famous for shedding tears. At Rome too is shewn an image of our Saviour, which for some time before the sacking of the city wept so heartily, that the good fathers of the monastery were all employed in wiping its face with cotton*. And was not the case just the same among their ancestors, when, on the approach of some public calamity, the statue of Apollo, as Livy tells us, wept for three days and nights successively†? There is another church built in honour of an image, which bled very plentifully, from a blow given it by a blasphemer; and were not the old idols too as full of blood, when, as Livy relates, all the images in the temple of Juno were seen to sweat drops of it‡?

Xenophon, though himself much addicted to superstition, speaking of the prodigies which preceded the battle of Leuctra, and portended victory to the Thebans, tells us, that "some people looked upon them all as forged and contrived by the magistrates"—(Xenoph. Hellen. L. vi.)—the better to animate and encourage the

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non semel, sed bis locutum constitit, his pene verbis:—Bene me, matronæ, vidistis, riteque dedicastis.—*Valer. Max.* i. 8.

* Dicono, ch' avanti il sacco di Roma pianse più volte, e li Padri ci venissero ad asciugar le lagrime con bombace.—*Rom. Mod. Giorn.* vi. *Rion. de' Monti.* xi.

† Apollo triduum et tres noctes lacrimavit.—*Liv.* L. xliii. 15.

‡ Signa ad Junonis Sospitæ sudore manavere.—*Liv.* L. xxiii. 31. Ad lucum Feroniæ quatuor signa sanguine multo diem ac noctem sudasse.—*Liv.* L. xxvii. 4.

multitude; and as the originals were but impostures, it is no wonder that the copies appear such gross and bungling forgeries.

The imposture of the holy house of Loreto seems to have been suggested by the extraordinary veneration paid in old Rome to the cottage of Romulus; which was held "sacred by the people, and repaired with great care from time to time with the same kind of materials, so as to be kept up in the same form in which it was originally built." —(Dion. Halicar. L. i.) The cottage of Romulus too, like that of our Lady of Loreto, was converted into a temple, where *divine service* was performed, till it happened to be burnt down by the fire of a sacrifice in the time of Augustus. What makes this similitude yet more striking, is the fact, that this pretended cottage of Romulus was shewn on the Capitoline Hill; whereas it is certain, that Romulus himself lived on Mount Palatine*; so that, if it had really been the house of Romulus, it must, like the holy house of Loreto, have taken a leap through the air, and suffered a miraculous translation, though not from so great a distance, yet at least from one hill to the other.

According to Catholics, however, it is not the holy house of Loreto, but the homely cradle of our Saviour, that we should rather compare with the little house of

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* Περι την εις τον ιπποδρομον τον μεγαν εκ Παλατιου καταβασιν. —*Plutarch in Rom.* p. 30. Ρωμυλος μεν το Παλατιον κατειχων, Τατιος δε το Καπιτωλιον.—*Dion. Hal.* L. ii. p. 110, ed. Huds.

Romulus. This cradle is now shewn in the church of S. Maria Maggiore, and on Christmas-day exposed on the high altar to the adoration of the people; being held in the same veneration by the present city, as the humble cottage of its founder had been by its old inhabitants. "Rome," says Baronius, "is now in possession of that noble monument of Christ's nativity, made only of wood, without any ornament of silver or gold, and is made more happily illustrious by it, than it was of old by the cottage of Romulus; which, though built only with mud and straw, our ancestors preserved with great care for many ages."

The melting of St. Januarius's blood at Naples, whenever it is brought to his head, (which is done with great solemnity on the day of his festival), whilst at all other times it continues congealed in a glass phial, is one of the standing and most renowned miracles of Italy. Mabillon's account of the fact seems to solve it very naturally, without the aid of a miracle. During the time that a mass or two are celebrating in the church, the other priests are tampering with this phial of blood, which is suspended all the while in such a situation, that as soon as any part of it begins to melt by the heat of their hands or other management, it drops of course into the lower side of the glass which is empty; upon the first discovery of which, the miracle is proclaimed aloud, to the great joy of the people—(Iter. Ital. p. 106).

But by whatever means it is effected, it is evidently nothing more than the copy of an old cheat of the same

kind, enacted near the same place, and noticed by Horace in his journey to Brundusium. In his account of that journey, he tells us how the priests would have imposed upon him and his friends, at a town called Gnatia, by persuading them that the frankincense in the temple used to melt miraculously of itself without the help of fire;—

. . . . . Dein Gnatia lymphis
Iratis exstructa dedit risusque jocosque,
Dum, flammâ sine, thura liquescere limine sacro
Persuadere cupit: credat Judæus Apella
Non ego.—Lib. i. Sat. v. 97.

At Gnatia next arrived, we laughed to see
The superstitious crowd's simplicity,
That in the sacred temple needs would try
Without a fire the unheated gums to fry;
Believe who will the solemn sham; not I.—ADDISON.

It would be endless to enumerate all the Popish miracles that have been copied from Pagan originals. There is scarcely a prodigy in the old histories, or a fable in the old poets*, which has not been transcribed into their legends.

* Baronius relates, as an ancient tradition, that Ambrose coming to Rome, and lodging at an inn, his host boasted to him how prosperous he had always been, and talked in a vain and arrogant manner, without returning thanks to God. The saint collecting from the pride and insolence of the man that God's judgment would speedily overtake him, hastened from the house with his companions; and as soon as he was fairly out of it, the earth opened and swallowed

The story of Arion, riding triumphant with his harp on the back of a dolphin, which took him up when thrown overboard, is, one would think, too grossly fabulous to be applied to any purpose of Christian superstition. Yet the modern Romans so far surpass their ancestors in fable and imposture, that out of this single story they have coined many of the same stamp—of dolphins taking up and bringing ashore with great pomp several of their saints, both dead and alive, who had been thrown into the sea by infidels, either to drown, or to deprive them of burial.—(Aringh. Rom. Subterr. L. i. c. 9, 10).

The fable of the Harpies seems to be copied in the very first church within the walls of Rome, close to the Porta del Popolo. In that church is an altar with an inscription, signifying that it was "built by Pope Paschal II. by divine inspiration, in order to drive away a nest of huge demons or monsters, who used to perch upon a tree in that very place, and terribly insult all who entered the city."

Catholic writers themselves are forced to acknowledge, that many, both of their relics and their miracles, have been forged by the craft of priests, for the sake of gain. Durantus, a zealous defender of all their ceremonies, gives several instances of the former; particularly of the bones

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it up with all its inhabitants, and a lake was formed in the place. The very story of old Baucis and Philemon:—

. . . . . Flexêre oculos, et mersa palude
Cætera prospiciunt.—*Vid. Jortin's Remarks*, v. ii. 304.

of a common thief, which had for some time been honoured with an altar, and worshipped under the title of a saint.—(Durant. de Ritib. L. i. c. 25). And for the latter, Lyra, in his Comment on Bell and the Dragon, observes, that sometimes also, in the church, very great cheats are put upon the people, by false miracles, contrived, or at least countenanced by their priests, for some gain and temporal advantage.—(In Dan. c. 14). What their own authors thus confess of some of their miracles, we may venture, without any breach of charity, to believe of them all.

RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS.

. . . . . Monachorum incedant agmina mille;
Quid memorem vexilla, cruces, idolaque culta?—Th. Nauger.

The descriptions of the religious processions of the heathens so nearly resemble what we see on every festival of the Virgin, or other Romish saint, that one can hardly help concluding that these pageants are still regulated by the old ceremonial of Pagan Rome. At these solemnities the chief magistrate used frequently to assist in robes of ceremony, attended by the priests in surplices, bearing wax candles in their hands, and carrying upon a "thensa" the images of their gods, dressed out in their best clothes. These were usually followed by the principal youth of the place, in white linen vestments, singing hymns in honour of the god whose festival they were celebrating; accompanied by crowds of all sorts, that were initiated in the same religion, all bearing flambeaux or wax candles in their hands. Such is the description which Apuleius gives of a pagan procession*—a description equally ap-

* Antistites sacrorum candido linteamine—ad usque vestigia strictim injecti. Deûm proferebant insignes exuvias, quorum primus lucernam præmicantem claro porrigebat lumine, &c. Eas amœnus lectissimæ juventutis veste niveâ prænitens sequebatur chorus, carmen venustum iterantes. Magnus præterea sexûs utriusque numerus, lucernis, tædis, cereis, &c.—*Apuleius.*

plicable to a Popish one. To give one instance out of a thousand, of the way in which the latter are conducted: "On the day of the Ascension," says Blunt, "I happened to be passing near the temple of Concord at Rome, when my ears were struck by the sound of distant music. Presently I saw a procession filing through the Forum towards the Capitol in the following order:—First, a few soldiers in very gay attire; then a priest carrying before him a relic of the Virgin, (a lock of her hair); then the Madonna herself, borne on the shoulders of several men, and encompassed with candles; next a numerous body of mendicants, walking in pairs; then a military band playing a waltz; then a banner, painted with figures of saints; finally a few more divisions of Franciscans, together with large crucifixes, and other sacred symbols. We have here the music, the tapers, the succession of images, and the companies of attendants, which distinguished the old Roman processions in the city and the circus. On such occasions, too, the streets through which the procession passes, are usually adorned with a profusion of hanging tapestry—a custom probably derived also from ancient Rome; at least, it is mentioned by Juvenal as taking place at the public festival of a marriage:—

> Ornatas paulo ante fores, pendentia linquit
> Vela domûs, et adhuc virides in limine ramos.—Sat. vi. 227.
>
> She quits the nuptial roof, while yet are seen
> The boughs that graced her entrance, fresh and green;
> While yet the sheets of tapestry remain,
> Which waved their honours for the bridal train.

The boughs, too, of which the poet here speaks, are still in fashion, festoons of them being carried sometimes across the street, and sometimes over the great entrance door of the church which lays claim to the honours of the day."

Thus, as we find, from what Horace tells us*, the an-

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* Te semper anteit sæva Necessitas:
Clavos trabales et cuneos manu
Gestans ahenâ; nec severus
Uncus abest, liquidumque plumbum.—Lib. i. 35.

I used formerly to think, says Spence, that these were instruments for punishing criminals; but there are some things here that cannot be understood that way, and they may all be understood as signs of stability; and consequently are very proper attributes for "Necessitas."

The "Clavi trabales" are so called because they were used to pin and fasten the great beams in their strongest buildings. The "cunei" were sometimes used to make things closer and firmer together; and thence, "cuneo" signifies to fasten with a wedge or pin. The Romans used no cement in their noblest buildings. The stones were very large; and were often fastened together by cramping-irons, and lead poured into the interstices. This answers very well to the "uncus" and "liquidum plumbum" in this passage. The "uncus" may be called "severus," because it was sometimes used in the execution of criminals; or, possibly, "severus uncus," in this place, may signify something equivalent to our term, cramping-iron, in English.

The expression "manu ahenâ" here, has something that still wants to be explained. This ode of Horace is a hymn, addressed to the great goddess of Fortune, at Antium; and he seems, in this part of it, to allude to some of the processions anciently used in honour of that goddess. The statue of Necessity seems to have been carried before the figure of the goddess herself—"Te semper anteit sæva Necessitas." This statue was probably of brass; the known emblem of

cient Romans used to carry the statue of the goddess Fortune with a great deal of pomp to some fixed place, and then back again to her shrine; so do their descendants now carry in procession the statues and pictures of the Virgin.

"The object, too, of religious spectacles," as Blunt justly observes, "is now frequently the very same as it was heretofore. And as in seasons of drought the Virgin is carried in procession for rain, so did the Romans, under the like circumstances, parade about a certain stone, called the Lapis Manalis, which was kept in the temple of Mars, on the outside the Porta Capena."

Middleton mentions a procession which took place during Lent, in which he witnessed the ridiculous penance of the Flagellantes, or self-whippers, who march with whips in their hands, and lash themselves as they go along on the bare back, till it is covered with blood;—just as the fanatic priests of Bellona, or the Syrian goddess, as well as the votaries of Isis, used to slash and cut themselves of old, in order to please the goddess by the sacrifice of their own blood—a mad piece of discipline, which we find frequently mentioned, and as often ridiculed by the ancient writers.

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stability or firmness, of old. The ancient statuaries observed a certain propriety, even in the materials they worked upon, on such and such occasions; as might be proved from a number of instances in the statues still remaining to us.—*Polymetis*, p. 152.

JOURNEY TO NAPLES.

Appia longarum teritur regina viarum.—Stat.

In this journey, sacred history unites with profane, truth conspires with fable, to amuse and interest the traveller. For several miles, indeed, the scenery betrays the character of desolation and neglect, which everywhere marks the vicinity of Rome. But the gigantic ruins of aqueducts, stretching across the plain till they find their level among the hills, the frequent masses of sepulchral monuments,

Quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoque fata sepulchris,

united with the interesting recollections they recall, leave the traveller little time to regret the want of fertility as he traverses this part of the Campagna.

Beyond the Torre di Mezza Via, near the foot of the hill which rises from the Campagna, the road joins the Appian Way, and, at the entrance of Albano, passes an ancient tomb, by the inhabitants called the tomb of Ascanius, by antiquaries that of Clodius. It has long been stripped of its ornaments and external coating, and has now no other claim to attention than its antiquity.

Beyond Albano are those venerable cones which, in contradiction to Livy, usually pass for the tombs of the Horatii. Of these cones there were originally five, on a square basement, corresponding with the number of those

who fell in the memorable battle between the Horatii and Curiatii, but only two now remain. They who assign this monument to the recovered ashes of Pompey, will have it that the five cones are emblematic of his five victories. But as this tomb differs entirely from all others in the neighbourhood of Rome, and agrees exactly with that of Porsenna, as described by Pliny*, it would seem referable to an age prior to that of Pompey. Plutarch, indeed, tells us that Pompey's ashes were deposited near his Alban Villa; but his claim to this or any other monument seems to be set aside by a passage of the poet Varro Atacinus:—

> Marmoreo tumulo Licinus jacet, at Cato parvo,
> *Pompeius nullo:*—

to say nothing of the indignant complaint of Lucan:—

> Tu quoque, cum sævo dederas jam templa tyranno,
> Nondum Pompeii cineres, O Roma, petisti!
> Exul adhuc jacet umbra ducis!—viii. 835.

> And thou, O Rome, by whose forgetful hand
> Altars and temples, reared to tyrants, stand,
> Canst thou neglect to call thy hero home,
> And leave his ghost in banishment to roam?—Rowe.

The road here passes through a country agreeably diversified with hill and dale. On a narrow ridge separating two deep glens, and commanding delightful views over the Mediterranean and surrounding country, stands the ancient Aricia. The zigzag road by which we as-

* Lib. xxxvi. c. 13.

cended this ridge brought Lavinium, Laurentum, and the scene of half the Æneid into view*. The Alban Mount, the sides of which we were now traversing, is, indeed, the Ida of the Æneid—the commanding station whence the superintending deities contemplated the armies, the city, the camp, and all the motions and vicissitudes of the war:—

> At Juno e summo qui nunc Albanus habetur
> (Tunc neque nomen erat neque honos aut gloria monti)
> Prospiciens tumulo, campum spectabat, et ambas
> Laurentûm Troumque, acies urbemque Latini.—xii. 134.

> Meantime the Queen of heaven beheld the sight,
> With eyes unpleased, from Mount Albano's height;
> (Since called Albano, by succeeding fame,
> But then an empty hill, without a name:)
> She thence surveyed the field, the Trojan powers,
> The Latian squadrons, and Laurentine towers.—DRYDEN.

At Aricia, or La Riccia, as it is now called, Horace passed the first night of his journey to Brundusium†; and as it is but fifteen miles from Rome, he had good reason to complain of having *crept* on the road‡. La Riccia, too,

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* La scène des six derniers livres de Virgile ne comprend qu'une lieue de terrain.—*Bonstetten.*

† Egressum magnâ me excepit Aricia Româ
Hospitio modico.—Lib. i. Sat. v.

‡ Augustus used to travel in his litter at a still slower pace. He was borne along on such occasions by slaves; and so gentle was the motion, that he could read, write, and employ himself as in his cabinet. Though Tivoli is only eighteen miles from Rome, he was always two nights on the road.—*Suetonius.*

was the retreat where Egeria took charge of Hippolytus. The present town is a little removed from the site of its ancestor; yet as it traces its origin from Aricia, and Aricia from the first Siculi, it may perhaps dispute the palm of antiquity with Cortona itself.

We came next to Velletri, a town of the Volsci, which still retains its ancient name. In contradiction to Suetonius, it is said to have been the birth-place of Augustus. Its situation is very fine: placed on the southern slope of the Alban hills, it commands a view of Cora and the Volscian mountains, on the one hand; and, on the other, overlooks the wide expanse of the Pontine Marshes, bounded by the sea and the Circæan promontory.

Descending from Velletri by a rough road, bordered by vineyards, which produce the delicious white wine of that name, we came to the village of Cisterna, the supposed site of the Tres Tabernæ, mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles. At Torre di Tre Ponti, anciently Tripuntium, we saw some military columns, dug up on the Appian Way, during the repairs carried on by Pius VI. Here that Pontiff erected a large building, consisting of stables, barracks for soldiers, and a Capuchin convent. The colony, however, placed here by the Pope, fell a sacrifice to the mephitic air, the monks ran away, and to complete the matter, the convent was set on fire during the late war, so that the whole now wears a most forlorn and dilapidated appearance*. Not far from this spot

* The convent is now turned into a miserable inn, and the church into a stable.

stood Forum Appii, built at the time the road was made, and denounced by Horace, in the well-known account of his journey to Brundusium, as

> Differtum nautis, cauponibus atque malignis;
>
> . . . . . a place
> Stuffed with rank boatmen, and with vintners base;—FRANCIS.

and noticed also in the Acts of the Apostles, as the spot where the early proselytes of Rome first met St. Paul, when at length he had reached Italy, after his trial before Agrippa, his appeal to Cæsar, and his subsequent perils and shipwreck.

Near Torre di Tre Ponti commence the famous Pontine marshes—a swampy tract nearly ten miles in breadth and five-and-twenty in length—formed by the waters of numerous streams, which rise at the foot of the neighbouring mountains, and, for want of a sufficient fall, creep sluggishly over the plain, and sometimes stagnate in pools, or lose themselves in the sands.

Of the unhealthiness of this district, the livid countenances of its wretched inhabitants afford a melancholy proof. "The short but pathetic reply made to an inquiring traveller is well known. 'How do you manage to live here?' said he, to a group of these animated spectres—'We die!'"

It is not easy to fix the date of the origin of these marshes. Homer describes the abode of Circe as an island; and Virgil agrees with him in this description. Pliny not only notices this opinion of Homer, but corroborates it by the testimony of Theophrastus, who give

the island a circumference of about eighty stadia, or ten miles; and that, too, as late as the year 440 of Rome. But whatever may have been the condition of this tract in times prior to the records of history, Pliny tells us, on the authority of a more ancient writer, that, at an early period of the republic, it comprised within its limits no less than thirty-three cities: all of which gradually disappeared before the ravages of war, or the still more fatal effects of malaria. Few, perhaps, will be disposed to credit this assertion of Pliny, even admitting that the Volsci were a populous nation, and the marshes once healthy and dry. "But healthy they never were; nor does any authentic record prove that, from the first attempt to drain them to the last—from Appius Claudius to Pius VI.—one half of them was ever habitably dry. Virgil found them 'a *black bog**;' and Silius, filling up as usual the sketch of his master, describes them exactly as they now are†. A few square miles of meadow, and some arable land, have been drained on the left; but, towards the sea, the marshes present one impenetrable thicket of reeds and saplings, which screen every object except the Circæan promontory‡."

The first attempt to drain these marshes was made

* Quà Saturæ jacet *atra palus*, gelidusque per imas
Quærit iter valles, atque in mare conditur Ufens.—*Æn.* vii. 801.

† Et quos pestifera Pomptini uligine campi;
Quà Saturæ nebulosa palus restagnat, et atro
Liventes cœno per squalida turbidus arva
Cogit aquas Ufens, atque inficit æquora limo.—Lib. viii. 379.

‡ Forsyth.

about three hundred years before the Christian era, by Appius Claudius, while employed in carrying his celebrated road across them; and his example was followed, though at considerable intervals, by consuls, emperors, and kings, down to the time of Theodoric. Julius Cæsar is said to have conceived the design of turning the course of the Tiber, and carrying it through the marshes into the sea at Terracina; but this vast project died with him—his successor having adopted the more practicable one of endeavouring to carry off the redundant waters by opening a canal from one end of the marsh to the other. Many of the inconveniences of the marshes, however, still continued to be felt, as appears from Horace's catalogue of the annoyances he met with on this road*, as well as from the epithet applied to it by Lucan:—

Et quà Pomptinas Via dividit *Uda* paludes.—Lib. iii. 85.

During the short and turbulent reigns of the succeeding emperors, the drains were neglected, the waters were suffered to increase, and the road became nearly impassable. At length Nerva resumed the task, and Trajan continued it with such perseverance, that the whole country from Treponti to Terracina was drained, and

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. . . . . * Aqua teterrima . . . . . .
. . . Mali culices, ranæque palustres.—Lib. i. Sat. 5.

What Horace says of these marshes, in the Ars Poetica, must be understood with due allowance for poetical licence:—

. . . . . Sterilisve diù palus aptaque remis
Vicinas urbes alit, et grave sentit aratrum.—ver. 65.

the Appian Way once more restored. During the "decline and fall" of the empire, the marshes were again overflowed, and again drained by Cecilius Decius, in the reign of Theodoric.

Many of the Roman Pontiffs subsequently turned their attention to the same object. Boniface VIII. and Martin V. began to cut new canals; and Sixtus Quintius followed up the task. But his death put a stop to the work; and the quarrels, with regard both to temporals and spirituals, in which succeeding Popes were involved, left them little leisure and less resources for objects of this nature. The stagnating waters were thus left to their natural operation, till at length these plains reached the desolate condition in which they were found by Pius VI.; who resolved to remedy the evil.

To hasten the work, he established himself at Terracina. The marshes were again drained; new levels were taken; new ditches and new canals were cut; the land was divided and planted; and the road restored on the substructions of the Appian Way. For this work, Pius VI. will receive the thanks of every traveller; but this, like most of his other undertakings, exposed him to the satire of his contemporaries; and it became a proverb, when talking of sums expended in extravagance, to say, "they were thrown into the Pontine Marshes:"—Sono andate alle Palude Pontine.

There seems, indeed, to have been some foundation for the satire. At an enormous waste of human life, Pius pursued his Linea Pia, as it was called, through the middle of the marsh, without depth enough to sluice off

the water from the lower parts. " A canal cut on a firm bottom, close to the crescent of the Apennines, and large enough to convey all those hill-streams which originally formed and still feed the marshes, would," as Forsyth well observes, " have left the old canals free for the discharge of those waters which are lodged in the middle. But Braschi cared little for the merit that was not to be seen. His canal, therefore, runs along his road for twenty miles, to court the admiration of travellers; while tiaras, scutcheons, and inscriptions, remind them continually of this modern Appius. Having kept his road mathematically straight for more than twenty miles, he would not turn it as Trajan had done, at a place which cannot be far from the Temple of Feronia, and where no solid bottom could be found: the Pope, more obstinate than the Emperor, pursued at a tenfold expense his dear right line to the end; forgetting that the ancient engineers were as fond of a right line as himself, nor ever circumflexed their ways, but when compelled by imperious nature."

The care of a public road, the office of a " curator viæ," seems to have been a post of some consideration among the ancients. " I was much pleased," says Pliny, in one of his Letters*, " to find that Cornutus had accepted the surveyorship of the Æmilian Way. For though his mind ought to be divested of ambition, (as in fact it is), yet it must be gratifying to him to have such

* Lib. v. Ep. 15.

an honour conferred upon him unsought." The surveyorship of the Via Appia—that Queen of Ways, as the Romans were wont to call it—would of course be deemed a still higher office; and here, accordingly, the ancient patricians contended for the honour of inscribing their names over works and repairs which exhausted their fortunes. All these inscriptions have long since vanished; Trajan's milestones and Theodoric's tablets are the only ancient monuments that now remain to dispute your attention with Braschi's;—who, it must be admitted, has left a grand succession of works, in his road, canal, bridges, and inns on the marshes; his palace, public offices, wharfs, and granaries at Terracina.

The situation of Terracina is eminently beautiful, at the foot of the Apennines, and on the shore of the Mediterranean; and backed, as Horace has accurately described it—"saxis latè candentibus"—by rocks which dazzle the eye with their whiteness. Its long white edifices, particularly the façade of the pope's palace, give it an air of magnificence; but it possesses few objects of curiosity or interest. The cathedral has been characterized by Forsyth as "a dark and gloomy pile—a wretched tissue of ancient and modern, Greek and Gothic, brick and marble." The ruins of Theodoric's palace on the mountain, and a portion of the mole—the sole remains of the port repaired by Antoninus—shew how greatly Anxur extended, on both sides, beyond Terracina.

Terracina is the last town of the ecclesiastical dominions. A frontier town between two such states as Rome

and Naples might naturally be expected to abound in crime; and till lately, Terracina was the strong hold of the banditti, where they committed the most barefaced outrages. Juvenal* gives us to understand that the Pontine marshes were infamous for robberies even in his days; and so well did this district support its ancient fame, that the Italian post-boys were, but a few years since, forbidden there to wind their horns or crack their whips, which had too long served as a call to robbers.

Soon after quitting Terracina the road begins to wind among the mountains; and for several miles it is a continued pass through a country wild and rugged, as if intended by nature for the favourite haunt of robbers. Small parties of soldiers are encamped, at half a mile's distance from each other, along the whole line of road from Terracina to Capua. The efficacy of this precaution, however, was long called in question; and granting that there was no foundation for the stories told of soldiers laying aside their military dress, and acting as banditti, yet little value could reasonably be set upon the protection of men whose worthlessness had become proverbial even in Italy:—

Sette soldati del Papa
Non son buoni per cavar una rapa.

During the late occupation of Naples by the Austrian troops, the road, both in the Neapolitan and Papal

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* Interdum et ferro subitus grassator agit rem,
Armato quoties tutæ custode tenentur
Et Pomptina palus, et Gallinaria pinus.—iii. 307.

states, was guarded by piquets of Austrians or Bohemians; and the banditti then found their predatory excursions so unprofitable, that they thought fit to surrender themselves to the Roman government; and the journey from Rome to Naples was no longer a source of apprehension to the traveller.

About five miles from Terracina, at the foot of a lofty hill, in a defile called the *Passo di Portella*, with the rock on one side, and the sea on the other, stands the *Torre del Epitaffio*, the boundary of the Roman States; and, about a mile further, the *Torre della Portella*, the boundary of the kingdom of the two Sicilies. Beyond this tower, the mountains recede, the country opens and gradually expands into the fertile vale of Fondi. On the right, between the road and the sea, we beheld the Lake of Fondi, formerly the Lacus Amyclanus, formed by the streams which flow from the mountains;—the exhalations from which, and from the marshes produced by its overflow, now, as well as formerly, infect the vale with malaria.

At Fondi we have a specimen of the Cyclopean construction, in the dilapidated walls by which the town is still partly surrounded. Here too we have a specimen of the old Appian Way*, formed, like the Cyclopean walls, of large blocks of stone of various shapes and sizes, flat-

* The Appian Way appears to have been about twelve feet in width, and the blocks of stone of which it was formed were from a foot and a half to two feet in length. In some places, as at Fondi, these blocks vary in shape, but in general the figure is that of a rhombus.

tened at top and fitted together without cement. From Procopius's description of this road, it would seem to have been in tolerable preservation even after the lapse of nine centuries. "This road," says he, "is more worthy of remark than any other: for Appius had stones cut from a different district, at some distance; such as are used in mills, and are extremely hard. These, when they had been properly smoothed and chipped, he laid down alternately, without either metal or any thing else to bind them together; and though they have been travelled over for such a length of time by such multitudes of carriages and animals, yet we do not perceive that they have become disjointed or broken, or that they have lost any thing of their smoothness."—(Lib. iii.)

Fondi probably derived its name from its situation: it stands on a plain sheltered by hills, which is seldom the case with Italian towns. It possesses no great attractions now, more than in Horace's time; so we left it as willingly as he did, and continuing our route towards Gaëta, began, at a little distance from Fondi, to ascend the Formian hills, whose wines Horace thought worthy of being mentioned with the Falernian*. These hills are branches of Mount Cæcubus, which rises to the right of the road, and juts out into the sea between the bays of Fondi and Mola. About the centre of the chain stands Itri, at the head of two diverging streams. This, like Fondi, is a little

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* . . . . . Mea nec Falernæ
Temperant vites, neque Formiani
Pocula colles.—Lib. i. Od. 20.

dirty town, full of rags and misery; but it has one beautiful feature, a ruined and ivy-mantled tower, perched on the summit of a precipitous rock.

Beyond Itri, the town and bay of Gaëta, with its rocky promontories, opened upon us at every turn. We were now descending Mount Cæcubus. Beneath us lay Mola di Gaëta—the ancient Formiæ, the fabled seat of the Læstrigons, and the scene of one of the greatest disasters of the wandering Ulysses. On the further side of the bay we beheld Prochyta and Inarime; on our right, the tomb of Munatius Plancus, and near it the cape entrusted with the fame and the ashes of Caiëta*;

> Each cliff and headland and green promontory
> Graven to our eyes with records of the past;—Rogers.

while far beyond, and almost lost in distance, we descried the charming bay of Naples, with Vesuvius smoking on its farther shore, and the luxuriant plains of the Campagna Felice stretching out between them.

"At every stage on this road you perceive a marked difference in the female costume; and these provincial modes never vary. The young women of Mola have probably coiled their hair *alla lumaca* from ancient times; for this mode is common on Greek statues. Groups of these nymphs are frequently to be seen in a stream near the town, attired in the picturesque costume of the country, and standing up to their knees at washing-

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* Et nunc servat honos sedem tuus, ossaque nomen
Hesperiâ in magnâ, si qua est ea gloria, signat.—*Æn.* vii. 3.

stones*." With what amusing enthusiasm did the painter Barry also catch at these vestiges of ancient dress and ancient customs, while journeying along the same road. "At Itri," says he, in one of his Letters, "are monuments which gave me heartfelt pleasure. One is a piece of raw hide, little broader than the sole of the foot, tied on in the manner of the ancient sandal. I bought a pair of them, which I will put on, to shew you the villainy of our cursed Gothic shoes, which, by the line which the termination of the upper leather makes upon the stocking, cuts off the foot from the leg, and loses that fine idea of one limb which is kept up in this vestige of a sandal. Another monument is the manner of tying up the hair of the women. I gave one of them money—made drawings of it—loosed it, and made drawings again, so that I know every thing about it, and shall be of great use to the ladies when I come home. Blessed be the poverty of this people, and long may it continue to their posterity! It has preserved to them, though in a state of ignorance, the elegant notions of their forefathers: it has kept it out of their power to flaunt about after the deliriums and newfangled whims of fashionable people in great cities; and you shall not be able in your Londons, your Parises, and Romes, to cull me out such an object as one of these women standing near a fountain, with her sweet antique-formed vase upon her head†." Such figures, indeed,

* Forsyth.

† "At Naples also," continues Barry, "is to be seen the same way of tying up the hair as in many bustos—the cloth which lies across it in other heads of antiquity, and the *reta*, net or cap, inclos-

come often into Italian landscapes; and here, (at Gaëta), the painter might bring in the Læstrigonian princess filling her pitcher; for this fountain, like Homer's Artacia, is a source emitting a full stream, and flowing direct to the sea, just without the town. But in that case we must place the town of the Læstrigons a little higher up the hills, since the daughter of Antiphates is described as coming down from it.

Cicero had a villa near this place, and some indistinct ruins on the shore are, for want of another owner, called the remains of his *Formianum*. On this coast, too, was the great orator murdered in his litter, as he was endeavouring to make his escape into Greece; and the ruined tower which rises about the centre of the bay, has, by tradition, been assigned to his ashes.

Mola itself is small, consisting only of one street delightfully situated on the shore, at the foot of a chain of broken hills, adorned with orange and citron trees. The most conspicuous object from Mola is the town of Gaëta, with its fortress crowning the rocky promontory of the same name. Here Forsyth could retrace nothing of the fatal harbour which Homer paints so minutely; while Eustace, on the contrary, discovered all the features described by the poet—the towering rocks—the prominent shores—the narrow entrance—and the hollow port.

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ing all; and even without quitting the vulgar women of Naples, I will shew you amongst them all the different head-dresses of the Nine Muses." In the Neapolitan states, the *pileus* of the Romans, a sort of truncated conical hat, is in general use among the peasantry.

The richness of the country beyond Mola is very striking. Nature here breaks out into new luxuriance; wild fig-trees and myrtles overspread the ruined tombs of the Appian Way, and huge aloes shoot up in the very ditches; hedges of laurestinus—olives and vineyards—orange and citron-trees, loaded with golden fruit—together with here and there a solitary palm tree, and the beautiful foliage of the carob and the cork—give a new and softer character to the landscape:—

> In florid beauty fields and groves appear,
> Man seems the only growth that dwindles here;

and his misery apparently increases in proportion to the greater kindliness of the climate and fertility of the soil. No where, not even among the squalid population of our most crowded manufacturing districts, will you meet with more shocking instances of human wretchedness than in this smiling land of corn, wine, and oil.

Some are for ascribing this misery to the oppressive nature of the government; others, to the enervating influence of the climate and the very richness of the soil which would almost seem to supersede the necessity of labour. And yet "the plain itself is highly cultivated, though not a house can be seen. The labourers retire before night from the exhalations of the low grounds, to towns built on the skirts of the Apennines; such as Castel Onorato, which furnishes vipers for sale, or Trimenzo and Traietto, which stand more advantageously on a long green hill*."

* Forsyth.

From that hill the Minturnian Aqueduct stretches across the country to a ruined amphitheatre on the borders of the Garigliano—the silent Liris of antiquity, which, acting against soft banks, is still quietly eating into the plain:—

> . . . Rura quæ Liris quietâ
> Mordet aquâ, taciturnus amnis.—Hor. Lib. i. Od. 31.
>
> . . . . . The rich fields that Liris laves,
> And eats away with silent waves.—Francis.

Near this river, which formed the boundary of Latium, are still seen to the right the ruins of Minturnæ, spread over a considerable space of ground. The marshes between these ruins and the sea, famous for the adventure of Marius, have lost much of their malignity, and are now a rich cultivated plain. At the ferry is a tower, based on the tomb of a proud Roman, who appears to have been unsocial even in death*.

Beyond the Liris, to the right, rises Mount Massicus, still retaining its ancient name; but its wines have long since lost their celebrity.

Emerging from the defiles of this mountain, we passed through Francolisi, and traversed the *Ager Falernus*—the tract inclosed between the sea, Mount Massicus, and the river Vulturnus†—once celebrated for its wines.

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* The following is the inscription on the tomb:—Hujus monumenti jus, qua maceria clusum est cum taberna et cœnaculo, heredes non sequetur, neque intra maceriam humari quemquam licet.

† The Liris and the Vulturnus are the two largest rivers of the Campagna Felice. The former, as we have seen, was celebrated by the

But these wines too have degenerated, and no longer retain the virtues that inspired the panegyrics of the Augustan poets; though still

> . . . . . the vines
> Wed, each her elm, and o'er the golden grain
> Hang their luxuriant clusters, chequering
> The sunshine.

The country between Capua and Naples, called the *Terra di Lavoro*, displays a varied scene of lavish fertility; and if the richest and most generous soil, with the mildest and most agreeable climate, were all that is required to render a country happy, this might well be styled *Campania Felix**.

Latin poets for the gentleness of its course, and the latter was noticed equally for its rapidity and noise:—

> Vulturnusque celer.—*Lucan.* Lib. 2, 28.
> . . . . . Fluctuque sonorum
> Vulturnum.—*Sil. Ital.* L. 8.
> Multamque trahens sub gurgite arenam
> Vulturnus.—*Ovid. Met.* Lib. 15.

* Hinc felix illa Campania est. Ab hoc sinu incipiunt vitiferi colles, et temulentia nobilis succo per omnes terras inclyto, atque ut veteres dixêre, summum Liberi patris cum Cerere certamen.—*Plin. N. H.* iii. 5.

NAPLES.

Partout on fend la foule; partout on craint d'ecraser un enfant: les places, les rues, les boutiques, les maisons semblent inondés d'habitans. . . . Cette population, toujours courante, pour ainsi dire, à travers la ville, est continuellement sillonnée par une multitude de carrosses, et surtout de petites calèches qui ne vont pas, mais qui volent.—DUPATY.

NAPLES occupies the site of the two ancient Greek towns, Palæpolis and Neapolis, the latter of which is mentioned by Livy for the first time on occasion of its having, together with Palæpolis, taken part with the Samnites against the rising power of Rome. In the short space of two years Palæpolis was taken, and Neapolis, which was then the more inconsiderable town of the two, probably shared the same fate. In little more than a century from this period, it appears to have identified itself with the interest of the Roman people, and under their protection to have risen rapidly in importance. Even after the fatal battle of Cannæ, it refused to open its gates to the conqueror; and such was its strength that Hannibal did not think fit to hazard an attack.

No subsequent mention is made of Neapolis for a considerable period, during which it seems to have been left to the uninterrupted enjoyment of all its natural advantages. It was during this peaceful period, embracing the fall of the republic and the infancy of the empire, that its environs became the fashionable winter retreat of the

Roman citizens; among whom there were few of any note who could not boast a villa among the romantic recesses of its shores.

The first interruption to its prosperity was the desolation caused by the first recorded eruption of Vesuvius, which took place in the year 79, and cost the elder Pliny his life. During the subsequent centuries, it shared with the rest of Italy the calamities incident to civil war and foreign invasion. Harassed and plundered by a succession of barbarian hordes, by Goths, Vandals, Lombards, Saracens, and Normans, it afterwards fell a prey to Germans, French, and Spaniards. The latter at length became undisputed masters of it, and having carried on the government for many years by viceroys, at last gave it a king in the person of Charles IV.

Naples contains no monuments of ancient days. Its temples and theatres have disappeared before the ravages of war and the convulsions of nature, and of its former architectural taste no vestige now exists.

The Bay of Naples is about thirty miles in diameter: it has been called The Crater, from its resemblance to a bowl. At the head of this bay the town is built in the form of a vast amphitheatre, sloping from the hills to the sea.

The view from the Villa Reale, a favourite promenade on the shore, combines all the elements of the grand and the beautiful—the town—the bay—Vesuvius. To the east are the rich plains leading to Pompeii; to the west, the grotto of Pausilipo, with Virgil's tomb. On the north are the hills which rise gradually from the shore to the Terra di Lavoro, backed by the bold outline of

the Apennines; and on the south, the bay, bounded by the promontories of Misenum and Minerva, containing in its bosom the islands of Procida, Ischia, and Capri; while its shores are charmingly diversified with hills, dales, towns, villas, and villages.

From the castle of St. Elmo, on a height behind the town, you have all these objects under the eye at once, together with Puzzuoli and Baiæ, and a great part of the Campagna Felice.

But the best view of Naples is from the sea. There the eye takes in the whole city at once, with its long lines of palaces, hanging gardens, and terraced roofs; its shipping clustered behind the moles, and castles or towers on the points of projection.

Such is Naples taken as a whole. Taken in detail, its architecture will not bear comparison with that of Rome; for the recollection of the Roman buildings makes every thing at Naples look poor and paltry. Some of the churches, indeed, are striking to the eye; but only from their deformity. Within they are loaded with ornament to such a degree, that the very excess of decoration injures the buildings it was intended to beautify. The altars, more especially, display an exuberance of riches: there, jasper, lapis lazuli, porphyry, and all sorts of rare marbles, together with gilding, painting, and carving, are jumbled together without the smallest regard to simplicity or taste*. Show and glitter are the

* Ogni nostro altare è una montagna di piedistalli con colonne che nulla sostengono, e con frontispizj spezzati, incartocciati, rovesciati,

great objects of admiration; and justly has it been observed, that every thing is gilded, from the cupolas of the churches to the pill of the apothecary.

In general the streets are straight but narrow. The handsomest are those which open to the bay. The *larghi*, or open spaces—for none of them deserve the name of squares—are irregular both in aspect and plan. Some are refreshed with fountains, others decorated with statues, or sculptured obelisks. The houses are lofty, with flat roofs; nearly half the front consists in window, and every window is faced with an iron balcony.

Beyond the Largo Reale, on one side of which is the royal palace, are the quays of S. Lucia, and the Chiatamone, open to the bay. The Chiaja, too, is only divided from the sea by the Passeggio Reale, or Villa Reale, as it is sometimes called—a public walk planted with trees and shrubs. Behind the Chiaja (which consists only of a single row of houses, the handsomest and most sought after in Naples,) rise hanging orange gardens, backed by the heights of the Carthusian monastery and the fortress of St. Elmo. The western extremity of the Chiaja terminates in the grotto of Pausilipo, and is connected with the straggling quarter of the Mergyllina, which stretches along the shore to the west, at the foot of the narrow ridge through which that grotto has been cut.

To the east, the limits of the city are less easily ascer-

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ondolati, ripieni di maschere, di chimere, d'ingegnosi ricettacoli di polvere, e di nidi di ragni, fra un miscuglio di figure stranamente colorite e atteggiate in un frammisto di dorature.—*Milizia.*

tained. The village of Portici, though four miles from Naples, appears as if it formed a part of it. Naples has no fortifications, and depends for its safety on the castle of St. Elmo, the Castel del Uovo, the citadel, the arsenal, and one or two old towers placed at intervals along the shore.

"The principal street, running through the heart of the city, is the Toledo; and a very splendid and showy street it is. The shops are gay and gaudy, and the 'tide of human existence' flows here with almost as much volume, and a great deal more noise, than at Charing Cross*. It would be difficult to imagine the eternal bustle and worry of this street; the people bawling and roaring at each other in all directions; beggars soliciting your charity with one hand, while they pick your pocket with the other; and the carriages cutting their way through the throng with a fearful rapidity." "The crowd of London," says Forsyth, "is uniform and intelligible; it is a double line in quick motion—it is the crowd of business. The crowd of Naples consists in a general tide rolling up and down, and in the middle of this tide a hundred eddies of men. Here you are swept on by the current—there you are wheeled round by the vortex. A diversity of trades disputes with you the streets. You are stopped by a carpenter's bench—you are lost among shoemakers' stools—you dash among the pots of a macaroni-stall. In this

* Le mouvement de la rue St. Honoré à Paris, (says Dupaty, anticipating the above remark of Mathews,) n'est pas comparable au mouvement de la rue de Tolède à Naples.

region of caricature, every bargain sounds like a battle; for it seems to be an established custom with the Neapolitans to ask three times as much as is just. It must, however, be confessed, that if they have not much honesty, neither do they much affect it. On their own stage they suffer the Neapolitan of the drama to be always a rogue. If detected in theft, a *lazzarone* will ask you, with impudent surprise, how you could possibly expect a poor man to be an angel. Yet these are men whose persons might stand as models to a sculptor; whose gestures strike you with the commanding energy of a savage; whose language, gaping and broad as it is, when kindled by passion, bursts into oriental metaphor; whose ideas are cooped, indeed, within a narrow circle, but a circle in which they are invincible. If you attack them there, you are beaten. Their exertion of soul, their humour, their fancy, their quickness of argument, their address at flattery, their rapidity of utterance, their pantomime and grimace, none can resist but a *lazzarone* himself."

The Mole is on holidays an epitome of the town, exhibiting most of its humours. Tom Fool is there in all his glory, with such a motley train at his heels—

> . . . . . Fortune-tellers,
> Quacks, medicine-mongers, bards bombastical,
> Chorus-projectors, star-interpreters,
> And wonder-working cheats—

that though the first sensation may be a feeling of disgust, yet at length a man can hardly refrain from laughing at the strange mixture of noise and nonsense, wit and

waggery, fun and foolery, going on all around him. "Here stands a methodistical friar preaching to one row of *lazzaroni;* there, Punch, the representative of the nation, holds forth to a crowd. Yonder, another orator recounts the miracles performed by a sacred wax-work, on which he rubs his *agnuses* and sells them, thus impregnated with grace, for a grain a-piece. Beyond him are quacks in huzzar uniform, exalting their drugs and brandishing their sabres, as if not content with one mode of killing. Opposite to these is a motley audience seated on planks, and listening to a tragi-comic *filosofo*, who reads, sings, and gesticulates old Gothic tales of Orlando and his Paladins*."

"The empire of fancy over Italy has by nothing been more clearly proved," observes Blunt, "than by the relish for poetry which has been so generally diffused throughout that fairy-land. What else could have procured, of old, audiences for the Roman poets, who daily, in baths, gardens, palaces, and porticos, recited and explained their compositions to the public? For, it must be recollected, that these writings were not merely such as might naturally be expected to interest a promiscuous rabble; they were not simply farces or lampoons, the rehearsal of which would in any age and nation bring a multitude of people together; but the Thebais of Statius, the merit of which has preserved it to our own times, and which flatters no vulgar passions, is recorded to have at-

* Forsyth.

tracted the whole of Rome, and to have been heard with peculiar delight by the attentive crowd:—

> . . . . . Tantâ dulcedine captos
> Afficit ille animos, tantâque libidine vulgi
> Auditur.—Juv. vii. 84.
>
> When Statius fixed a morning to recite
> His Thebaid to the town, with what delight
> They flocked to hear! with what fond rapture hung
> On the sweet strains, made sweeter by his tongue!—Gifford.

"But besides the authors themselves, there were certain individuals called *literati*, or *literatores*, who made it their business to explain to the public the works of the poets, whether ancient or modern. The same class of people among the Greeks were named *grammatici*.—(Sueton. de Illustr. Gramm. 3). Some of them, confining their labours exclusively to Homer, received the appellation of *Homeristæ;* and, for the like reason, there was a set of men in Italy denominated *Ennianistæ*, their sole employment being to read and comment upon the writings of the father of Latin verse.—(Aulus Gellius, lib. xii. c. 5).

"Though the discovery of the art of printing, and the increased pride of authorship, have abolished this method of giving publicity to new poems, yet the populace continues to gratify its poetical appetite by listening to those who make a trade of openly reciting and explaining the best poets of their country. On the quay at Naples," continues Blunt, "I remember seeing a thin emaciated object reading, with infinite gesticulation and emphasis,

the Orlando Furioso, and translating it into the Neapolitan dialect. His hearers consisted of the very lowest class, ship-porters, boatmen; in short, such motley figures as are usually encountered at a foreign sea-port. They were seated on benches round the lecturer, and were listening to a battle-piece, upon which he then happened to be making his comments. It was delightful to observe the spirit with which they entered into the whole; their countenances varying with the subject, and their eyes rivetted upon this animated *literator*. In due time each paid a few grains for his seat, and still lingered to hear a continuation of the rehearsal. Hard by was another of these orators; but, less luminous than his rival, he failed to unite so large an assembly." Oral commentators of this kind are to be met with every day upon the Mole*.

"The Mole is a theatre where any stranger may study for nothing the manners of the people. At the theatre of San Carlo, the mind, as well as the man, seems parted off from its fellows in an elbow-chair. There all is regulation and silence—no applause—no censure—no object worthy of attention except the court and the fiddle. There the drama—but what is a drama in Naples with-

* À Venise—où les contes de tout genre sont accueillis par le peuple, et où c'est un métier exercé dans les rues que de faire des histoires à la populace—au moment le plus intéressant, et lorsque la curiosité vivement exciteé n'est point encore satisfaite, le conteur fait le tour de l'assemblée avec un chapeau, pour recueillir la rétribution de ses auditeurs, et il ne leur conte la catastrophe qu'autant qu'il a été payé d'avance.—*Sismondi*, Vol. ii. 395.

out Punch? or what is Punch out of Naples? Here, in his native tongue, and among his own countrymen, Punch is a person of real power; he dresses up and retails all the drolleries of the day; he is the channel and sometimes the source of the passing opinions; he can inflict ridicule, he could gain a mob, or keep the whole kingdom in good humour*."

"There is," says Mathews, "a strange mixture of straining and swallowing in the observances of the Church at Naples. Thus, during Lent, the opera and the theatres are open; but the *ballet* is suppressed. Dancing, it seems, is more unholy than singing or gambling; for the gaming-hell, under the same roof with the opera, and under the sanction of government, is allowed to go on with scarcely any interruption:—

Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis.

The Neapolitans are devoted to play, and they pursue it with a fatal energy, that hurries many of them to the last stage of the road to ruin." "Generally, indeed," as old Burton says†, "of all gamesters and gaming, if it be excessive, thus much may we conclude, that, whether they win or lose for the present, their winnings are not 'munera fortunæ, sed insidiæ,' as that wise Seneca determines —not fortune's gifts, but baits; the common catastrophe is beggary: 'ut pestis vitam, sic adimit alea pecuniam'

* Forsyth.

† Anatomy of Melancholy, Vol. i. p. 174.

(Damhoderus); as the plague takes away life, so doth gaming goods; for 'omnes nudi, inopes et egeni' (Dan. Souter.)—

> Alea Scylla vorax, species certissima furti,
> Non contenta bonis, animum quoque perfida mergit,
> Fœda, furax, infamis, iners, furiosa ruina.—PETRARCH.

For a little pleasure they take, and some small gains and gettings now and then, their wives and children are wringed in the mean time; and they themselves, with the loss of body and soul, rue it in the end." "Strange infatuation! that men should thus devotedly pursue a fancied good, by means which, occupying all their time and absorbing all their interest, must take away the power of profiting by its acquisition; 'et propter nummos, nummorum perdere causas;' for it almost universally happens, that the *means* at last become the end; money being, perhaps, seldom the object of any but the selfish calculating gamester. The true children of play are delighted with the pursuit, and care as little for the object as the sportsman does for the fox. They find, in the vicissitudes of play, that strong excitement of the soul, which furnishes a constant succession of deep and agitating emotions. There are minds so unhappily constituted, that to them the innocent and peaceful pleasures of tranquil security are as insipid and disgusting as milk and water would be to the lover of brandy. *Ennui** is too

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* "The ancients," says the author of Amusemens serieux et comiques, "assembled to see their gladiators kill one another; they classed

light a term for that heaviness of spirit, and weariness of soul, which find all the uses of the world flat, stale, and unprofitable. The stagnant puddle of existence then must be stirred and freshened by the torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of the passions; and this stimulant is sought in the dangers of war, the fever of ambition, and the hopes and fears of love. But love, and war, and ambition are not within the reach of all, while the gaming-table is ever at hand. The passion for play is universal, and seems to have its root in the very heart of man; no rank, nor age, nor sex is exempt from its influence. The silken baron of civilization, and the naked savage of the desert, shew how nearly they are related in the common eagerness with which they fly to gaming for relief from the same *tædium vitæ*, the same oppressive void of occupation—of all voids, that which human nature abhors the most*."

These remarks apply with peculiar force to Italy. "An exclusion from politics," observes Blunt, "operating upon the upper classes, and a total want of commerce on the lower, has ever rendered all ranks in that coun-

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this among their *games!* What barbarity! But are we less barbarous, we who call a *game* an assembly who meet at the faro table, where the actors themselves confess they only meet to destroy one another?" In both these cases the philosopher may perhaps discover their origin in one cause, that of the listless perishing with *ennui* requiring an immediate impulse of the passions; and very inconsiderate on the fatal means which procures the desired agitation."—*Curiosities of Literature*, Vol. ii. 40.

* Mathews.

try prepared to cherish a vice which has at least the merit of engaging the mind, and preventing the thoughts from becoming their own prey. Besides the tables of hazard which are introduced at routs, and at which even females do not blush publicly to risk their fortunes and their tempers; besides the legitimate gaming-houses, many of which are under the sanction of government, and contribute to its support;—those amusements which in other countries, from the dexterity they require, and the interest they excite, are not thought to want the stimulus of a stake, are in Italy made vehicles of profit and loss. I have observed boys, when playing at ball, duly pay and receive at the end of each game. Nay, the beggars in the streets may be constantly seen venturing the baiochs they have gained by their day's importunities. May we not then still exclaim in the words of the satirist:—

> . . . . . Quando
> Major avaritiæ patuit sinus? alea quando
> Hos animos?—Juv. i. 87.
>
> When did fell avarice so inflame the mind?
> And when the lust of play so curse mankind?—Gifford.

" A taste, which has ever been so natural to the Italians, has derived great encouragement from the pernicious system of small lotteries, which prevail in almost every town to an extent that is truly wonderful. In walking along the streets, the eye meets in every direction such advertisements as these in the shop-windows: ' Qui si giuoca per Roma;' Here's a lottery for Rome: ' Qui si giuoca per Firenze;' Here's a lottery for Flor-

ence: ' Qui si giuoca per Napoli,' &c. Thus in each town is stationed one lottery-office, at least, for every other. The plan, too, upon which they are framed is surprisingly seductive. Out of ninety tickets which are put into the wheel, five only are drawn; the purchaser of one of these five receives fifteen times his stake, be it more or less. If he stakes upon two numbers*, as a combination, and both happen to be drawn, he receives two hundred and seventy times his stake; but nothing, if one of them only turns up. If upon three numbers as a combination, he gets five thousand times his stake, supposing him fortunate. Neither is hope suffered to build its airy castles for two or three months previous to the drawing, as in England. Within a few days after the pur-

* Those who gamble in the lottery play upon certain numbers; for each ticket is inscribed with one or more numbers, the highest number being ninety. Hence the choice of numbers on which to play naturally enough gives rise to a variety of superstitions, and there are books published which shew the relation of every occurrence to numbers in the lottery. Thus, if I dream that my dog bites me, I should, perhaps, find from my books, that in this is prefigured an injury to be received from a friend, and that the same thing is connected, by some mysterious link, with No. 62. But as the magic volume cannot supply a provision for every possible case, ingenuity must make up for the deficiency. Let us put a case: I see a human figure on one of the highest pinnacles of the Alps. My conjuring book affords me no explanation. How then am I to read the emblem. I see a man who has reached a pitch as high as human daring and address can carry him; what can this mean but that I am to mount as high as possible in the lottery scale? The case is clear; and I play 90.—*Rose.*

chase of the ticket its fate is determined, when the adventurer may be induced to improve his success or repair his disaster by another trial. The evil effects of these lotteries are further increased by the very small, as well as the more serious sums which it is permitted to risk in them. A ticket may be purchased for a few pence; and thus a temptation is held out to the lower classes, which they find it impossible to resist.

"It appears not improbable that this incentive to gambling existed of old in Italy, and that from thence it subsequently passed into other countries. According to Evelyn, lotteries were brought into England from Venice in the reign of Charles II.—(Evelyn's Memoirs). He may be right in the place from whence they were imported here, but the period was of somewhat an earlier date. Goldoni, in his life of himself, gives the Genoese the credit of the invention; those speculating citizens having been used to gamble upon the ballot which happened twice a year for fifty senators to relieve the body who went out of office.—(Memorie di Goldoni, vol. i. p. 197). But, however that may be, it is certain, that, when the Roman emperors gave an entertainment, a lottery was often resorted to after dinner as an agreeable pastime. Accordingly we read, that Augustus sometimes sold tickets for prizes, in the value of which there was the utmost discrepancy, and that he would dispose of pictures with their faces turned towards the wall; thus amusing himself with the satisfaction or disappointment of the parties who had purchased.—(Sueton. Aug. 75).

Heliogabalus, too, had prizes of ten camels, ten flies, ten pounds of gold, ten of lead, ten eggs, provided for his guests.—(Lamprid. 21). Might not state-lotteries have originated in some such practice as this?"

MUSEO BORBONICO.

. . . . A rowth o' auld nick-nackets,
Rusty airn caps, and jinglin jackets.—Burns.

The Museo Borbonico, or Studii, as it is otherwise called, is a magnificent establishment, containing rich collections of statues, pictures, and books. But the most interesting objects here are the curiosities found at Herculaneum and Pompeii, which, for greater safety, were brought hither some years since from the Portici museum. Amidst this miscellaneous assemblage of antiques, you may see, in all their details, "the ancient most domestic ornaments"—the kitchen utensils, of which there is a vast collection—the surgical instruments, also in considerable number—and even the very trinkets with which the Roman ladies decorated their persons.

These remains afford an apt illustration of Solomon's apophthegm, that "there is nothing new under the sun." Many of the articles might, if we looked merely to their form, pass for the manufacture of the present day. And though, perhaps, as regards the apparatus of the kitchen, this is sufficiently accounted for by the fact, that the modern manufacturers of such articles have long made it their study to copy from the ancient models; yet it is not so easy to account for the same resemblance in other things—in the bits of the bridles, for example—the

steel-yard and scales—the many different kinds of lamps—the dice, some of which, like those of modern gamesters are heavier on one side than on the other—and the surgeon's probe—all which are very like those now in use*. To judge from the specimens that have come down to us, the ancients seem to have been very inferior to ourselves in cutlery and hardware. Their locks and keys, their scissars, knives, and needles are, like those of their descendants, of very rude workmanship: their seals, rings, and necklaces are as clumsy as if they had come from the blacksmith's forge. The same observation applies to the nick-knacks with which the toilets of the ladies were furnished. We have specimens of the whole garniture of their dressing-cases, such as bracelets, gold necklaces, pearl ear-rings, and other trinkets; but with the exception of their little crystal boxes of rouge, essences, and cosmetics, there is nothing that would be fit for a fine lady of the present day. Their combs are scarcely upon a par with those used in our stables.

The weight of the steel-yard is generally the head of an emperor, to denote, as some suppose, that these weights had been examined and proved by the proper authorities. Among the different sun-dials there is a very small one, the gnomon of which is the hinder part of a pig, with a tail sticking up to cast the shadow. The *tesseræ*, or tickets of admission to the theatres, consist of

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* Voilà presque nos instrumens d'agriculture et de chirurgie. La necessité a dicté à peu près les mêmes arts et les mêmes lois par toute la terre.—*Dupaty.*

pieces of ivory of different shapes: one of them bears on it the name of the poet Æschylus in Greek characters. The kitchen utensils, some earthen, some of copper, others of brass, may here be studied through every variety of kettle, urn, and saucepan. The armoury presents us with specimens of the helmets, and breast-plates, and short swords, with which the Romans gained the empire of the world. "In a word," as Mathews observes, "every thing here excites the liveliest interest, even to the tops and playthings*, which prove the antiquity of our own schoolboy amusements. In these, as in other matters, the poverty of human invention is strikingly displayed; for, whether we ride upon sticks, or play at odd and even†,

* The metal mirrors, combs, rouge, and other personal ornaments, belonging to this collection, were found in the tombs of females; the arms, armour, styles and other writing apparatus, in the tombs of men; the toys in the tombs of children, whose skeletons are frequently found surrounded with marbles, tops, and jointed dolls—*Starke.*

† Another instance of the poverty of human invention may here be noticed. Spence, in his Polymetis, speaking of certain ancient coins bearing the double head of Janus on one side, and part of a ship on the other, says:—"It might be proved indisputably, that the Roman children played with them at Heads or Ships; as our children play now, at Cross or Pile; "or, to use the terms in vogue at present, "Heads or Tails." Janus cùm Saturnum classe pervectum excepisset hospitio; et ab eo edoctus peritiam ruris, ferum illum et rudem ante fruges cognitas victum in melius redegisset, regni eum societate muneravit. Cùm primus æra signaret, servavit et in hoc Saturni reverentiam; ut, quoniam ille navi fuerit advectus, ex unâ quidem parte sui capitis effigies, ex alterâ verò navis exprimeretur; quò Saturni memoriam etiam in posteros propagaret. Æs ita

we find that we are only copying the pastimes of children who were wont, two thousand years ago,"

Ludere par impar, equitare in arundine longâ.

This disposition to copy from ancient models need not, however, excite our surprise, for the lamps, candlesticks, vases, pateræ, &c. are so convenient and elegant in their forms that we can hardly wonder to see them so often reproduced in modern furniture.

It had often been contended that the ancients were ignorant of the use of glass for windows. That they were not unacquainted with the substance itself was well known; and, considering the many purposes to which it was applied, it was thought strange that they should not also have hit upon the idea of using it for so simple an object as the transmission of light. The discoveries made at Pompeii have shewn that they did so use it, though perhaps rarely; shutters, or the *lapis specularis*, having in general supplied its place.—(Plin. Epist. 9, 13). Many of the glass vessels preserved here are equal in clearness, as well as similar in form, to those now in use. The bottles may sometimes be seen placed in double bottle-stands—another exemplification of the remark that "there is nothing new under the sun." "When," says the writer of Sketches in Italy, "I have laughed at the ridiculous appearance of a double bottle-stand coasting, as the Irish

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fuisse signatum hodieque intelligitur, in aleæ lusu; cùm pueri denarios in sublime jactantes, "Capita aut Navem," (lusu teste vetustatis), exclamant.—*Macrob. Saturnal.* lib. i. c. 7.

describe it, round a table, I little thought I was ridiculing the customs of the age of Titus." It should, however, be observed, that though the bottles and stand resemble those now in vogue, it does not follow that they were made to *coast* round the table in the same manner.

The Etruscan or Grecian vases, of which there is a rich collection, are more remarkable for the elegance of their form than for the beauty of the paintings with which they are decorated. Many of them were found in the neighbourhood of Agrigentum, Syracuse, and other Sicilian towns; and these, it is said, are generally distinguishable from such as were found in the South of Italy;—the former having black figures on a red orange coloured ground; the latter, red figures on a black ground.

In another quarter of the museum are collected the obscene ornaments and decorations of the Temple of Isis at Pompeii, intermingled with other curiosities of a similar character; which, however interesting, as tending to throw light on the manners of the ancients, are justly offensive to modern delicacy.

The Library is said to contain a hundred and fifty thousand volumes of printed books, and about three thousand manuscripts. The junction of two such collections as the Farnese and Palatine libraries, of which this was partly formed, brought together all the earliest productions of the press. Among the most curious of the manuscripts may be enumerated—the works of St. Thomas Aquinas—the Amynta of Tasso, in his own handwriting—the Acts of the Apostles, a work of the

tenth century—and several exquisitely illuminated Missals, formerly the property of the Farnese family.

The Museum also contains the manuscripts found under what is now the Garden of the Augustine Monks at Portici. They consist of rolls of papyrus, closely resembling sticks of charcoal. Indeed, the specimens met with at Herculaneum had been constantly mistaken for that substance; and the same would probably have been the case with respect to the scrolls in question, had not the regular order in which they were placed excited curiosity, and thus caused an examination, which led to the discovery of Greek and Latin characters. On close inspection, these characters are visible by a sort of gloss and relief which distinguishes the ink from the tinder. Here, too, may be seen the ingenious contrivance employed to unroll them. One of these rolls of papyrus being suspended by the ends in a small upright frame, goldbeater's skin, in very small pieces, is gummed on to its upper surface, and the roll is then gradually unfolded by threads which are also gummed on to the pieces of skin. In proportion as the manuscript is developed, this operation is repeated. The process is tedious, and requires great delicacy of management; and, even after the utmost pains have been bestowed, it is in general necessary to supply at least a fifth by conjecture. The writing does not run across the volume, but is divided into narrow columns parallel to its sides. The outer fold and edges of the volumes being generally damaged, the sense is interrupted at the end of each column; but as the an-

cients folded their manuscripts in such a manner that the beginning of the work lay in the middle of the roll, the title is always safe.

" When the operation is finished, a fac-simile of the written characters is carefully taken. If not very mutilated, this fac-simile is engraved, forming a kind of drawing of the fragment; and, on the opposite page of the volume, the text is printed in common black type, with the conjectured additions in red. If the manuscript is Greek, a Latin translation is added. The originals are framed and glazed, and hung round the walls of one of the apartments of the Studii*."

This Museum also boasts some celebrated ancient statues, and among them the Farnese Hercules. The attributes of Hercules are his lion's skin, his club, his bow, and above all his unrivalled strength†, which latter quality has been thought to be somewhat exaggerated in the Farnese statue. " Horace," says Spence, " has been supposed by some to allude to this very figure of Hercules, in a passage that, I think, would read better and stronger if so understood, than in the common way:—

> Non possis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus,
> Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi;
> Nec, quia desperes invicti membra Glyconis,
> Nodosâ corpus nolis prohibere chiragrâ.—Lib. i. Epist. i. 28.

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* Sketches of Italy.

† Ουκ Ἡρακλης ουτος εστιν; ουμενουν αλλος, μα τον Ἡρακλεα. Το τοξον, το ῥοπαλον, ἡ λεοντη, το μεγεθος· ὁλος Ἡρακλης εστι.—*Lucian.* i. p. 298.

" The inscription on the base of the Farnese Hercules tells us it was made by an artist called Glycon. As we now call it the Farnese Hercules, for distinction; they might very well of old have called it the Hercules Glyconis, for the same reason. Such distinctions were more necessary then than now; because they had a much greater number of statues in Rome of old. If they did usually call this figure the Hercules Glyconis, in Horace's time; he might very well call it the Glycon, in verse. If this may be allowed to have been the case, the intent and true meaning of the passage from him will be as follows: —' You can never come to see so sharply as Lynceus; would you therefore suffer your eyes to go out? You can never acquire the strength and firmness of Hercules; would you therefore suffer your body to run to ruin, and to be crippled with disease?' I should the rather take this to be the case, because it seems more worthy of so good a writer, in two instances so closely united, to have taken them both from the ancient mythology than to take one from that, and the other from a (supposed) gladiator of his own time. The epithet, *invictus*, too, would have a particular propriety if applied to the Farnese Hercules. For that figure represents him as having just finished the last labour enjoined him by the order of Juno; that is, just when she had given up her pursuit of him, as a person not to be conquered by any difficulties*."

The Flora—though a colossal statue, and therefore,

* Polymetis, p. 115.

perhaps, not a pleasing object in itself, seeing that gigantic proportions are hardly consistent with female loveliness—is generally admired for the gracefulness of her attitude, and the beauty of her drapery. "Her robe," says Spence, "was of a changeable silk; and of as many colours as the flowers with which she was usually adorned, as we may learn from the poets, though we could not from the marble:"—

> Cur tamen, ut dantur vestes Cerealibus albæ,
> Sic hæc est cultu versicolore decens;
> An quia maturis albescit messis aristis?
> Et color et species floribus omnis inest?
> Annuit, &c.—Ovid. Fast. v. 360.

The Callipygian Venus ranks next in beauty after the Venus of Medicis, notwithstanding the indelicacy of her attitude.

The group of the Dirce, commonly called the Toro Farnese, was removed in the spring of 1826, from the Villa Reale, of which it was the principal ornament, and placed in the Studii. Pliny represents it as cut out of a single block:—Zethus et Amphion, ac Dirce, et Taurus, Vinculumque ex eodem lapide, Rhodo advecta, opera Apollonii et Taurisci.—(Lib. xxxvi. c. 5). But Pliny says the same of the Laocoön, which has since been ascertained to consist of three separate blocks. But whether the Toro was originally formed out of a single block or not, so pieced a thing is it now that the work of the original sculptors is mingled with that of the restorer in every figure. The head and arms of Dirce; the head and

arms of Antiope; the whole of Amphion and Zethus, except the trunks and one leg; and the legs and rope of the bull—are modern. The herdsman's head, the only original head remaining, has been pronounced to be disproportioned to the rest.

Among the vast number of bronze statues in this museum, a kind of antiques in which it surpasses every other, the most admired are—the Drunken and Sleeping Fauns—the Sitting Mercury—the Canephora adjusting her peplos—and an Augustus and Claudius, both of heroic size.

Among the curiosities of the Studii, the paintings cut out of the walls of Pompeii, and formerly deposited at Portici, must not be forgotten. These remains are in the highest degree interesting; but were we to take them as a standard by which to judge of the state of painting among the ancients, we should probably be as wide of the mark as if we were to take the common daubs of amateurs and provincial artists as fair samples of the perfection to which the art has been carried among the moderns. It is reasonable to suppose that painting was at least an emulous rival of the sister art of sculpture, and that the works of the great masters, had they come down to us, would have justified the warm encomiums lavished upon them. "There can be no doubt," says Algarotti, "that the ancient painters had, even in their figures, attained the same perfection as the ancient sculptors: the very excellence to which sculpture was brought affords of itself ample proof of the progress made in painting. Both of them the children of design, reared up in the midst of the same

models, fostered by the same discipline, criticised by the practised eyes of the same people, they must have advanced at the same pace; and what Agasias and Glycon were in the one science, that must Zeuxis and Apelles have been in the other. Nor can the want of such excellence, in those ancient paintings that happen to have been brought to light in our days, be taken as any argument of the contrary. We should take into consideration that they were painted upon walls where they would be exposed to a thousand accidents (and more especially to fire) from which it would be impossible to guard them; that they were, for the most part, executed in towns of secondary rank; and at a time when, as we learn from ancient writers themselves, the art was thought to be not only on the decline, but almost lost*. In such paintings, therefore, it would be unreasonable to look, as some do, for perfection; on the contrary, it would have been no wonder had we found them destitute of every merit. If, however, in the opinion of competent judges, many even of these evince beauties that would have reflected no discredit on the school of Raphael; what exalted ideas must we not form of those more ancient and moveable pieces executed by the great masters while the art was in its most flourishing state? executed, too, for the most distinguished cities, and the most potent princes; held in the highest admiration in a country so refined as Greece;

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* Artes desidia perdidit . . . . Hactenus dictum sit de dignitate artis morientis.—*Plin. N. H.* xxxv. c. ii. & vi.

extolled by a Pliny, of the soundness of whose judgment in such matters we meet with so many proofs*; and bought up at enormous prices by a Julius Cæsar†, of whose exquisite taste his own writings afford the best indication . . . . . .

"They," continues Algarotti, "evince little or no knowledge of the art of painting, who contend that the Greeks were wholly unacquainted with perspective; grounding their opinion upon the circumstance, that the rules of perspective happen to be violated in most of the works that have come down to us; as if the faults of ordinary painters were a sufficient reason for doubting or denying the merits of distinguished ones. The fact is, the ancients were in the habit of painting perspectives upon walls, according to the fashion of the present day; and, in the theatre of Claudius Pulcher, there was one executed with so much skill, that certain ravens (a species of bird by no means remarkable for stupidity) taking the sham tiles of the painted roof for real ones, were seen flying thither to rest themselves‡. But what need have we of further proof, when Vitruvius expressly mentions not only the time at which the art was discovered, but the person by whom the discovery was made. Agatharcus was the first to introduce it into the Athenian theatre

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* Forsyth, as we have seen, entertained a very different opinion of Pliny's qualifications as a connoisseur.

† Gemmas, toreumata, signa, tabulas operis antiqui semper animosissime comparasse.—*Suet. in C. Jul. Cæsare*, c. 47.

‡ Plin. N. H. lib. xxxv. c. 4.

in the time of Æschylus; and Anaxagoras and Democritus afterwards reduced it to a regular science*. Hence, in this, as in other arts, practice preceded theory .... As early as the days of Pericles perspective was brought to the system of a science; nor was it restricted to scenic decoration, but found its way also into the different schools of painting, as an art not less requisite in cabinet pictures than in stage scenery. Pamphilus, who opened a flourishing academy of design at Sicyon, taught it publicly, affirming, in express terms, that without geometry it was impossible to succeed in painting. Thus, before the time of Apelles, who was the scholar of Pamphilus himself—before the time of Protogenes, and those who were then in the highest repute—perspective had been practised by the Greeks; just as it had been practised among us by the two Bellini, by Pietro Perugino, and Mantegna, before the appearance of those luminaries of art, Titian, Raphael, and Coreggio†."

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* Namque primùm Agatharcus Athenis Æschylo docente tragœdiam, scenam fecit, et de eâ commentarium reliquit. Ex eo moniti, Democritus et Anaxagoras de eâdem re scripserunt, quemadmodum oporteat ad aciem oculorum radiorumque extensionem, certo loco centro constituto, ad lineas ratione naturali respondere: uti de incertâ re certæ imagines ædificiorum in directis planisque frontibus sint figuratæ, alia abscedentia, alia prominentia esse videantur.—*Vitruv. in Præf.* lib. 7.

† The following passages may be adduced as corroborative of the opinion that the ancients were not unacquainted with perspective, and the theory of light and shade. In that Dialogue of Plato, intitled the Sophist, we read:—"If painters and sculptors should rigidly preserve the real proportions of objects, those which are

None of the works of these great masters now exist; but to judge from Pliny's descriptions, they must have been incomparably superior to any thing hitherto discovered on the painted walls of Pompeii. Many, however, even of these are by no means destitute of merit; and were we to suppose the works of Zeuxis and Apelles to have been as superior to these, as Raphael's are to those of the common herd of Italian painters, we should not, perhaps, form too high an estimate of ancient art.

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placed at a certain point of elevation would appear too small, and those that are lower would seem too large. Artists, therefore, at present abandon the truth, and give to their figures not the real proportion of their models, but that which would convey to the eye an idea of beauty in the figures."

With regard to light and shade, Pliny, speaking of painting, observes:—"The art at length became distinct, and invented light and shade; a difference of colours alternately throwing out each other." —(Lib. xxxv. 5). In the same book (c. 11) he tells us, "That Zeuxis, and Polygnotus, and Euphranor understood how to express shade, and to make their figures advance and retire." The younger Pliny also says:—"In a picture there is nothing sets off light more than shade."—(Lib. iii. Epist. 13).

In another passage of Pliny, the art of foreshortening is clearly indicated. "Pausias was the first inventor of a secret in painting, which many afterwards imitated, but none were able to equal. Though intending to give the entire length of an ox, he represented it, not sideways, but with its head turned towards the spectator, and yet the size of the animal was perfectly perceptible. Again, painters in general make the parts, which they wish to be in relief, rather light, and compose a colour out of a black ground; but Pausias made the whole ox of a black colour, and represented a body of shade rising out of shade; shewing, with consummate skill, that parts might stand out where all seemed even, and that every part might be definite and distinct where all seemed confused.—(Lib. xxxv. 11).

One of the most elegant of these pictures is that of a female, with a pencil and tablets in her hand, called the Sappho. The story of the picture is often plain, as in that of Orestes, Pylades, and Iphigenia, in the temple of Diana; and the grouping often commendable, as in that of the Minotaur, the Telephus, and the Bacchus and Ariadne*. In one piece we see an old woman selling Cupids to a young female, behind whom stands another aged female, in the attitude of advice and caution. In another is represented a little delicate chariot, "that might have been made by the fairies' coach maker," drawn by a parrot, and driven by a grasshopper†. Some suppose this to be a caricature, meant to satirize Nero's absurd pretensions as a songster and a whip; for Suetonius tells us, he made his debut on the Neapolitan stage:—"Et prodiit Neapoli primùm; ibidem sæpiùs et per complures cantavit dies." Perhaps, however, Forsyth may be right in calling these pieces mere *capriccios*, which baffle investigation, and deserve

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* That the ancient painters were not unobservant of keeping may be inferred from Pliny's description of a battle-piece by Neocles. Neocles . . . . ingeniosus et solers in arte. Siquidem cum prælium navale Egyptiorum et Persarum pinxisset, quod in Nilo, cujus aqua est mari similis, factum volebat intelligi, argumento declaravit, quod arte non poterat: asellum enim in litore bibentem pinxit, et crocodilum insidiantem ei.—*N. H.* xxx. c. xi.

† J'ai remarqué (says Dupaty) un petit chariot, trainé par deux abeilles: un papillon est assis sur le siége en cocher; il tient les rênes avec ses pattes . . . . J'en ai remarqué un autre traîné par un perroquet, et guidé par une cigale.

none. Among these whimsical productions may be noticed one representing a schoolmaster's room, with a boy horsed, after the approved method of an English school, on the back of one of his fellows.

Many articles even of food, such as the different kinds of fruits and vegetables, are here preserved in a calcined state. Among the curiosities of this kind is a loaf of bread, with the words "Siligo C. Glanii"—this is Caius Glanius's loaf—marked upon it with a stamp. Not only had the Romans stamps for this purpose; but their seals also, as is evident from many specimens preserved in this museum, were sometimes formed of an oblong piece of metal, with the letters of the motto in relief. Thus possessed of types and of ink, it is singular that they did not discover the art of printing; for they may be said to have been in possession of the art, though wholly unconscious of the advantage to which it might be turned.

The collection of modern pictures, though not to be compared with the public collections of Rome and Florence, contains much that is curious, and much that is beautiful. In the former class are some specimens of the earlier essays of art after its revival in Italy; and here, as in the Florentine gallery, the curious in such matters may enjoy the pleasure of tracing it, through the different stages of its progress, from its dawn to its decline. An original picture of Columbus, by Parmigianino, may fairly be ranked among the more interesting pieces. "What is more agreeable to the curiosity of the mind and the eye than the portraits of great characters? An old philosopher, whom Marville invited to see a collection of

landscapes by a celebrated artist, replied, 'Landscapes I prefer seeing in the country itself, but I am fond of contemplating the pictures of illustrious men.' This opinion has some truth: Lord Orford preferred an interesting portrait to either landscape or historical painting. 'A landscape,' said he, 'however excellent in its distributions of wood, and water, and buildings, leaves not one trace in the memory; historical painting is perpetually false in a variety of ways, in the costume, the grouping, the portraits, and is nothing more than fabulous painting; but a real portrait is truth itself; and calls up so many collateral ideas as to fill an intelligent mind more than any other species*.'" There is also a portrait of Philip II., of Spain, "which looks the narrow minded, cold-blooded tyrant that he was in reality."

To this head also may we refer Marcello Venusti's celebratod copy of M. Angelo's *Last Judgment*, which would be better placed, were it transferred to the Sistine Chapel, to serve as a key to the original; for the copy exhibits much that is quite lost in the fresco itself. For instance, as regards the fresco, "time has done for Cardinal Biagio, what he in vain asked of the Pope; and it is only in this sketch that the bitter resentment of the painter is recorded, which placed him among the damned, in the gripe of a malignant demon—who is dragging him down to the bottomless pit, in a manner at once the most ferocious and degrading†."

* Curiosities of Literature, Vol. I.

† Mathews.

Among the beautiful, the first that deserve notice are two Holy Families, by Raphael, exhibiting those peculiar graces, with which he, above every other painter, has contrived to embellish this hackneyed subject.

Titian's Danaë, a work rather luscious than lovely, is usually placed in this class; to which we may also refer two landscapes by Salvator Rosa, and some good pictures by Coreggio. This collection, in fact, generally detains the traveller less than it deserves; for, as Mathews very justly remarks, "after feasting the imagination in the galleries of Florence and Rome, in the contemplation of the very finest efforts of the pencil, it requires equal excellence to stimulate the languid attention, and satisfy the increasing fastidiousness of the taste. This is a cruel deduction from the pleasure which is expected to be derived from familiarity with excellence, and improvement in knowledge; so that, after all, it may be doubted whether we grow happier as we grow wiser; and perhaps they who are at the most pains—to see the best that is to be seen—to read the best that is to be read—and to hear the best that is to be heard—are only labouring to exhaust the sources of innocent gratification, and incapacitating themselves for future enjoyment, by approaching nearer to that state which has been so truly described as a state of

> Painful pre-eminence, ourselves to view
> Above life's pleasures, and its comforts too!"

VESUVIUS.

. . . . . Incedis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso.—Hor.

Vesuvius rises with a gentle acclivity from the sea shore, about eight miles south-east of Naples. The base of the mountain is covered with towns on all sides. On the coast are Portici, Resina, Torre del Greco, Torre del Annunziata; on the inland side, Ottaiano, Somma, Massa, &c. The lower region of the mountain is thickly studded with villas and villages: the upper tract presents a scene of complete desolation, being ploughed up by streams of lava spreading in wide stripes over the surface. This region extends to the Atrio de' Cavalli, where the traveller is compelled to alight, and perform the remainder of the journey on foot. The summit of Vesuvius is a truncated cone, formed, as Addison expresses it, "by the ashes falling down the sides of it, like the sand in an hour-glass." In some places the lava breaks through this covering of ashes, forming a sort of irregular ladder, the ascent by which is easier than over the ashes themselves; which yield under the pressure of the foot to such a degree that almost every third step is lost. The guide, however, usually wears a leathern girdle for the traveller to hold by; and by this means the task is rendered sufficiently easy to be accomplished even by females.

The crater of Vesuvius varies at almost every eruption.

In the spring of 1819 it wore a most interesting appearance, and might be traversed without difficulty, though not altogether without danger. On the brink of it rose two or three peaks, from one of which, at an interval of about every five minutes, red hot stones and minerals were thrown up to a considerable height, attended with a loud rumbling noise; while, from its sides, three streams of liquid fire, seemingly of the consistence of molten lead and covered with red hot cinders, flowed gently along with a rustling sound, and produced a most imposing effect. Of an evening these fitful eruptions might be distinctly seen from the Villa Reale at Naples; but during the day all that was visible was a light cloud resting on the apex of the mountain—thus illustrating Tasso's description of Ætna—

> Che . . . . . il giorno fuma,
> E poi, la notte, il ciel di fiamme alluma.

Subsequent to the eruption of 1822, the bottom of the crater sunk down to the depth of four or five hundred feet, and in 1826 it was no longer accessible without considerable risk. The sides of the crater consisted, at that period, of loose ashes and cinders, intermingled with masses of lava which were easily detached from their position, and thus rendered the descent perilous.

Vesuvius is about three thousand five hundred feet in height, and commands the sublimest prospects: here, the bold and rugged range of the Apennines; there, Naples, with its bay, its islands, and far-jutting promontories; and, between the Apennines and the sea, the whole

Campagna Felice. But the most interesting spectacle from the summit of Vesuvius is Vesuvius itself. The mountain may be said to have two summits; the truncated cone already noticed, and the Monte Somma—a long ridge separated from the cone by a deep and rugged ravine, the sides of which are covered with calcined stones. Judging from the appearance of this ravine, many are of opinion that we here see a portion of the interior of the mountain, and that, in the Monte Somma itself, we have a remnant of the original external surface, as it appeared previous to the terrible eruption of 79. "It is, indeed, probable," says Eustace, "that the throes and convulsions of the mountain in that first tremendous explosion may have totally shattered its upper parts, while the vast ejection of ashes, cinders, ignited stones, and melted minerals, must have left a large void in its centre. One entire side of the mountain seems to have been consumed or scattered around on that occasion, while the other remains in Monte Somma. The cavity thus formed was filled up in part by the matter ejected in subsequent eruptions, and gradually raised into the present cone, which, however, varies its shape with every new agitation, and increases or diminishes according to the quantity of materials thrown out by the volcano." But though the cone is subject to these variations, the mountain has undergone no sensible diminution, notwithstanding that the quantity of matter ejected at different periods has been found, upon calculation, to exceed the size of Vesuvius itself. Hence the probability of the inference, that the materials affected by volcanic agency are situated at a great depth;

and that, according to Seneca's solution of the difficulty, the fire of the volcano does not feed upon the mountain itself, but merely uses it as a vent—"in ipso monte non alimentum habet, sed viam."

The first recorded eruption is that which took place in the reign of Titus, and of which the younger Pliny has left us such an interesting description in his two celebrated epistles to Tacitus. But though this eruption is the first upon record, it would seem that Vesuvius exhibited all the outward indications of volcanic agency from a very early period. Strabo notices its caverns and internal fires; and Florus makes mention of a Roman general, who, according to his account, led a body of troops through these caverns. The subterranean fires seem to have lain dormant for many ages; for the flanks of the mountain are represented by Martial as unrivalled in fertility and beauty, at the moment of the terrible eruption of 79*. "The darkness, the flames, the agitation, the uproar, that accompanied this explosion, might," says Eustace, "naturally excite, among many of the degenerate Romans who frequented the coasts of

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* Hic est pampineis viridis modo Vesbius umbris;
Presserat hic madidos nobilis uva lacus.
Hæc juga, quàm Nisæ colles plus Bacchus amavit;
Hoc nuper Satyri monte dedere choros.
Hæc Veneris sedes, Lacedæmone gratior illi;
Hic locus Herculeo nomine clarus erat.
Cuncta jacent flammis et tristi mersa favillâ;
Nec superi vellent hoc licuisse sibi!—*Lib.* iv. *Epig.* 44.

Campania, the opinion that the period of universal destruction was arrived, and that the atoms which formed the world were about to dissolve their fortuitous combination, and plunge the universe once more into chaos."

Since that period, eruptions have been frequent; and from the summit of the mountain, many of the streams of lava, which have been thrown out at different times, may be traced from their source to the sea. They are narrow at first, but expand as they advance, and look like tracks of land just turned up by the plough: on a nearer approach, however, you see nothing but a long heap of heavy disjointed masses, not unlike the slag thrown out as refuse from an iron foundry. "Sometimes a great fragment stands like a rock above the rest, sometimes the whole heap lies in a kind of channel, and in other places has nothing like banks to confine it, but rises four or five feet high in the open air, without spreading abroad on either side. This, I think, is a plain demonstration that these rivers were not, as they are usually represented, so many streams of running matter; for how could a liquid that lay hardening by degrees, settle into such a furrowed uncompact surface? Were the river a confusion of never so many different bodies, if they had been all actually dissolved, they would at least have formed one continued crust; as we see the *scorium* of metals always gathers into a solid piece, let it be compounded of a thousand heterogeneous parts. I am apt to think, therefore, that these huge unwieldy lumps that now lie one upon another, as if thrown together by acci-

dent, remained in the melted matter rigid and unliquified, floating in it like cakes of ice in a river, and that, as the fire and ferment gradually abated, they adjusted themselves together as well as their irregular figures would permit, and by this means fell into such an interrupted disorderly heap as we find it. What was the melted matter now lies at the bottom out of sight*?"

Considering the destructive effects of these lava-streams, one would, perhaps, hardly expect to see villas and villages peeping out from between them. But the mischief caused by an eruption is, after all, trifling, compared with its fertilizing effects upon the soil†. "The alarm," as Eustace justly observes, "is great on the approach of an eruption, because it is usually preceded by earthquakes; but when once the fermenting matter finds vent, the general danger is considered as over, and the

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* Addison.

† The land about the base of Vesuvius is divided into small farms of about five or six acres, supporting each a whole family; and the dense population is estimated at 5000 inhabitants per square league; there are 5760 acres to a square league, the average therefore is scarcely more than one acre for each individual. The land is extremely fertile, and cultivated with the spade like a garden; it yields three crops a year;—no fallows, no manure; no cattle, indeed, to procure it, except an ass to carry the produce to market, and bring back his load of the sweepings of streets;—yet the land is never exhausted. The proprietor of the soil usually receives two thirds of the gross produce in kind for his rent. The leases are long, and the intercourse between landlord and tenant generally mild and liberal. It is on the slope of Vesuvius that the best wine of Italy (Lacrima Christi) is made.—*Simond.*

progress of the phenomenon becomes an object of mere curiosity to all, except the cultivators of the lands which the lava actually runs over, or seems likely to ravage in its progress."

POMPEII.

Quicquid sub terra est in apricum proferet ætas.—Hor.

At the distance of about twelve miles from Naples, within a sort of hillock, formed by the shower of ashes which buried it, at the foot of the southern declivity of Vesuvius, and about five miles from its summit, is situated that most interesting of all towns, Pompeii, where "antiquity was, as it were, caught alive;" for there the progress of time and decay has been arrested, and we are admitted to the temples, the theatres, and domestic privacy of a people, who lived nearly two thousand years ago:—

> . . . . . At a step
> Two thousand years roll backward, and we stand,
> Like those so long within that awful place,
> Immoveable.

The inhabitants, indeed, are wanting; but a ramble through the silent streets of this ancient town of Campania, will give a better idea of their modes of life, than all the books of all the antiquaries who ever wrote upon the subject. "If even the most doubtful ruin of antiquity appears clad with venerable grandeur, what rank shall we assign in the scale of interest to those objects, which, like the Enchanted City in the Arabian Nights, were in one moment transfixed in their accidental situa-

tions, and thus present the most authentic, and at the same time the most affecting, memorial of the lives and occupations of their ill-fated possessors*:"—

> Mark, where within, as though the embers lived,
> The ample chimney-vault is dun with smoke!
> There dwelt a miller; silent and at rest
> His mill-stones now. In old companionship
> Still do they stand as on the day he went,
> Each ready for its office—but he comes not.
> And there, hard by (where one in idleness
> Has stopt to scrawl a ship, an armed man;
> And in a tablet on the wall we read
> Of shows ere long to be) a sculptor wrought,
> Nor meanly: blocks, half-chiselled into life,
> Waiting his call. Here long, as yet attests
> The trodden floor, an olive-merchant drew
> From many an earthen jar, no more supplied;
> And here from his a vintner served his guests
> Largely, the stain of his o'erflowing cups
> Fresh on the marble. On the bench, beneath,
> They sate and quaffed and looked on them that passed,
> Gravely discussing the last news from Rome.—Rogers.

Enter a town in the south of Italy at what hour you will, you are sure to meet with knots of idle peasantry, wrapped in the spacious folds of their russet cloaks, and sauntering about as if their only occupation was to hear and retail the news of the day. From the number of stone benches with backs to them that have been discovered—some situated so as to catch the sea breezes,

* Sketches of Italy.

others near the more bustling quarter of the city gate*—we may infer that the same gregarious habits prevailed among the inhabitants of Pompeii.

In nothing is a visit to Italy more gratifying, than in the opportunity it affords of tracing the various points of resemblance between the manners of the ancient and modern inhabitants of that country; and though this very resemblance may be calculated rather to lower our opinion of a people of whom we have been accustomed to hear so much from infancy, yet the more it is examined into, the more striking will it be found.

Thus, as regards the construction of their towns:—it is notorious, that those of modern Italy generally exhibit these three characteristic features: very narrow streets; numerous and spacious squares; and a multitude of churches —and the same peculiarities are met with at Pompeii. Its streets, including two causeways for foot passengers, rarely exceed sixteen feet in width, though it is plain, from the deep-worn wheel tracks on the pavement, that carriages were in frequent use; and though but a small portion of the city has yet been brought to view, three squares, and no less than eight temples, have been discovered. "If," says Blunt, with reference to the first of these peculiarities, "we

* Before the gate of the city was a low semicircular stone bench (*hemicycle*) for the convenience of newsmongers watching the coming traveller, in order to procure early intelligence from foreign parts; for those precious repositories were not then invented, where, for a penny or for nothing, the coffee-house politician may now learn all that is going forward in the world. From pedlars and drivers, from soldiers on a furlough journeying home, people obtained their ill-digested budget of news, and by a dusty road-side, on a hard stone-bench, they talked it over.—*Simond.*

may judge from the *Strada degli Sepolcri*, at Syracuse—which yet remains, cut through the rock, and affords the imagination an opportunity of amusing itself, like the Roman orator, with singling out the tomb of Archimedes—the streets of that town were not wider than those of Pompeii: whilst from the specimen of the one which passes between the temples of Jupiter Tonans and Concord at Rome, as well as from the express testimony of Juvenal, that Capital itself does not seem to have been exempt from the same charge:"—

> . . . . . Rhedarum transitus arcto
> Vicorum inflexu, et stantis convicia mandræ
> Eripient somnum Druso vitulisque marinis.—*Sat.* iii. 236.
>
> The carts loud rumbling through the *narrow* way,
> The drivers' clamours at each casual stay,
> From drowsy Drusus would his slumbers take,
> And keep the calves of Proteus broad awake.—GIFFORD.

During the heavy rains of Autumn, the narrow streets in the towns of Italy would frequently become impassable but for the moveable wooden bridges thrown across them on such occasions. Now it so happens, that, in several of the streets of Pompeii, we meet with large stepping stones, rising a foot above the level of the pavement, and evidently intended to remedy a similar inconvenience.

The houses—which are all of them without roofs, these having been broken in by the weight of the incumbent ashes—are for the most part on a small scale, consisting of a little court, into which the different apartments open. Few of them exceeded two stories, and

most of them not more than one, in height. Now the same court form is still observable in the palaces of modern Italy, though it must be admitted that these latter are carried much higher than any of the houses hitherto discovered at Pompeii. From Juvenal and Suetonius, however, we learn that the dwellings of the ancient Romans consisted sometimes of several stories; for the former speaks of the third story of a house being on fire; while from the latter we learn that Augustus passed a law to prohibit the carrying of houses to a greater height than seventy feet.

In these humble dwellings there seems to have been no communication between the contiguous rooms; and those which open to the court or street are in some instances so low, that you are obliged to stoop in passing through them. In most cases, too, the rooms are without windows, receiving light only from the door. They must have been too straitened for the exercise of hospitality; and hence, perhaps, it was that the citizens associated, as their descendants do now, in the streets, temples, and porticos.

It seems somewhat strange, that rooms so circumscribed in their dimensions should contain works of so much taste—

> Floors of mosaic, walls of arabesque,
> And columns clustering in patrician splendour.

In many of them the paintings are at once elegant and appropriate. In the baths we meet with Tritons and Naiads; in the bed-chambers we see Morpheus scattering his poppies; in the eating-rooms temperance is

inculcated by a sacrifice to Esculapius, intimating that we should eat to live—and not live to eat; and in one of the baths, supposed to have belonged to a female, we find portrayed the story of Actæon. In like manner, the walls of some of the kitchens have been found decorated with representations of fish, flesh, and fowl; and those of their vintners' shops with rudely executed combats of gladiators. The prevailing colours are brown, red, and yellow*.

In fitting up the houses of southern Italy, very little attention is paid to the comfortable; and hence, notwithstanding the occasional coldness of the climate during the winter months, hearths and chimneys are usually dispensed with. A brazier, filled with charcoal, and placed in the middle of the room or under the dining-table, supplies the place of a grate, while the fumes of the charcoal are left to make their escape by the window or the door. That the same custom prevailed among the inhabitants of Pompeii is evident, as well from the absence of chimneys, as from the number of braziers that have been found there, similar in make to those now in vogue, and some of them containing a portion of the very charcoal that was burning in them at the time the city was overwhelmed†.

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* The best paintings have been cut out of the walls, and removed to the Museo Borbonico.

† Another contrivance against the cold, which the Italians and Sicilians adopt, is to carry about with them a small vessel, containing living charcoal, called a *scaldina*. It is in the shape of a basket, and when used by the wealthier citizens is of copper; the poor are

The custom of decorating the outside of their houses with landscapes, and other subjects, so common among the Neapolitans, seems, if we may judge from the discoveries made at Pompeii, to have been equally prevalent among their heathen ancestors.

Among the pictorial devices which the Neapolitans place over their doors, we not unfrequently meet with such as are evidently allusive to the respective occupations of the inmates. Thus, the abode of a surgeon is denoted by a series of paintings—sometimes bordering on the ludicrous—exhibiting a variety of cases to which the doctor is applying his healing hand. In one instance you will find him drawing a tooth; in another, administering an emetic; in a third, bandaging an arm or leg.

That the ancients were equally fond of devices of this kind is evident from the number of similar signs found at Pompeii. Thus, in one of them is represented (as we have already had occasion to observe, in noticing the contents of the Museo Borbonico,) the master of a school in the act of flogging an unlucky boy, who, according to the modern fashion, is horsed by one of his school-fellows, while another holds him by the legs. In another "a

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satisfied with those of earthenware. This utensil they sometimes place before them upon the table, sometimes at their feet, or on their knees, till warmth has been communicated to all parts of the body in detail, whilst the careful housewife hangs at her waist a long bodkin, with which she stirs up from time to time the sleeping embers. I have no doubt the "prunæ batillum" of Horace's friend, the prætor of Fundi, was an implement of the same kind.—*Blunt.*

shoemaker calls the attention of the public by a picture of himself at work; his shop filled with idlers, making their demands, and observing the progress of his labours; so ancient and respectable a claim has the cobler's stall to the gossip of his neighbours*."

Besides the painted devices already noticed, we not unfrequently find other emblems placed over the door of a house to denote the calling of its occupant. Thus, in one case, the word "Salve" is thought to signify that it was an inn. In another, the phallic ornament, coupled with the legend "Hic habitat felicitas," is supposed to point, in no very doubtful manner, to the character of its former inmates. A baker's shop is indicated too plainly to be mistaken, by the mill for grinding the corn and the oven for baking—for the various processes of grinding and baking seem to have been carried on under the same roof. The mill is constructed on the principle of our coffee mills, consisting of a solid cone inverted, turning in a hollow one; both of them of basalt. The dwelling of the druggist has also been traced by the figure of a snake over the door. In the passage leading to one house is a well preserved mosaic, representing a dog chained up, with the admonition "Cave Canem," also in mosaic.

Upon giving ourselves the trouble to reflect upon the matter, we might reasonably conclude that notices and handbills were in all probability posted about the streets of old in the same manner as they are now; "and yet," observes Blunt, "it is not without satisfaction, mingled

* Blunt.

with something like surprise at the antiquity of so obvious a custom, that we see scrawled in red characters on the walls of that disinterred city an advertisement, 'that a bath and nine hundred shops *(nongentum tabernæ)*, belonging to a certain lady named Julia Felix, are to be let for five years;' 'that on the sixteenth of May there was to be a show of gladiators in the theatre, which would be covered with a veil;' 'that Numicius Pomfidius Rufus was to exhibit, on the 29th of October, a combat of wild beasts*.'"

The shops, both in form and situation, bear a marked resemblance to Italian shops of the present day. They consist of one room without windows, entirely open in front, with the exception of a low sill, and furnished with folding-doors, not unlike those of an English coach-house; "and as such shops as these now very commonly stand on the right and left of the entrance-gate to a gentleman's or nobleman's house, of which they occupy the ground-front; so in some of the best mansions in Pompeii they have the very same position. Witness that of Sallust (as it is called), at the door of which is a shop for wine and oil. In truth, so many similar objects arrest the eye at Naples and Pompeii, that on a visit to the latter it is hardly possible to feel convinced that these two cities, separated in distance by only twelve miles, are separated in time by upwards of seventeen centuries; so much the same are the habits of men at every period, whilst under the influence of the same circumstances†."

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* These inscriptions are now deposited in the Museo Borbonico.

† Blunt.

One of the most complete specimens we have of an ancient residence is the villa called the Villa of Arrius Diomedes, situated just without the Neapolitan gate. It consists of two courts, the larger surrounded by a covered gallery, the smaller by rooms of different forms and sizes. From the remains of this, and some other habitations, it appears that the better houses at Pompeii were divided into two distinct parts. One of these parts was considered public, and consisted of the *Prothyrum*, or Entry; the *Cella Ostiarii*, or Porter's Lodge; the *Cavædium* or Atrium, an Open Court; and the *Tablinum*, or Hall of Audience, where the owner of the mansion received his clients. The other was looked upon as private, and consisted of the *Peristylium*, or Inner Court, surrounded with a colonnade; the *Cubicula*, or Bed-chambers, open to the court, and containing a small platform, raised a few inches higher than the rest of the pavement, for the beds; the *Œcus Gynæceus*, or Women's Apartment, which also looked into the court; the *Triclinium*, or Eating Room, in the open air, shaded by a *Pergula*, or vine-trellis; the Winter *Triclinium*, under cover; the *Sacrarium*, or Family Chapel, dedicated to some particular divinity, and containing statues of the *Lares;* the *Exedra*, or Saloon; the *Pinacotheca*, or Gallery; the Library; the Hot Baths, generally situated in a retired part of the house; and the Cold Bath, which was taken in the open air. The *Peristylium* contained a *Xystus*, or Plot for flowers and herbs, and sometimes a Reservoir for fish. An *Impluvium*, or Cistern for rain-water, may be seen

in the *Atrium* of every large house. The ground-floors seldom had any windows to the street.

In the Cellar of Arrius Diomedes's Villa there were found a number of earthen *diotæ:* these are still left standing, just as they were first placed, inclined against the wall, and in exact accordance with the position assigned to such objects in the Odyssey:—

> Εν δε πιθοι οινοιο παλαιου ηδυποτοιο
> Εστασαν, ακρητον θειον ποτον εντος εχοντες,
> Εξειης ποτι τοιχον αρηροτες.

"It was here that the skeletons of seven-and-twenty poor wretches were found, who took refuge in this place from the fiery shower that would have killed them at once, to suffer the lingering torments of being starved to death. It was also in one of the porticos of this villa, leading to the outward entrance, that the skeleton, supposed to be that of the master of the house, was found; with a key in one hand, and a purse of gold in the other, trying to run away from the impending destruction, and exhibiting 'the ruling passion strong in death,' in the last object of its anxiety*."

So much for the private dwellings of Pompeii: the theatres, temples, basilicas, and other public structures, are on a larger scale than might have been expected from the general appearance of the town itself.

The amphitheatre, together with the two theatres for

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* Mathews.

dramatic exhibitions, though still in very tolerable preservation, display some marks of the injuries they sustained from the earthquake, which, as we learn from Tacitus*, well nigh destroyed the town, previous to that fatal eruption of Vesuvius which buried it under a heap of mud and ashes—

> . . . . . There to sleep
> The sleep of ages—till a plough, a spade
> Disclose the secret, and the eye of day
> Glares coldly on the streets, the skeletons,
> Each in his place, each in his gay attire,
> And eager to enjoy.—Rogers.

The paintings discovered on the walls of the amphitheatre when it was first uncovered—exhibiting combats of gladiators with wild beasts—have been removed to Naples. The dens, in which the beasts were placed, and where the skeletons of two lions were found, have sustained scarcely any injury.

The two theatres for dramatic representations are close together. The larger, like the amphitheatres, was without roof. The stage, which has been compared, not unaptly, to that of our own theatres when the drop-scene is down, appears to have been too circumscribed to admit of side-scenes. Five doors opened upon this stage, three at the back, and one on each side; by the former the more distinguished actors made their entrance and exit; by the latter, the inferior ones.

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* Et motu terræ celebre Campaniæ oppidum Pompeii magnâ ex parte proruit.—*Tacit. Annal.* xv. c. 22.

The little theatre, which was covered, is in better preservation than the other, and—though it has no vestige of the tent-like cupola which crowned the ancient Odeons; though furnished with water-courses, as if even a part of this were open to the rain; and though it exhibits nothing of that harmonical construction, which Vitruvius would lead us to expect—it is nevertheless supposed to have been an Odeon, appropriated to musical entertainments.

Behind the little theatre, and occupying an angle formed by two streets, is the Temple of Isis. It consists of a small court surrounded by a Doric portico and painted chambers; at one end of which is the Cella, approached by a flight of seven steps. The temple, which was destroyed by the earthquake of 63, and subsequently rebuilt, has sustained little injury. With the exception of the statues, and other moveables, the structure remains nearly in its pristine state. We still have the satisfaction of contemplating the very altar on which the victims were offered; we may still ascend the private stairs which led to the *adytum* of the goddess, where those mysterious rites were celebrated, the nature of which may, in the opinion of many, be fairly inferred from the relics discovered there, and now deposited in the Museo Borbonico. Notwithstanding all that Eustace says to the contrary, this structure seems but too "well designed for the seclusion and progressive mysteries of the Isiac rite. One narrow door gave access to the peribolos or court, which presented to the novice some altars *sub dio* —a cistern for ablution—a small fane or ædicola—and

last, the sacred temple. In the temple itself was a gradation of sanctity—a vestibule—an open altar—an adytum—secret stairs—and a sunken cell*." In a niche in the wall of the portico, facing the Cella, stood the statue of Orus, the son of Isis and Osiris, and the Egyptian god of silence, who was very properly placed here; but

> . . . . . Foul deeds will rise,
> Tho' all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes!

The *Forum Nundinarium*, or Barrack, as it is sometimes called, is an oblong building, containing a court surrounded by a Doric colonnade. Behind the colonnade are numerous small apartments, which served either for shops, or military quarters, or both. That some of these apartments, at least, were appropriated to soldiers, has been inferred not only from the armour found there, but from their close resemblance to those of the Prætorian Guard in Hadrian's Tiburtine Villa, as well as from the number of skeletons (no less than sixty-three in all) met with in this structure;—it being very improbable that, at a time when all were eager to make their escape, any but soldiers would have continued together in such numbers; and they were forbidden, by the Roman discipline, to quit their post.

The pillars of the colonnade, which are fluted above and plain below, are bescratched with armed figures and ill-spelt names; a proof that the practice of scribbling

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* Forsyth.

on walls was as familiar to the vulgar of Pompeii, as it is to those of the present day. "But antiquity," to use Simond's words, "cannot be vulgar; it is her privilege to be exempt from that reproach: and while you wander along the streets of Pompeii, among its temples, and under its porticos, you feel irresistibly attracted by every writing or drawing on its walls, which are as fresh as if traced yesterday."

In an apartment, called the guard-room, were found four skeletons with their ankle-bones fastened in an iron frame shaped exactly like our stocks. This instrument of punishment is deposited in the Museum at Naples.

EXCURSION TO PÆSTUM.

. . . . . Oft some temple's mouldering tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.—GOLDSMITH.

FROM Pompeii the road passes through a rich and beautiful plain, where the fertility of the soil forms a striking contrast with the poverty of the inhabitants. This plain continues till you reach Nocera de' Pagani, a town so called from having been once in the hands of the Saracens. The country then gradually swells into loftier hills till you reach La Cava, a long street of houses remarkable for its porticos, built after the fashion of those of Bologna, and each of them forming a shop; remarkable, too, for having given name to a low species of drama called the "Farse Cavaiole." La Cava is said to date its origin no farther back than the invasion of Genseric, and the destruction of the town of Marciana, whose inhabitants took shelter among the mountains, and, at the suggestion of the head of the neighbouring abbey *della Trinità*, built La Cava—a name derived from a cave which runs under that abbey. The road then traverses a defile formed by two convergent Apennines, exhibiting a succession of landscapes, in which the wild and the picturesque are singularly blended together. This neighbourhood was the favourite haunt of Salvator Rosa, who passed much of his time here, transferring to his canvass many of its more striking scenes.

Salerno is situated on a fine sweep of the gulf of that name, at the foot of a range of bold but well-cultivated mountains. Higher up the base of these mountains are shewn considerable remains of Roman edifices, the ruins of old Salernum, which, according to Livy, became a Roman colony shortly after the close of the second Punic war. Its name is thought to have been derived from the two streams Sole and Erno, by which it was watered. During the heats of summer the modern town is deemed unhealthy, and they who have the means retire to Vietri, a town seated on one of the slopes of the Promontory of Minerva, a few miles from Amalfi, and commanding magnificent views over the gulf and the opposite Promontory of Leucosia. The Cathedral of Salerno, to judge from its shape, was probably a basilica; but the antique and the modern are so jumbled together in this unfortunate pile, that it has been not unjustly characterized as exhibiting patches of every style, while it is of no style itself.

Pæstum.—On entering the walls of Pæstum it is impossible not to feel amazed that such mighty monuments could so long have remained unnoticed. According to the commonly received opinion, they were unknown even in the neighbouring country, till towards the middle of the last century, when they were accidentally discovered either by a shepherd or a painter in the course of a morning's ramble from Capaccio. As, however, the town of Capaccio actually looks down upon them, and as they are visible not only from the high road of Calabria, but even from Salerno itself by the help of a glass,

the obscurity in which they were suffered to remain so long must have been owing to the indifference of antiquaries about them, rather than to their ignorance of their existence.

The origin and history of Pæstum are involved in great obscurity; though the general outlines may perhaps have been preserved:—

'Tis said, a stranger in the days of old,
(Some say a Dorian, some a Sybarite;
But distant things are ever lost in clouds)—
'Tis said, a stranger came, and, with his plough,
Traced out the site; and Posidonia rose,
Severely great, Neptune the tutelar God;
A Homer's language murmuring in her streets,
And in her haven many a mast from Tyre.
Then came another, an unbidden guest,
He knocked, and entered with a train in arms;
And all was changed, her very name and language!
The Tyrian merchant, shipping at his door
Ivory and gold, and silk, and frankincense,
Sailed as before, but, sailing, cried "For Pæstum!"
And now a Virgil, now an Ovid sung
Pæstum's twice blowing roses; while, within,
Parents and children mourned—and, every year,
('Twas on the day of some old festival)
Met to give way to tears, and once again
Talk in the ancient tongue of things gone by*.

* The inhabitants of Pæstum, after their subjugation by the Romans, still retained their attachment to the name and institutions of Greece. Though forced to adopt a foreign dialect, and accommodate themselves to the manners of their conquerors (thus becoming

At length an Arab climbed the battlements,
Slaying the sleepers in the dead of night;
And from all eyes the glorious vision fled!
Leaving a place lonely and dangerous,
Where, whom the robber spares, a deadlier foe
Strikes at unseen — and at a time when joy
Opens the heart, when summer-skies are blue,
And the clear air is soft and delicate;
For then the demon works — then with that air
The thoughtless wretch drinks in a subtle poison
Lulling to sleep; and, when he sleeps, he dies!—ROGERS.

The three structures, which are all of them peripteral, still retain their peristyles entire. The shafts of the columns, which are fluted according to the usual style of the Greek Doric, are in each case *frusta* of acute cones, and less than five diameters in height. The intercolumniations, too, are closer than in the pycnostyle itself,

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barbarized, according to the expression of Aristoxenus, who records the circumstance), they were yet wont to assemble annually on one of the great festivals of Greece, in order to keep alive the memory of their origin, and give vent, in their ancient tongue, to the grief they felt at the degradation to which they were reduced:—*Διοπερ Αριστοξενος εν τοις Συμμικτοις Συμποτικοῖς, Ὁμοιον, φησι, ποιοῦμεν Ποσειδωνιαταις, τοῖς εν τῷ Τυρσηνικῷ κολπῷ κατοικοῦσιν, οἰς συνεβη, τα μεν εξ αρχης Ἑλλησιν ουσιν, εκβεβαρβαρῶσθαι, Τυρρηνοις η Ῥωμαιοις γεγονοσι, και την τε φωνην μεταβεβληκεναι, τα τε λοιπα τῶν επιτηδευματων, αγειν τε μιαν τινα αυτους τῶν ἑορτῶν τῶν Ἑλληνικῶν ετι και νυν, εν ᾗ συνιοντες αναμιμνησκονται τῶν αρχαιων εκεινων ονοματων τε και νομιμων, απολοφυραμενοι δε προς αλληλους, και αποδακρυσαντες, απερχονται. Ὁυτω δε συν, φησι, και ἡμεῖς, ἐπειδη και τα θεατρα εκβεβαρβαρωται, και ες μεγαλην διαφθοραν προεληλυθεν ἡ πανδημος αυτη μουσικη, καθ' αὐτους γενομενοι ολιγοι αναμιμνησκομεθα, οια ην ἡ μουσικη. Ταῦτα μεν ὁ Αριστοξενος.*—*Athenæus*, lib. xiv. c. 31.

exceeding the diameter of the pillars only by a few inches. The stone with which these edifices were constructed was probably formed by the petrifying waters of the Silarus acting on vegetable earth, roots, and plants*; for, like the stone formed at Tivoli by the Anio, it is found to consist of wood and various other substances petrified; and, though in fact as durable as granite, is in appearance as porous as cork.

Temple of Ceres.—This, the smallest of the three temples, and the first that presents itself on the side of Naples, stands on a platform to which you ascend by three steps: it has six columns in front, and thirteen on each side. The diameter of the columns is four feet three inches at the bottom, and about a foot less at the top; the length of the shaft, including the capital, being something more than twenty feet. The intercolumniations scarcely exceed the diameters of the columns. In the interior is a vestibule, supported by six columns with plain circular bases, leading to the Cella raised on a platform approached by four steps. This Cella is twenty-five feet in width, and encompassed on all sides by a dwarf wall: the situation of the different altars is still distinguishable. The length of the building is a hundred and eight feet, the breadth forty-eight.

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* This property of the Silarus did not escape the notice of Pliny: —"In flumine Silaro ultra Surrentum non virgulta modo immersa, verum et folia lapidescunt."

The Temple of Neptune—the middle structure, and the most majestic, as well as, to all appearance, the most ancient of the three—consists of two peristyles separated by a wall; the outer peristyle containing fourteen columns in a file; the inner, two stories of smaller columns, and only an architrave between them. The building, which stands on a platform approached by three gigantic steps, is about a hundred and ninety-four feet in length by seventy-eight in breadth. The diameter of the pillars is six feet ten inches at the bottom, and two feet less at the top of the shaft; the intercolumniations being seven feet seven inches. The Cella, which is raised on another platform, is ninety-feet in length by forty-three in width. It is surrounded by dwarf walls, and decorated with a double row of columns, seven in each row; these again support an enormous architrave, acting as a base to another set of smaller columns, of which five still remain on one side, and three on the other. In this structure, also, the altars on which the victims were offered are still distinguishable.

The Basilica—probably so called because it exhibits no vestiges either of a Cella or altars—has nine columns in front and sixteen on each side, and a file of pillars in the middle of the building parallel to the sides. The height of the columns is twenty feet, the diameter four and a half at the bottom of the shaft, and about a foot less at its summit. The length of the building is a hundred and seventy feet, the width eighty.

These Pæstan temples have been pronounced "the most impressive monuments upon earth," not certainly on account of their magnitude; for their dimensions, as we have seen, are moderate compared with many modern structures. Setting aside their immemorial antiquity, and the advantage they derive from their insulated position—for these are circumstances not to be wholly overlooked—we may, perhaps, in this and other instances, attribute the effect produced by the Greek columnar temple to that happy union of simplicity and variety for which it is so remarkable. "The leading principle of Grecian architecture is straight, or rather, horizontal and perpendicular lines; and from adopting these in all the great parts of the building much uniformity and simplicity are at once attained;—to contrast with these, and to produce variety, curves are as studiously introduced into all the details—the columns are circular in their shafts; their flutings, their bases, the cima recta, reversa, &c., of the entablature, are merely varieties of curves; and the most graceful curves in nature are imitated in the capitals and friezes. Again, variety was obtained in a different manner, and in a much greater degree, by the alternation of strong light and deep shade produced by the colonnade of a temple, where

> . . . Pillar and pillar alternately
> Seemed framed of ebon and ivory.

. . . . "The variety produced by the alternate play of light and shade in the colonnades of the ancients would

have been too great for unity and simplicity, if they had not added long and continued entablatures above, and frequently steps below; thus binding, as it were, the columns together, and uniting them into one whole. To all these was added the pediment, a part of the building absolutely necessary for its utility, and of great beauty when not too high*." If these remarks are well founded, then must we, in great measure, ascribe the beauty of the Greek temple to its rare union of two seemingly incompatible qualities, simplicity and variety.

With the exception of these three edifices, and a portion of the city walls, which here and there exhibit something of the Cyclopean construction, the remains of Pæstum are very inconsiderable. Parts, however, of an aqueduct, as well as of a theatre and amphitheatre, may yet be distinguished; but the celebrated twice-blowing roses, "biferique rosaria Pæsti," will be looked for in vain.

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* Quarterly Review, No. 63.

THE PHLEGRÆAN FIELDS.

Nec desunt variæ circum oblectamina vitæ,
Sive vaporiferas, blandissima littora, Baias,
Enthea fatidicæ seu visere tecta Sibyllæ
Dulce sit, Iliacoque jugum memorabile remo;
Seu tibi Bacchei vineta madentia Gauri.—STAT.

THERE is perhaps scarcely any spot in the world where the devastating effects of time, aided by volcanic agency, are more apparent than in the neighbourhood of Pozzuoli and Baiæ. The whole line of coast from Pozzuoli to Misenum is strewed with ruins—temples, baths, theatres, villas, moles, and other works, all of ancient date. In one place the shore has sunk to a considerable depth, various structures being still plainly distinguishable beneath the waves: in another, it has been elevated to a height of several hundred feet by the monstrous birth of the Monte Nuovo. Everywhere, in short, may you meet with those "veteris vestigia flammæ," which gave the name of *Phlegræan* to this volcanic region.

This tract is separated from Naples by the narrow ridge of Posilipo; which has been pierced by a subterranean passage, half a mile in length and wide enough for three carriages abreast, called the Grotto of Posilipo*,

* In a garden, close to the summit of the arch of the Grotto on the side of Naples, stands what is called Virgil's Tomb. It is sup-

cut through sand-stone—a work considered ancient even in the days of Strabo.

Lago d' Agnano.—After passing the Pausilipan Grotto, and the little valley of Bagnuoli, you come to another retired valley containing in its centre a circular sheet of water, called the Lago d' Agnano, evidently the crater of an extinct volcano. On the southern border of the lake is the *Grotta del Cane*—the *Spiracula Ditis* of the ancients—a low arched cavern, from the bottom of which exhales the deadly vapour so famed for the oft-repeated experiment of its effect upon dogs. "The common experiments," says Addison, "are as follow:—A dog that has his nose held in the vapour loses all signs of life in a very little time; but if carried into the open air, or thrown into the neighbouring lake, he immediately recovers, if not quite gone. A torch, snuff and all, goes out in a moment, when dipped into the vapour. A pistol cannot take fire in it. I split a reed, and laid in the channel of it a train of gunpowder, so that one end of the reed was above the vapour, and the other at the bottom of it; and I found, though the steam was strong enough to hinder a pistol from taking fire in it, and to quench a lighted torch, that it could not intercept the train of fire when once it had begun flashing,

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posed to have been originally of a cylindrical shape, surmounted by a dome, and supported by a square basement. The *columbaria*, or niches for cinerary urns, seem rather to indicate a family tomb. The bay-tree, which once overshadowed it, has disappeared.

nor hinder it from running to the very end. This experiment I repeated twice or thrice, to see if I could quite dissipate the vapour, which I did in so great a measure, that one might easily let off a pistol in it. I observed how long a dog was expiring the first time, and after his recovery, and found no sensible difference. A viper bore it nine minutes the first time, and ten the second. When we brought it out after the first trial, it took such a vast quantity of air into its lungs, that it swelled almost twice as big as before; and it was perhaps on this stock of air that it lived a minute longer the second time. To satisfy myself that these effects were not produced by any rarefaction of the air caused by the vapour, I placed a thin phial, well stopped up with wax, within the smoke of the vapour, which would certainly have burst in an air rarefied enough to kill a dog or quench a torch, but nothing followed upon it. However, to take away all further doubt, I borrowed a weather-glass, and so fixed it in the grotto, that the *stagnum* was wholly covered with the vapour; but I could not perceive the quicksilver sunk after an hour's standing in it. This vapour is generally supposed to be sulphureous, though I can see no reason for such a supposition*. He that dips his

* According to the Abbé Breislak, the relative quantities of the different gases which compose the mephitic air of the Grotta del Cane are as follows: $\frac{1}{100}$ of vital air, or oxygenous gas; $\frac{99}{100}$ of fixed air, or carbonic acid; and $\frac{4}{100}$ of phlogisticated air, or azotic gas.—*Spallanzani*, Vol. i. 105.

hand in it finds no smell it leaves upon it; and though I put a whole bundle of lighted brimstone matches to the smoke, they all went out in an instant, as if immersed in water. Whatever is the composition of the vapour, let it have but one quality, that of being very gluey or viscous, and I believe it will mechanically solve all the phenomena of the grotto."

Near the Grotta del Cane, on the margin of the same lake, are the vapour-baths called the Stufe di San Germano, placed like most other things in the neighbourhood of Naples, under the protection of St. Januarius. The vapour—the offspring of the sulphur and alum diffused over all the Phlegræan fields—is here confined to a low tufo-building, and is said to be efficacious not only in cutaneous and rheumatic disorders, but, like most other nostrums, in every other complaint.

Pisciarelli.—At the distance of about a mile from the Lago d' Agnano, and somewhat removed from their former site, are shewn the hot wells, called the Pisciarelli, formed by a stream of hot water bursting from the base of the Solfaterra. The water, which is strongly impregnated with alum and vitriol, is of a temperature sufficiently high to boil an egg. The most attractive object here, however, is a cottage on the rocks above these hot wells, not only as supplying the visitor with an excellent red wine of volcanic growth, but as commanding a view of the two promontories of Misenum and Minerva, the whole line of coast between them, the bay studded with

islands, and the mainland with volcanos both active and extinct—"a lavish combination of beauty and magnificence, unequalled perhaps in the world."

Solfaterra, otherwise called the Forum of Vulcan, situated at a short distance from Pozzuoli, is an elevated plain of considerable extent, which, from its form, appearance, and situation, seems to occupy the crater of a volcano that can scarcely be considered as extinguished. Smoke still issues from many parts of the plain, which sounds hollow to the tread, and vibrates at every stamp of the foot. "On the thin crust which closes the mouth of the crater," observes Simond, "and resounds beneath the tread, on the very lid of the boiling caldron which sends up smoke mixed with bright sparks visible at night, and which feels hot to your feet, a manufactory of alum is quietly going on*. The ground is white and soft to the touch, and yields not only alum, but ammoniac and sulphur in abundance. Hot springs issue from the ground in several places. The convent of St. Januarius stands on the edge of the crater; and the pavement of its chapel, as well as the very altar, teems with vapours sufficiently hot to dry in an instant wet linen spread over it. These vapours, though often fatal to the living, have the property of preserving the dead from decay;

* Earth and water are put into a large earthen vessel, which is immersed up to the brim in the soil, the heat of which causes the water to boil, and, as this evaporates, the alum is deposited in a crystallized state on the sides of the vessel.

and the ancients, who were rather whimsical about the disposal of their remains, seem, by placing them so near it, to have had a predilection for this mouth of hell. Numerous tombs are seen in the neighbourhood, consisting of narrow cells arched over, and provided with rows of niches for cinerary urns." The baths of Pozzuoli, said to be very serviceable in cutaneous and rheumatic disorders, are supplied from the waters of the Solfaterra.

The Labyrinth of Dædalus—for such is the high-sounding name applied to a subterranean ruin near Pozzuoli—seems evidently to have been nothing more than an ancient reservoir; the water of which was probably required for the use of the neighbouring amphitheatre.

Colosseo.—This amphitheatre surpasses that of Rome in antiquity, but yields to it in size; though it is said to have afforded accommodation for five-and-forty thousand spectators. The length of the arena is a hundred and ninety feet, the width a hundred and thirty: the building is, as usual, of an oval shape; the outer elevation consisting of two orders, and the basement of two series of vaults forming two elliptical rings, between which runs a corridor round the whole edifice. Some of the dens of the wild beasts may still be distinctly traced, one of which, believed to have been the dungeon in which St. Januarius was immured, has, by the zeal of his votaries, been converted into a chapel.

Pozzuoli.—"The capacious amphitheatre, the long line of neighbouring tombs, the magnificent baths below, the mole striding on arches into the sea, the ruins of villas defaced, the undefaceable beauty of the sites, all conspired to exalt my ideas of ancient Puteoli. I enter the modern town, and meet nothing but filth, beggary, and disease*."

Pozzuoli occupies a narrow rocky promontory, opening on its western side upon that beautiful bay at the head of which are the lakes Lucrinus and Avernus, and on whose opposite shore is the little inlet called the Bay of Baiæ, and the Promontory of Misenum. The mole, miscalled the Ponte di Caligula, stretches across towards these points; and to the end of this structure it was that the bridge of boats was attached, on which Caligula made his triumphal procession across the bay to Baiæ.

In a wretched piazza, dignified with the name of the grand square, you are shewn a marble pedestal inscribed to Tiberius, which, though injured and defaced, still retains the personified relievos of the fourteen cities of Asia Minor.

The principal ruin at Pozzuoli is that of the Temple of Jupiter Serapis, as it is called—for the propriety of the name has been questioned. It consists of a quadrangular cloister surrounded by porticos, cells, and lustral chambers, with a round temple in the court. By some antiquaries all these buildings have been assigned to the Nymphs; but—as the temple forms only a part of the ruins, and as, independently of the long inscrip-

* Forsyth.

tion, which proves that a Temple of Serapis stood somewhere here, the very plan of these structures (which corresponds not only with that of the *Iseon* at Pompeii, but with Rufinus's description of the great *Serapeon* at Alexandria,) seems to shew that they were raised for Egyptian worship—Forsyth thinks the term *Serapeon* may here be applied with propriety.

The few columns that remain erect look as though they were corroded by sea worms. "The temple of Serapis at Pozzuoli," says Simond, in allusion to this peculiarity, "presents a very extraordinary fact to the curiosity of geologists. This temple, situated on the sea shore, and at its base not more than eight or ten feet above water, was, at a period beyond the reach of tradition, overwhelmed, like Pompeii, by a deluge of volcanic ashes, and only three of its columns remained standing, and partly above the surface. About seventy years ago these ashes were removed; at the depth of fifteen feet the pavement of the temple was discovered; and there were found marble vessels to receive the blood of the victims, brass rings to fasten them to, broken statues and columns. But the extraordinary circumstance is, that those parts of the three marble columns still standing which rose above the volcanic soil, were found honey-combed all round or pierced with innumerable holes by pholades, to the height of five or six feet, up to a certain uniform level, above which, that is to ten or twelve feet higher, they were untouched; and it appears by the size of the holes and that of the shells still found in most of them, that these pholades were full grown, implying a period of about fifty years.

"By the side of the three columns left standing lies a broken shaft ten or eleven feet long, its whole surface perforated by the pholades*. From all these circumstances it appears that the sea once covered the site of the temple of Serapis; and, adding together the height of the pavement of that temple above water, at present ten feet, the height of the volcanic ashes over the pavement, twelve feet, and six feet more for the holes made by the pholades, we have twenty-eight feet for the total height of the sea above its present level, and that during a period of fifty years at least. . . . Now, either the sea rose or the earth sunk during that period, and the latter is far the least incredible supposition of the two†. Had the Mediterranean risen twenty-eight feet above its present level, many of the cities existing on its shores must have been overwhelmed. . . . . We may fairly suppose, therefore, that the temple of Serapis was then immersed, and so remained for years before it rose again to its former level."

Lucrine Lake.—Here again, time, which everywhere causes such mighty changes, has been outstripped in the work of destruction by the agency of earthquakes and volcanos; and nowhere are the strange revolutions pro-

* The Pholades (small shell-fish) bore holes in stones, not by any mechanical process, as they are not provided with organs fit for the purpose, but by chemical means. They probably exude an acid which dissolves calcareous substances.—*Simond.*

† . . . . . Multæ per mare pessum
Subsedere, suis pariter cum civibus, urbes.—*Lucret.*

duced by both more strikingly exemplified than on the borders of the Lucrine Lake. In vain shall we look for any vestiges of its ancient appearance as described by Virgil:—

An memorem portus, Lucrinoque addita claustra;
Atque indignatum magnis stridoribus æquor,
Julia quà ponto longè sonat unda refuso,
Tyrrhenusque fretis immittitur æstus Avernis?

Or shall I praise thy ports, or mention make
Of the vast mound that binds the Lucrine Lake?
Or the disdainful sea, that, shut from thence,
Roars round the structure, and invades the fence,
There, where secure the Julian waters glide,
Or where Avernus' jaws admit the Tyrrhene tide?—Dryden.

But it is thus that "the fashion of this world passeth away." The celebrated Lucrine, the scene of imperial regattas, is, as Addison long ago observed, "a mere puddle in comparison of what it once was," or, to adopt the quaint description of Sandys, "a little sedgy plash, choked up by the horrible and astonishing eruption of the New Mountain (Monte Nuovo); whereof," says he, "as oft as I think, I am easy to credit whatsoever is wonderful. For who here knows not, or who elsewhere will believe, that a mountain should arise (partly out of the lake and partly out of the sea) in one day and a night, unto such a height as to contend in altitude with the high mountains adjoining*? In the year of our Lord

* Sandys is here guilty of a little exaggeration; for the height of Monte Nuovo scarcely exceeds three hundred feet.

1538, on the 29th of September, when, for certain days foregoing, the country hereabout was so vexed with perpetual earthquakes, as no one house was left so entire as not to expect an immediate ruin; after that the sea had retired two hundred paces from the shore, (leaving abundance of fish, and springs of fresh water rising in the bottom), this mountain visibly ascended, about the second hour of the night, with a hideous roaring, horribly vomiting stones and such store of cinders as overwhelmed all the buildings thereabout, and the salubrious baths of Tripergole, for so many ages celebrated; consumed the vines to ashes, killing birds and beasts: the fearful inhabitants of Pozzol flying through the dark with their wives and children; naked, defiled, crying out, and detesting their calamities.—Manifold miseries have they suffered by the barbarous, yet none like this which nature inflicted."—Horace, while playing the moralist, seems to have been endued with an almost prophetic foresight of the changes that have taken place in this very spot; for never was the transitory nature of all human undertakings more strikingly exemplified than in the instance which he has here selected for its illustration:—

> Debemur morti nos, nostraque; sive receptus
> Terra Neptunus classes Aquilonibus arcet,
> Regis opus, &c.

Monte Barbaro.—This mountain has undergone a total change of appearance as well as name. It was anciently called Gaurus; and, if we may believe Statius and Pliny, was not unfavourable to the vine. The name, however,

of Monte Barbaro, and the epithet *inanis*, which Juvenal applies to it, convey no incorrect idea of the present Gaurus—"a volcano rugged without, and empty within."

Lake Avernus.—From the Lucrine Lake, which is separated from the sea only by a sandbank, a narrow path, bordered by vineyards and poplars, leads to the Lake Avernus, which has long since been stripped of all its poetical horrors. The lake, formerly so famous for its poisonous vapours, no longer exhales death; its banks, decked with various tillage, are the resort of all the feathered race; and nothing remains to recall its former celebrity, except a round structure washed by its waters, denominated the Temple of Apollo; and a cave, miscalled the Sibyl's Cave, one end of which opens upon this lake, and the other at a short distance from the Lucrine. By levelling the woods, which enveloped it in a sort of mysterious gloom, Agrippa long ago divested the lake of its terrors. Silius Italicus describes the change that had already taken place in his days:—

> Ille, olim populis dictum Styga, nomine verso,
> Stagna inter celebrem nunc mitia monstrat Avernum.

Popular superstition might well fix upon this spot, surrounded by volcanos, and supposed to be of unfathomable depth, as the entrance to the infernal regions; and, perhaps, Homer did but follow the real belief of his time in sending Ulysses thither. "Hence Virgil, attentive to every local superstition, takes advantage of this, and converts a grotto, which still opens upon the lake, into

a mouth of hell. This grotto was a passage leading from Avernus to Baiæ, and should rather be ascribed to the gloomy Cimmerians whose *crypts* perforated this country in all directions. Such a thoroughfare we have found at Posilipo; another, called the Grotta di Pietro Pace, went from Cumæ to the Lucrine Lake; a third may be traced near Solfaterra. This tunnel at Avernus had passed originally through the hill, until some lapse of the incumbent earth stopped up the passage, and gave it that obscurity and solitude which the poets sought and improved. Yet this grotto is, in flat contradiction to him, called the Sibyl's Cave; and here they even shew you the Sibyl's secret door, the Sibyl's seat of oracle, the Sibyl's baths, &c. A reasonable man will seek nowhere for a poetical being, except in the poem which produced it; but as Virgil gives locality, either fancied or traditional, to whatever he describes; if we would follow him, we must look for the cave of his Sibyl at Cumæ*."

Cumæ.—The Arco Felice—a picturesque arch thrown across the Domitian Way, by some supposed to have formed one of the gates of Cumæ—another ruin, called the Tempio del Gigante, and a few shapeless masses scattered among vineyards, are the only remains of that once populous city, whose origin is almost lost in fable, though contemporary writers have recorded its splendour and prosperity. Converted by Totila into a depository for his treasures, as well as a garrison for his troops, it

* Forsyth.

was afterwards besieged and taken by Narses, and from that time its name is unknown in history. It was, it seems, through an entrance which opened from the grotto of the Sibyl into the castle of Cumæ, that the army of Narses entered the place; and a cavern, beneath that part of the castle-wall which still remains, is supposed to mark the exact spot. Be this as it may, here at least there are several excavations, which in poetical parlance might fairly be called "a hundred passages, a hundred doors;" and here, therefore, if we take Virgil for our guide, we must place the Sibyl's abode.

"If," says Eustace, "Warburton's conjecture can be admitted, and if the Eleusinian mysteries exhibited such scenes as those described in the sixth book of the Æneid, no region could be better calculated for the exhibition. In a country where rocks are hollowed by nature into grottos and caverns; where there are many deep dells and hidden recesses; where various lakes lie concealed in the depths of forests, and in the cavities of mountains; where fire and water are always in action; where the land sometimes stretches out into the sea, and at other times the sea winds itself into the very bosom of the land;—in such a country, especially when thinly inhabited as in the early ages, how easy would it be to open secret communications, and to conduct the adept through successive scenes of wonder, now buried in darkness, and now gleaming with light; here infected with sulphureous exhalations, and there refreshed with gales of perfume; sometimes exhibiting the horrors of Tartarus, and at other times displaying the delights of Elysium."

Stufe di Tritoli.—Proceeding from the Lucrine Lake towards Baiæ, you are conducted into a sort of vaulted gallery overhanging the sea, of which, on the one hand, you catch frequent glimpses through the clefts in the side of the gallery, while on the other you are assailed by volumes of vapour issuing from the long and steaming passages which lead to the source of the boiling water*. These passages are still occasionally used as sweating baths. The *Stufe di Tritoli* are sometimes called the Baths of Nero, and a small vaulted apartment, with stone partitions dividing the floor, is still pointed out as one of the ancient baths.

Baiæ.—"Here all is fairy ground. Here you may wander about with Horace and Virgil in your hand, and moralize over the changes which time has produced, 'How are the mighty fallen!' Here the great ones of the earth retired, from the noise and smoke of Rome, to their voluptuous villas†." They who wanted room on the shore encroached upon the sea‡:—

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* Though the vapour leaves no incrustation, or mark of sulphur, on the walls, yet Horace seems to ascribe the heat to that mineral:—

Dictaque cessantem nervis elidere morbum
Sulfura.—*Epist.* lib. i. 15.

† Mathews.

‡ It is in allusion to these encroachments upon the sea, that Horace exclaims, in a strain of ludicrous exaggeration:—

Jam pauca aratro jugera regiæ
Moles relinquent.—*Lib.* ii. *Od.* 15.

And again, with still greater exaggeration:—

Contracta pisces æquora sentiunt,
Jactis in altum molibus.—*Lib.* iii. *Od.* 1.

. . . . . Here (what would they not?)
The masters of the earth, unsatisfied,
Built in the sea; and now the boatman steers
O'er many a crypt and vault yet glimmering,
O'er many a broad and indestructible arch,
The deep foundations of their palaces;
Nothing now heard ashore, so great the change,
Save when the sea-mew clamours, or the owl
Hoots in the temple!—Rogers.

Temples of Venus, Mercury, and Diana.—These three edifices, which were formerly pronounced to be temples, are now, in consequence of their round form, considered by some as having formed part of the public baths. As, however, the ruins which connect them are of very inferior size, some will have it that they were neither temples nor baths, but the principal apartments—such as the *Peos*, the *Triclinium*, the *Cœnatio*—of some magnificent villa. The first of these structures is octagonal without and circular within; the second is circular both within and without, with an aperture in the dome like that of the Pantheon; the third resembles the first, with the exception of being hexagonal instead of octangular.

Agrippina's Tomb—the name applied to a long vaulted corridor decorated with elegant stuccos—conveys no idea of the "levis tumulus" of which Tacitus speaks. It now passes for a gallery connected with the theatre which belonged to her villa.

Misenum.—This harbour, now totally abandoned, was once the Portsmouth of the Roman empire. The pro-

montory itself is covered with shapeless ruins which our guide denominated ruined villas, and arbitrarily assigned to Pliny, Lucullus, Marius, or any other celebrated Roman who happened to have frequented this coast. Here, too, in opposition to Virgil, he pretended to discover in a mere ditch, an insignificant pool, and a few vineyards, "a local habitation" for the Styx, the Acheron, and the Elysian fields:—

E qui l' Elizi campi e le famose
Stanze delle beate anime pose.

Piscina Mirabile.—This stupendous work is supposed to have served as a reservoir for fresh water, for the use of the Roman fleet. Its enormous pillars have a compact solidity capable of resisting the attacks of time. The roof is the only part that seems to have sustained injury; and it has been remarked, as a singular circumstance, that though intended originally only for a cistern, it is nevertheless the most lofty and picturesque object of a coast which is covered with patrician ruins.

Cento Camerelle.—This, which is near the Piscina Mirabile, is a subterranean building, divided into a number of small dark cells, to all appearance intended as places of confinement. On the side next the sea, where the guard-rooms are supposed to have been situated, the wall is pierced for windows.

Torre di Patria.—Such is the modern name of old Literum—the retreat and the tomb of Scipio—a name

derived from the word "Patria," still legible on the wall of a watch-tower, and said to be all that remains of the epitaph which he dictated himself:—"Ingrata patria, ne quidem ossa mea habes." As, however, the tower is clearly of modern date, no stress can be placed upon the inscription, except as affording evidence of the tradition that this was the place of Scipio's interment—a tradition that may be traced up to the age of Pliny; for he tells us there was a prevailing opinion that a dragon guarded the manes of Scipio, in a cavern at Liternum. (Plin. N. H. lib. xvi. c. 44). One would have thought that in Livy's time the burial-place of so great a man might have been ascertained with something like certainty. Yet it is evident, from the historian's own words, that even he had nothing to depend upon but hearsay:—"Silentium deinde de Africano fuit. Vitam Literni egit, sine desiderio urbis. Morientem rure, eo ipso loco sepeliri se jussisse ferunt, monumentumque ibi ædificari, ne funus sibi in ingratâ patriâ fieret. (Lib. xxxviii. c. 53).

ISCHIA.

Inarime, Jovis imperiis imposta Typhœo.—Virg.

This island, which, together with Procida, shuts in the Bay of Naples to the west, was formerly no less famed for its eruptions than Vesuvius is at present. Some allowance, perhaps, ought to be made for the exaggerated details of historians. Strabo and Pliny not only speak of earthquakes, torrents of lava, and showers of ashes and cinders, the usual accompaniments of volcanic eruptions; but they talk also of flames issuing from the yawning ground, and spreading devastation over the whole island; of boiling water inundating the fields; of mountains suddenly shooting up, and as suddenly subsiding. (Strabo, lib. v.; Plin. lib. ii.) With such accounts detailed in sober prose, no wonder that the poets should have gone a step further, and have placed Typhæus himself under the island; ascribing its agitations to his convulsive movements. Though the hot springs with which the island abounds still attest the presence of subterranean fire, no eruption has taken place since the terrible one of 1302, which swept off the greater part of the inhabitants, and well nigh made a desert of the whole island.

Viewed in its present renovated state, "Inarime," as Dean Berkley observed in a letter to Pope, "is an epitome of the whole earth, containing, within the compass

of eighteen miles, a wonderful variety of hills, vales, rugged rocks, fruitful plains, and barren mountains, all thrown together in the most romantic confusion. The air is, even in the hottest season, constantly refreshed by cool breezes from the sea. The vales produce excellent wheat and Indian corn; but are mostly covered with vineyards, intermixed with fruit-trees. Besides the common kinds, cherries, apricots, peaches, &c., they produce oranges, limes, almonds, pomegranates, figs, watermelons, and many other fruits unknown to our climates, which lie everywhere open to the passenger. The hills are the greater part covered to the top with vines, some with chesnut-groves, and others with thickets of myrtle and lentiscus. The fields on the northern side are divided by hedge-rows of myrtle. Several fountains and rivulets add to the beauty of this landscape, which is likewise set off by the variety of some barren and naked rocks. But that which crowns the scene is a large mountain rising out of the middle of the island (once a terrible volcano, by the ancients called Mons Epopeus*); its lower parts are adorned with vines and other fruit trees; the middle affords pasture to flocks of goats and sheep; and the top is a sandy pointed rock, from which you have the finest pro-

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* In medio elatis caput inter nubila condit
Rupibus, et valles latè prospectat Epopeus.

* The word Epopeus is now softened down into Epomeo, but the name usually applied to the mountain is that of the Monte San Niccolo.

spect in the world, surveying at one view, besides several pleasant islands lying at our feet, a tract of Italy about three hundred miles in length, from the Promontory of Antium to the Cape of Palinurus: the greater part of which hath been sung by Homer and Virgil, as making a considerable portion of the travels and adventures of their heroes. The islands Caprea, Prochyta, and Parthenope, together with Caiëta, Cumæ, Monte Miseno, the habitations of Circe, the Syrens, and the Læstrigons; the Bay of Naples, the Promontory of Minerva, and the whole Campagna Felice—make but a part of this noble landscape."

This coast, indeed, unites the attractions of the picturesque with the charms arising from poetic fiction and historical records. It has been well observed, that, without some such mental association, without some connexion with other regions, or retrospect to other times, the brightest exhibitions of the material world produce but a transient impression*: they are unable to inspire permanent interest, or genuine enthusiasm. How different is the feeling experienced in surveying the shores of Italy from the summit of the San Niccolo. "In contemplating a prospect thus adorned by nature, and ennobled by genius; the theatre of the most sublime and instructive fables ever invented by the human mind; we may be allowed,

* Les plus belles contrées du monde, quand elles ne retracent aucun souvenir, quand elles ne portent l'empreinte d'aucun événement remarquable, sont depourvues d'intérêt, en comparaison des pays historiques.—*Corinne*, vol. i.

as we bewilder ourselves in the mazes of classical illusion, to indulge a momentary enthusiasm*:"—

. . . . . Audire, et videor pios
Errare per lucos, amœnæ
Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ.—Hor. Od. lib. iii. 4.

Through hallowed groves I stray, where streams beneath
From lucid fountains flow, and zephyrs balmy breathe.—Francis.

The summit of the San Niccolo is composed of a grey or whitish lava, in the midst of which the form of the crater is still distinguishable. A few hermits inhabit this solitary spot, and occupy cells cut out of the solid rock. An anchorite, indeed, could hardly select a more appropriate abode, either for the grandeur of the scene, so well fitted to inspire devotion, or the moral lessons it is no less calculated to convey. In contemplating the opposite coasts of Puteoli, Baiæ, and Misenum, and contrasting their past splendour with their present destitution, the hermit may find as much food for reflection as the classic; and nowhere will he meet with a more striking instance of the frailty of human power, and the transitory nature of worldly magnificence.

The town of Ischia, from which the island takes its present name, is situated on a small inlet about two miles from the nearest point of Procida. This bay is defended by a castle perched on a precipitous rock, connected with the island by an isthmus of sand. The other principal towns are Foria, Pansa, and Casamiccio; the latter seated nearly on the top of the San Niccolo. All these towns have their medicinal waters, or hot baths, to re-

* Eustace.

commend them. The island, which is well cultivated, produces a white wine held in considerable repute; and the beauty of the scenery, added to the advantages of medicinal springs, and a cool and healthy air, attracts a considerable number of visitants during the summer months. Such is Ischia, presenting a picture widely different from that of the ancient Inarime—"the shattered mountain tumbled of old by Jupiter on the giant monster, for ever resounding with his groans, and inflamed by his burning breath:—

> . . . . . Quæ turbine nigro
> Fumantem premit Japetum, flammasque rebelli
> Ore ejectantem.—Sil. lib. xii. 148.

> . . . . . Whose load o'erwhelms
> The rebel giant, from whose mouth expire
> Eddies of lurid smoke, and ruddy fire*."

Such are the attractions of Naples and its vicinity:—

> . . . . . Not a grove,
> Citron or pine or cedar, not a grot
> Sea-worn and mantled with the gadding vine,
> But breathes enchantment†. Not a cliff but flings
> On the clear wave some image of delight,
> Some cabin-roof glowing with crimson flowers,
> Some ruined temple or fallen monument,
> To muse on as the bark is gliding by.—Rogers.

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* Eustace.

† Sannazaro calls Naples, "Un pezzo di cielo caduto in terra."

Of the climate different travellers have given very different representations. Moore calls it the native country of the zephyrs, where the heat is tempered by the sea-breeze, and by gales wafting the perfumes of the Campagna. Mathews tells you that the winter is much colder here than at Rome, notwithstanding the latitude; that the sea-breeze is keen and biting; that frequently with a hot sun there is a winter wind of the most piercing bitterness; and that a pulmonary invalid had better avoid Naples at any time, but certainly during the winter, unless he wish to illustrate the proverb, "Vedi Napoli, e po' mori."

If such be the case, I was fortunate in the time of my visits. To me it seemed the veritable land of zephyrs; nor do I think that Forsyth's picture of it, whether as regards the climate, the country, or the inhabitants, is at all overdrawn. "What variety of attractions!" he exclaims;—"a climate where heaven's breath smells sweet and wooingly—the most beautiful interchange of sea and land—wines, fruits, provisions, in their highest excellence—a vigorous and luxuriant nature, unparalleled in its productions and processes—all the wonders of volcanic power spent or in action—antiquities different from all antiquities on earth—a coast which was once the fairy-land of poets, and the favourite retreat of the great. Even the tyrants of the creation loved this alluring region, spared it, adorned it, lived in it, died in it. This country has subdued all its conquerors, and continues to subvert the two great sexual virtues, guar-

dians of every other virtue — the courage of men and the modesty of women*."

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* Regionem, quam sapiens vir, aut ad sapientiam tendens declinet, tanquam alienam bonis moribus . . . . . Effœminat animos amœnitas nimia: nec dubiè, aliquid ad corrumpendum vigorem potest regio.—*Seneca*, Ep. 51.

Littora quæ fuerant castis inimica puellis:—

Such are the terms in which Propertius speaks of this enervating region

VOYAGE TO SICILY.

Et Trinacriâ lentandus remus in undâ.—Virg.

Intending to visit the island of Stromboli in my way to Sicily, I took, in conjunction with five others, a boat called a Sparonara, which happened to be about to return to Messina.

In sailing out of the Bay of Naples we had full time to contemplate the beauty of its shores. This part of our earth seems already to have undergone the sentence pronounced upon the whole of it; but, like the phenix, has risen more beautiful from its ashes:—

> For here the mighty Monarch underneath,
> He in his palace of fire, diffuses round
> A dazzling splendour. Here, unseen, unheard,
> Opening another Eden in the wild,
> He works his wonders; save, when issuing forth
> In thunder, he blots out the sun, the sky,
> And, mingling all things earthly as in scorn,
> Exalts the valley, lays the mountain low,
> Pours many a torrent from his burning lake,
> And in an hour of universal mirth,
> What time the trump proclaims the festival,
> Buries some capital city.—Rogers.

The Bay is shut off from the main sea by the island of Capri, so infamous for the abode of Tiberius. We had left the harbour of Naples with a light breeze, in-

tending to make this island, but the wind freshening, the surf was too great for our frail bark to venture near the shore. We therefore doubled the Promontory of Minerva*, and steering across the Gulf of Salerno, which the Italians call their Bay of Biscay, and which seemed to us to merit the epithet—for

Dire was the tossing, deep the groans—

we put in for the night at the Punta della Licosa, the southern extremity of the bay. As the boisterous state

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* This promontory, which separates the Bay of Naples from the Gulf of Salerno, has been denominated, from its romantic scenery, the Switzerland of Italy. It affords many delightful excursions; as the neighbourhood of Castel-a-Mare—the Punta di Conca—the *Syrenusæ* islands, the fabled haunts of the Syrens, and still called Galli, perhaps with a traditional allusion to the form of the Syrens—and above all "the fishing town, and region of Amalfi," now reduced to a few white villages, scattered among the rocks, or along the margin of the sea. Yet

The time has been
When on the quays along the Syrian coast,
'Twas asked and eagerly, at break of dawn,
'What ships are from Amalfi?' when her coins,
Silver and gold, circled from clime to clime;
From Alexandria southward to Sennaar,
And eastward thro' Damascus and Cabul
And Samarcand, to thy great wall, Cathay.
. . . . . When at length they fell,
Losing their liberty, they left mankind
A legacy, compared with which the wealth
Of Eastern kings—what is it in the scale?
The mariner's compass.—ROGERS.

of the weather prevented us from sailing on the following morning, we made an excursion to the temples of Pæstum, situated at the head of the bay, and about fifteen miles from Licosa. In the evening we again put to sea with a favourable wind, and hoped to reach Stromboli in four-and-twenty hours; but we were destined to be unfortunate. The wind gradually died away, and during the whole of the following day we either lay to, or glided over the glassy surface of the Mediterranean at the rate of two or three miles an hour, by force of oars.

To propel their boats, the mariners of Italy and Sicily, like the Venetian gondoliers, stand and push forward the handle of the oar. That this method has high antiquity to recommend it is evident, not only from one of the Herculanean pictures; but from the very expression "incumbere remis," which seems clearly to indicate such a practice as this. It is evident, however, from the frequent occurrence of the word "transtra" in Latin authors, as well as from the representations on coins, that the more usual method of sitting and pulling the oar towards them was not less commonly adopted.

The Sparonara is a decked boat, provided with an awning, and affording room for about twenty persons. The crew of that in which we sailed consisted of ten men and a boy, who were busily employed at the oar whenever the wind died away.

The present mariners of Italy exhibit the same timidity, the same ignorance of navigation and abhorrence of enterprize as the Latin seamen of old. They also display the same superstition, the same scrupulous care

in depositing their votive offerings at favourite shrines, as their forefathers did:—

Servati ex undis ubi figere dona solebant.

And as one great purpose for which the effigies of the gods formerly served was the protection of shipping, as every vessel had then its tutelary deity, so every vessel has now its tutelary saint:—

Est mihi, sitque precor, flavæ tutela Minervæ
Navis, et a pictâ casside nomen habet*.—Ovid.

"Of these *Dii Tutelares*," says Blunt, "Horace does not forget the mention in his catalogue of the ship's furniture. In proving her not to be sea-worthy, he is not satisfied with shewing that her oars are lost, her mast shattered, her cables rotten, her sails rent, but the gods too, who might have been invoked in distress, had been washed away in the storm:—

Non Dii quos iterum pressa voces malo.

The passage is very properly illustrated by a reference to Persius, who, in describing the disastrous shipwreck of the miserly merchant, represents him cast ashore, together with the gods which the tempest had dashed from the stern:—

. . . . Jacet ipse in littore, et unà
Ingentes de puppe Dii.—vi. 30.

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* For other instances of this superstitious practice, see Addison on Medals, pp. 72, 73.

From the casual manner in which these insignia are mentioned by Ovid, in his narrative of the foul weather which he encountered on the voyage to the place of his exile, it may be fairly inferred that they formed an established part of a Roman ship:—

Me miserum, (says he,) quantis increscunt æquora ventis;
Erutaque ex imis fervet arena vadis!
Monte nec inferior proræ puppique recurvæ
Insilit, et pictos verberat unda deos.—TRIST. l. iii. 110.

O'er the rough sea the maddening tempests sweep,
The sand in eddies rushes from the deep,
Leaps the huge mountain wave o'er stern and prow,
And lashes fierce the painted gods below.—BLUNT.

Indeed, it seems probable that vessels took their names from their tutelar deities; and, consequently, that they were of a sacred character: accordingly the boat in Catullus is dedicated, before sailing, to Castor and Pollux:

. . . . . Seque dedicat tibi,
Gemelle Castor, et Gemelle Castoris.
DED. PHASEL. l. iv. 36.

And St. Paul sailed from Melite to Puteoli in a ship 'whose sign was Castor and Pollux.' (Acts xxviii. 11). Now to this day the names of the vessels belonging to the ports of Italy and Sicily are almost invariably sacred; and at Messina or Naples may be seen the Swift, the Dart, the Enterprize, or the Wellington, from Liverpool, lying alongside the Santa Elizabeta, the Santa Maria della Providenza, the Santissimo Core di Jesu, &c., with corresponding figures conspicuous on the prow. At the

same time, in the cabins of these latter will be found a Madonna or a saint in wax, wood, or paper, with a lamp suspended before it. In Sicily, the smallest boat that is paddled along shore by a fisherman or porter, would be thought not more ill-appointed without an oar, than without a guardian angel for insurance against calamity.

"Indeed, the credulity of the Italian mariners has ever pressed the most faithful of the senses into its service; of which a very curious instance is noticed by Forsyth. It is this: the meteoric appearance which is sometimes seen in the Mediterranean at the close of a storm, and which was anciently called Castor and Pollux:—

Quorum simul alba nautis
Stella refulsit,
Concidit ventis agitatus humor.

Whose white star cheers the seaman o'er the deep,
Glad sign for waves to rest and winds to sleep.—BLUNT.

is now hailed by the sailors with equal joy under the name of St. Peter and St. Nicholas.

"I will only add, that the Italians generally paint upon the prow of their vessels a large eye; a practice no doubt derived from ancient times, when the whole of that extremity of the ship being formed to represent a bird's head, of course so principal a feature was not omitted. Many of the old coins still preserve it; as also do good specimens of the *as*, with its divisions."

On reaching Stromboli we landed on the eastern side of the island, the north and north-west sides being very precipitous and barren. Stromboli consists principally

of a conical mountain about 2000 feet in height; it is evidently the offspring of a volcano; even the beach is perfectly black. Of the three volcanos of the south of Europe, this is the only one which constantly emits fire. Unlike those of Ætna and Vesuvius, the crater of Stromboli is on its side, and not within one hundred yards of its summit. In the evening a long line of liquid fire may be seen on the north side of the mountain, extending from the crater nearly to the brink of the sea. Stromboli seems to be the only volcano that burns without intermission. Ætna and Vesuvius often remain for months, and even years, without any appearance of fire; but Stromboli is ever at work, and for ages past has been looked upon as the great light-house of these seas. Volcano and Volcanello sometimes throw out volumes of smoke, but the fire in them and the rest of the Lipari isles seems almost extinct. The force of the whole seems to centre in Stromboli, which acts as one great vent to them all.

The island is about nine miles in circumference, and contains about 1200 inhabitants. The eastern side produces a few figs, but it is principally covered with vines, trained low to protect them from the violence of the winds. They produce a white wine called malvoisia, strong-bodied and as sweet as mead. The houses are detached, and on the most humble scale, consisting in general of but one room, with a flat roof, and admitting light only by the door—a method of construction rendered necessary here by the frequency of earthquakes. The Strombolite has therefore few of the conveniences

of life to boast of; but he has at least the same sort of negative happiness as Goldsmith ascribes to the Swiss. If his own cot affords him little comfort, he sees that his neighbour's would afford him no more; for here all are on the same humble scale:

> . . . . . No contiguous palace rears its head
> To shame the meanness of his humble shed.

The island of Lipari, from which the rest of this cluster take their names, is the largest and most fertile of the whole. By the description which Aristotle has given of this island, it appears to have been in his time—what Stromboli is in ours—considered by sailors as the light-house of these seas. Virgil makes it the habitation of Æolus: indeed all these islands were formerly called Æolian. As they were full of vast caverns, roaring with internal fires, it was not unnatural that the poets should feign that Æolus kept the winds imprisoned here, and let them out at his pleasure. This fiction is of great use both to Homer and Virgil whenever they want to raise a storm; and forms no small part of their machinery. A goddess had only to take a flight to one of the Lipari isles, and Æolus, who was the very pink of politeness, had always a storm at her service.

The forge of Vulcan too has been placed by the poets in Hiera, another of these islands. Virgil sends him here to make the celestial armour of Æneas; and here it was that he found the Cyclops forging the thunderbolt of Jupiter, of which the same poet has given so curious a description:—

. . . . . Pars imperfecta manebat.
Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ
Addiderant! rutili tres ignis, et alitis Austri.
Fulgores nunc terrificos, sonitumque metumque
Miscebant operi, flammisque sequacibus iras.—Æn. viii. 428.

Half rough, half formed, the dreadful engine lay!
Three points of rain; three forks of hail conspire;
Three armed with wind, and three were barbed with fire.
The mass they tempered thick with livid rays,
Fear, wrath, and terror, and the lightning's blaze.

This island is now called Volcano, the same that is recorded by Pliny and Eusebius to have been produced by fire in the time of the republic. Virgil is therefore guilty of an anachronism in sending Vulcan to a place which did not exist till many ages after. These islands, he says, were called Vulcanian as well as Æolian;—

Vulcani domus, et Vulcania nomine tellus.

The change of name from Hiera to Volcano was therefore a very natural one.

Sailing from Stromboli with a fair wind, we reached the straits of Messina in about five hours; having during our passage enjoyed a fine view of the gigantic Ætna,

Soaring snow-clad thro' his native sky,
In the wild pomp of mountain majesty.

On entering the Canal of Messina, as it is sometimes called, we kept near the Promontory of Pelorus. The width of the straits, reckoning from the Faro Point to that classical bugbear the rock of Scylla, is exactly 6047 English yards. The Promontory of Pelorus, now

called also the Faro Point, from the light-house placed there for the direction of mariners,) is said to have received its ancient name from Hannibal, in memory of his pilot Pelorus, whom he had put to death on a false suspicion of his having intended to betray him here.

Claudian tells us that Italy and Sicily were once united:—

Trinacria quondam Italiæ pars una fuit.

Virgil also, in his third Æneid, tells the same story:—

Hæc loca vi quondam, et vastâ convulsa ruinâ, &c.

and Pliny, Strabo, and Diodorus, are of the same opinion; yet no very marked indications of such an union are now discoverable. The shore of Calabria is composed of steep and almost perpendicular rocks and mountains; that of Sicily is a plain of some extent, bounded by mountains at a little distance.

As we passed the Faro Point, we had a good view of the dark rocks of Scylla, and almost fancied we could hear that roaring of the waters, occasioned by the absorption of the caverns underneath the surface, which gave rise to the monstrous fictions of the ancients*. The dangers of Scylla are attributable, in a great measure, to the precipitous nature of the shore;—the small inlet, where the Prince of Scylla perished with so many of his people in the calamitous earthquakes of 1783, toge-

* Hinc latratus auditus, hinc monstri credita simulacra, dum navigantes, magnis vorticibus pelagi desidentis exterriti, latrare putant undas quas sorbentis æstûs vorago conlidit.—*Just.* lib. iv. c. i.

ther with a smaller one contiguous to it, being the only landing places for several leagues. "The shock," says Craven, in his Tour in South Italy, "which all this portion of the Calabrian coast experienced on the morning of the 5th of February, had been highly detrimental to the town of Scylla, and levelled with the dust most of the houses situated on the upper range. The castle had also sustained considerable damage: it was the residence of the Prince, whom advanced age and infirmities had rendered almost indifferent to the fate which appeared to threaten his existence, in common with that of the whole population. He had determined to await the event before the crucifix in his chapel, but was persuaded to leave the walls of a mansion which appeared scarcely able to resist further concussion, and seek his safety in flight towards the mountains, where he possessed a magnificent residence called La Melia; but the road that led out of the town was so encumbered with the ruins of the buildings which had been overthrown, that it was resolved to defer his departure till the following day; and a temporary, and apparently, secure asylum was sought on the strand of one of the two small bays which are separated by the castle, and form harbours for the fishing boats. To the largest of these, on the southern side of the promontory, this nobleman retired, and prepared to pass the night in a felucca, which had been hauled up on the sand, with all the other vessels belonging to the place; serving as receptacles for the remains of property or household goods saved by the unfortunate owners out of their fallen habitations. Here all the surviving indivi-

duals had assembled, and, after a day of terror, hoped to pass a few hours of comparative ease and tranquillity. The Ave Maria had been said, in which the feudal despot and all his vassals, now reduced to one common level of humiliation by the visitations they apprehended, had joined with all the fervour of penitence and fear. The cries of motherless babes, and the lamentations of childless parents, had subsided with the commotions of the earth; while grief, terror, and even despair, lost their power of excitement, and all had sunk under the languor of bodily as well as mental exhaustion. Not a breath of air disturbed the stillness of the atmosphere; not the slightest ripple was audible on the surface of the sea: it seemed as if the elements, mankind, and nature herself, had wasted their energies, and yielded to the necessity of repose.

"At about half-past seven, a distant but loud crash proclaimed some new disaster, and awakened to a fearful state of suspense all the silent sufferers. A powerful recurrence of the morning's shocks had severed a large portion of Mount Baci, which forms the next promontory towards the south, and dashed its shivered mass into the sea. The darkness precluded an immediate communication of this event to the trembling population on the sands, and also shrouded from their knowledge the anticipation of its consequences. They were roused by the earthquake; but, extended on the beach, and out of the reach of all the buildings, they thought themselves comparatively secure from real danger. A low rustling noise soon was heard, which gradually but rapidly increased

to the roar of the most impetuous hurricane. The waters of the whole canal, impelled by the pressure of the fallen mountain, in a single wave had rushed with irresistible force over the opposite point of the Faro, which it entirely inundated. Thrown back towards the Calabrian coast, it passed with impetuosity over the shore of Scylla; and, in its retreat to the bosom of the deep, swept from its surface every individual who had thought to find safety in the bareness of its sands. One abhorrent shriek uttered by the united voices of 4,000 beings, thus snatched to eternity, re-echoed from the mountains; and the tremendous wave, returning a second and last time, rose to the elevation of the highest houses that yet remained entire, and buried many of them in masses of mud and sand, leaving on their flat roofs, and among the branches of the trees which grew out of the impending rocks, the mangled bodies of the victims it had destroyed. But these were not many; for the mass, including the Prince of Scylla, were never seen or heard of more."

The Pharos, situated at the head of the Promontory of Pelorus, commands a full view of the fortifications constructed at this point by the English, during their occupation of Sicily. One object of these fortifications was to insulate the Faro Point—an object greatly facilitated by two salt-water lakes in the vicinity, distant little more than half a mile from each other*. From the upper

* These lakes abound with an excellent shell-fish, called *cocciole* —the *pelorides* of the ancients.

lake there were cut two canals, the one opening into the main sea, the other into the straits. A third canal, connecting the two lakes together, was also cut; and it was during the execution of this latter work, that the foundation of the Temple of Neptune, once held in great repute, and said to have been built by Orion, was discovered.—(Diod. Sic. lib. iv. 197). The materials of this temple, it seems, were applied, in the reign of Justinian, to the building of the cathedral of Messina; and so complete was the consequent demolition of the former structure, that its very site had long been forgotten. Some remains of Roman baths, together with portions of tesselated pavement, were also discovered during the excavations near the Faro Point.

The current in the straits—called rema, evidently from the Greek word ρευμα—is very rapid, and changes its direction every six hours. This change of current has by some been attributed to a subterranean communication between Ætna and the sea. Aristotle, however, ascribed this, like other ebbs and flows, to the influence of the moon; and this hypothesis is corroborated not only by the regularity of the six-hour tide*, but by the

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* Virgil, following Homer, says the current changes three times a day:—

> . . . . . Ter gurgite vastos
> Sorbet in abruptum fluctus rursusque sub auras
> Erigit alternos.

Many, however, think with Polybius, that Homer wrote δις instead of τρις, the latter having been inserted by the inattention of copyists.

fact that the current is more or less rapid according to the increase or wane of that planet. If the wind and current happen to be both of them contrary, there is no alternative but to anchor outside the straits till the latter turns, when it is easy enough to make the passage. Some allowance ought doubtless to be made for poetical exaggeration; but it seems scarcely fair to suppose that the dangers of Charybdis existed only in the imagination of the poets. If it no longer inspires terror, this perhaps is chiefly attributable to the great improvement in the science of navigation—a science in which the ancients were exceedingly deficient; while their consequent timidity was so notorious, that Propertius's caution against the risk of venturing too far from shore might, one would think, have been spared:—

> Alter remus aquas, alter tibi radat arenas,
> Tutus eris; medio maxima turba mari.—Lib. iii.
>
> To shun the dangers of the ocean, sweep
> The sands with one oar, and with one the deep.

Various situations have been assigned to the Charybdis of antiquity. Some, for example, place it at the Faro Point; others at the mouth of the harbour; others, again, at the lighthouse opposite the harbour, where the water is in a state of constant agitation. Captain Smyth seems to adopt this latter supposition. "Outside the tongue of land," says he, "that forms the harbour of Messina, lies the Galofaro, or celebrated vortex of Charybdis, which has, with more reason than Scylla, been clothed with terrors by the writers of antiquity. To the

undecked boats of the Rhegians, Locrians, Zancleans, and Greeks, it must have been formidable; for, even in the present day, small craft are sometimes endangered by it, and I have seen several men-of-war, and even a seventy-four-gun ship, whirled round on its surface; but, by using due caution, there is generally very little danger or inconvenience to be apprehended. It appears to be an agitated water, of from seventy to ninety fathoms in depth, circling in quick eddies. It is owing probably to the meeting of the harbour and lateral currents with the main one, the latter being forced over in this direction by the opposite point of Pezzo. This agrees, in some measure, with the relation of Thucydides, who calls it a violent reciprocation of the Tyrrhene and Sicilian seas; and he is the only writer of remote antiquity I remember to have read, who has assigned this danger its true situation*, and not exaggerated its effects."

In this passage, in order to avoid the violent suction occasioned by the whirling of the waters of Charybdis, the small gallies in use among the ancients were obliged to steer as close as possible to the Calabrian coast: thus, when they came opposite Cape Pelorus,

* Probably the ancients themselves had but vague notions upon this point, and in the name of Charybdis included the whole extent of this eddying surge—this "mare vorticosum," as it is called by Pliny.—(N. H. lib. iii. c. 8). Homer and Virgil describe it as poets, not as topographers, and probably never inspected its terrors; or, if it ever had a local habitation as well as a name, this has disappeared in the lapse of ages.—*Hughes's Travels in Greece, &c.*

where the rapidity of the current is increased by the narrowness of the straits, they were in danger of being carried directly against Scylla. Hence the proverb, (still applied to those who, in attemping to avoid one evil, fall into another):—

Incidit in Scyllam, qui vult vitare Charybdim.

MESSINA.

Λιμην ευορμος εν' ου χρεω πεισματος εστιν,
Ουτ' ευνας βαλλειν ουτε πρυμνησι' αναψαι.—HOMER.

MESSINA rises from the shore of its noble harbour over several ranges of secondary hills, at the base of that magnificent range of mountains, to which has been applied the name of the Neptunian chain. In front is the bold coast of Calabria, presenting scenes scarcely less romantic than those on the Sicilian side, and separated from it only by a strait which has rather the appearance of a majestic river than the sea.

The town itself, though crowded with churches, convents, and fountains, presents nothing very striking, with the exception of the quay, which stretches along the edge of the harbour for nearly a mile, commanding an uninterrupted view of the Calabrian coast. The crescent of noble edifices, called La Palazzata, which formerly flanked this quay, was overturned by the tremendous earthquakes of 1783, and lay in a state of ruin till the occupation of Sicily by the English. These edifices have since been but partly restored; for the government, dreading a recurrence of the same disastrous convulsions, forbad the carrying of them to their former height. Hence they look as if cut down at the first story—the pillars being without capitals, and far short of their intended elevation.

Messina derived its ancient name of Zanclé or Danclé from the supposed resemblance of its harbour to a sickle*; that harbour being formed by a rocky sandy headland projecting circularly into the straits. Its size is such as to render it capable of sheltering a large fleet; while its depth is so great as to permit the heaviest vessels to anchor close alongside the quay. Hence it has been conjectured that this may be the very harbour to which Homer refers in the motto, as the one in which Ulysses took refuge on this coast.

At Messina the ecclesiastical body is more remarkable for its numbers than its learning, a circumstance sufficiently accounted for by the low origin of many who compose that body. Some writers have gone so far as to assert, that at least a tenth part of the population consists of monks and ecclesiastics; and when it is considered that the ambition of every family, however poor, is to have a member in the church, this assertion will not be deemed so very incredible. The ascendancy of this priesthood over the minds of the people, is, notwithstanding the admitted laxity of its morals, as great as the most bigoted catholic could desire.

So addicted are the inhabitants of Messina to superstitious observances, that the city is called, κατ' εξοχην, "the city of the Virgin." Hughes gives the following curious description of the procession of the Bara, which takes place annually at the celebration of the festival of

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* Το δε δρεπανον παρα Σικελοις ζαγκλον καλειται.—*Is. Tzytzes ad Lycoph.* p. 125.

the Assumption:—" The pomp commences with a train of nobles and city magistrates, with their insignia of office, and decked in their most splendid habiliments; then follow the military, with banners flying, to the sound of martial music; next come the fraternities of monks and friars—a motley crew, black, white, and grey, girded with knotted cords and loaded with relics and crucifixes. These latter precede an immense car, equal in height to the very tops of the houses, and dragged along with ropes by many hundreds of cattle in the shape of men. The lower story of this moveable tower is embellished with hangings of rich silk and velvet, forming an imaginary sepulchre for the Virgin: it is filled with a band of musicians and a choir, who chant solemn dirges over the body of the deceased. Twelve youths, with brazen glories on their heads, encircle this tomb externally, to represent the twelve apostles; round these a circular frame carries, with an horizontal motion from right to left, several little children attached, in flowing robes and painted wings, to support the character of angels. Upon the platform of the second story stands a company of prophets chanting the Madonna's praises; and in front of this prophetical choir a large image of the sun, revolving with a vertical motion, carries round six infants affixed to the ends of its principal rays, and styled the Cherubim: six more on the other side perform similar revolutions upon a figure of the moon. The third story is decorated with a tribe of singing patriarchs, around whom a circular frame moves horizontally from left to right, with a train of Seraphim. Over the heads of the patriarchal

family is fixed a large sphere, painted sky-blue, and figured with golden stars; little winged infants flit around this, under the denomination of 'moving intelligences,' or 'souls of the universe.' Upon the sphere itself stands a damsel fifteen or sixteen years old, decked in embroidered robes glittering with spangles, in the character of our Saviour; and in her right hand, stretched out and supported by iron machinery, she holds a beautiful child, who represents the soul of the blessed Virgin.

"At an appointed signal this well-freighted car begins to move, when it is welcomed with reiterated shouts and vivas by the infatuated populace—drums and trumpets play—the Dutch concert in the machine commences—and thousands of pateraroes, fired off by a train of gunpowder, make even the shores of Calabria re-echo with the sound. The angels, cherubim, seraphim, and animated intelligences, all begin to revolve in such implicated orbs as make even the spectators giddy with the sight. But alas! for the unfortunate little actors in the pantomime; they, in spite of their heavenly characters, are soon doomed to experience the infirmities of mortality. Angels droop—cherubim are scared out of their wits—seraphim set up outrageous cries—souls of the universe faint away—and moving intelligences are moved by the most terrible inversion of the peristaltic motion. Then thrice happy those to whom an upper station has been allotted. It not unfrequently happens that one or more of these innocents fall victims to this revolutionary system, and earn the crown of martyrdom. But imagination can scarcely conceive the violent gestures and fran-

tic exclamations of the crowd below, beating their breasts and tearing their hair, calling out the name of the Madonna in the most impassioned manner, and trampling each other down in eager haste to kiss the sacred car, or touch it with wax tapers, which are thus impregnated with all the virtues of an apothecary's shop. At different stations the pageant stops: then, while all is silence, the personage representing our Saviour thus addresses the soul of his mother in Sicilian verse:—

" Virgine di li virgini ab eternu
Eletta, e poi creata matri santa
A pussidiri lu regnu supernu
Di lu miu Patri cu gloria tanta,
Veni felici Pianta, poiche hai misu
Paci fra l' homu e Diu, chi l' havi offisu:
Veni triunfanti imperatrici a dari
Riposu all' infiniti toi tormenti,
Chi suppurtasti per riscattari
L'homu dall' infernali focu ardenti:
Veni climenti Matri, Alma Regina,
Prega per la tua divota Messina.

" To this address the soul of the Virgin then returns the following answer:—

" Milli gratii ti rendu, eternu Patri;
Chi di l'ancilla tua ti ricurdasti,
Ed a ti o dulci Figliu chi a la Matri
La tua città fidili ricumandasti:
Perchi ordinasti ch' io li sia avucata
Pri l'amor miu ti sia ricumandata.

" This ended, they both make frequent signs of the

cross in the air, and pronounce a benediction over the people, who receive it even with tears of devotion. The tottering car then again moves forward, the pateraroes roar, and the sky is rent with reiterated shouts. The pageant closes in the great square opposite the cathedral, where two enormous equestrian pasteboard statues are erected, representing Cham and Rhea, the supposed founders of Messina. They are called by the vulgar, Madre and Griffona, and serve to frighten children like our Gog and Magog.

"During the following week the principal performers in this celestial drama pay their visits to the inhabitants, in full costume, to receive their contributions. As all these children are considered sacred and under the peculiar patronage of the Madonna, a place upon the machine is eagerly sought for by their parents, and a ray of the sun or moon brings no inconsiderable profit to their proprietors. In this manner is the 'Santissima Virgine' honoured on the festival of her assumption. In passion-week, when she assumes the title of 'Virgine Dolorosa,' the frauds and follies practised are still more disgusting: but her day of glory is the third of June. On that day she parades the streets under triumphal arches, and accompanied by a magnificent procession, in her best powdered wig and all the treasures of her wardrobe, bearing her favourite title of 'Madonna della Lettera, Protettrice della Citta.' This is the anniversary of the day when she wrote her ever memorable letter."

Tradition says, that the people of Messina, having been converted to Christianity by the preaching of St. Paul,

decreed a congratulatory address to the Virgin Mary at her residence in Jerusalem. This embassy, conducted by the apostle himself, having been most graciously received, was dismissed with a profusion of compliments and a most comfortable letter from the illustrious personage addressed. The copy now extant is unfortunately only the translation of a translation; for the original Hebrew was turned into Greek by St. Paul for the use of his new converts; and the celebrated Constantine Lascaris, in the year 1467, did into Latin the Greek of the apostle. Among the archives is kept a register of the wonderful cures this epistle has performed, especially in driving out devils, and in cases of difficult parturition. Even queens have carried it round their necks on such occasions. A picture of the Virgin, which adorns the Cappella della Lettera, is supposed to have been painted by St. Luke; and a model of the galley which brought so precious a charge to the Sicilian shores is kept to accompany it in procession.

That method of fishing which the ancients called πυρευτικη, is still practised in these straits during the summer months. On these occasions, the numerous boats, while following their nocturnal occupations, are, each of them, provided with an iron crate, attached to the prow, in which a bright flame is kept up by a constant supply of dry wood. The boatmen are armed with harpoons, and the fish, which appear to be attracted by the fires, are speared as they glance by the boat. The harbour and quay of Messina, when thus lighted up, make a most brilliant and imposing spectacle.

A more attractive sport, however, is the fishing for the pesce-spada, which begins about the middle of April, and continues till the middle of September. From the commencement of this fishery till the end of June it is carried on upon the shore of Calabria; and from this latter period till the middle of September on that of Sicily. The reason is, that, from April till June, the sword-fish—either for the sake of food, or from some other unascertained cause—entering by the Faro, keeps along the shore of Calabria without approaching that of Sicily; while, from the end of June to the middle of September, it takes the opposite side. The sword-fish weighs generally from one to two hundred pounds. The formidable weapon to which it owes its name varies from three to four feet in length, projecting from the end of the upper jaw and terminating in a point.

The pesce-spada is taken either with the *palimadara*, a kind of net with very close meshes, or with the harpoon. In the latter case the fishermen make use of a boat called *luntre*, from the Latin word *linter*, a vessel about eighteen feet in length by seven or eight in width—the prow being wider than the stern, in order to give the harpooner more room. The boat is furnished with a mast, called *gariere* or *fariere*, about eighteen feet in length, on the round top of which is placed one of the crew, whose business it is to descry the fish and watch its motions. The mast, near the bottom, is crossed at right angles by a yard called *la croce*, to the extremities of which the oars are attached by means of loops, to enable the rowers to turn the boat with the greater ease

and celerity. The harpoon, which is about twelve feet long, is made fast to a rope something more than half an inch in diameter and two hundred yards in length.

While the fish coast along the Calabrian shore, two men are placed on the rocks or cliffs to give notice of their approach. A similar practice is adopted on the Sicilian side; but there, as the shore is less precipitous, two vessels are moored near it, at the distance of a stone's throw from each other, and on the masts of these the men are stationed.

On the approach of a fish, which is said to be indicated by a change of colour in the water, the signal is given by the men stationed at the mast-head or on the cliffs, as the case may be, and the foremost *luntre* then bears down upon it in the direction pointed out, till the spy on the round top of the *luntre* itself has also descried it. The vessel is then steered to one side or the other according to his direction, while the harpooner stands ready at the prow, anxiously watching an opportunity to hurl his weapon, which he does with almost unerring aim; taking care at the same time to let the fish have rope enough to run. The men now row with all their might, following the track of the wounded fish, till at length, exhausted with the loss of blood, he rises to the surface of the water, and is easily dragged into the boat. It must not be supposed, however, that this sport is altogether without danger; for sometimes the pesce-spada, when of large size, has been known to turn upon his pursuers, to pierce the side of the boat with his weapon, and even to upset it.

No city of Sicily that occupies an ancient site contains so few remains of antiquity as Messina; a circumstance perhaps to be attributed to its situation, which has ever subjected it to the attacks of foreign invaders*.

The Greeks are still numerous in this city†, where they have been in possession of various privileges ever since the time of the Saracens, to whom they surrendered it on advantageous terms. In the square of San Giovanni there is a small church, in which, service, according to the Greek ritual, is still performed by a Protopapas or high priest, appointed by the Pope.

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* Messina is surrounded by an old irregular wall finished by Charles V., and commanded at almost every point; but there are two strong and well-built forts above the town, the one called Gonzaga and the other Castellaccio, which would considerably retard the progress of an enemy, and annoy him during any operations against the citadel. The citadel itself, a regular pentagon, with a fausse braye and several outworks, is executed on the strict rules of Vauban; but as it was erected to keep the city in awe after a rebellion, the chief strength is rather directed towards the land than the sea-side. It is moreover greatly exposed in several places.—*Smyth's Memoir.*

† Over the door of a café on the Marina, might be seen, in the year 1826, the following inscription:—*Καφε Νεων Των Ἑλληνων.*

JOURNEY TO PALERMO.

Qua via difficilis, quaque est via nulla.—Ovid.

At Messina we hired mules, in order to make the tour of the island. On quitting the suburbs we soon began to wind up a steep acclivity, where the many beautiful points of view rendered us almost insensible of the ascent. The canal of Messina, inclosed on all sides by the mountains of Sicily and Calabria, viewed from this road, presents a striking resemblance to some of the larger lakes of Switzerland. At the highest point of the road the view is still more varied and beautiful, commanding—towards the south and east, the town and port of Messina, the Straits, and the Calabrian shore from Reggio to the rocks of Scylla—towards the north, a long sweep of coast, with Lipari and its dependent isles—and in the foreground, a range of magnificent mountains, with the ruins of a solitary castle crowning one of their most elevated summits.

In our descent, we found on the declivities of the hills an abundance of fig, mulberry, and other fruit-trees; till, on approaching nearer the sea, the plain widened, and the fields were covered with corn. The mountains on the left, well wooded and sprinkled with villages, presented a varied and picturesque appearance.

We left the town of Milazzo*, the ancient Mylæ, on the right, and proceeding onwards, came to the hill above the village of Olivieri, on the summit of which are the remains of the ancient Tyndaris. A considerable part of the walls, admirably built of large oblong stones, without cement, still exists. Of the theatre, the front and part of the walls adjoining the scene also remain. Near it is another large structure, with arches, niches, and pilasters; but the destination of this latter building is unknown, though some suppose it to be part of the Gymnasium mentioned by Cicero. Broken pieces of Greek vases, scattered over the site of the city, attest its antiquity. Medals, cameos, and intaglios have also been found here. Fazzello mentions the ruins of a temple of Jupiter, on a neighbouring hill, which still bears the name of Monte Giove.

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* "Milazzo," says Captain Smyth, "offers every requisite advantage for a strong military position, as the promontory is a mass of granite, elevated considerably above the plain, and bounded on all sides by steep rocks, inaccessible from the sea, except where some narrow paths are cut, but which might be broken up in an hour. The approaches from all parts of it, towards the castle, meet in a narrow pass, and the principal road is flanked by two solid square towers. If the lower town was entirely razed, and some of the houses of the upper town near the castle destroyed, the situation might be rendered impregnable; and the fertile gardens and vineyards, with which the whole of the promontory is covered, would afford a besieged garrison the refreshments of fruit and vegetables, with the benefit of exercise; and, by people possessing naval superiority, it might be evacuated at pleasure, as there is an anchorage under Paradiso, out of the range of shot or shell from the plain."

We found the whole of this northern coast of Sicily highly picturesque. The mountains were covered with flowering broom, and with the most luxuriant heaths and myrtles—the vigorous growth of the latter shrub, on the very edge of the sea-shore, verifying its claim to the character given it by Virgil,

. . . . amantes litora myrtos.

Near the sea, however, the valleys were frequently desolated by the vast quantities of stone and sand rolled down by the mountain torrents. On the fourth night after our departure from Messina we entered Cefalù, the ancient Cafalædium*. The present town is situated on a low point, under a high conical mount, on the summit of which are the ruins of a very ancient Phœnician edifice, and a Saracenic castle, with a crenated wall and battlements. The old town, being difficult of access, and in a state of decay, was removed to the plain by King Roger, to grace the temple which he had erected on this spot. It is recorded of him, that, sailing from Naples to Sicily, he was overtaken by a tempest in the gulf of Salerno; that, during the violence of the storm, he vowed to build a temple in honour of the Saviour of the world on the first shore to which he might drive; and that, having reached Cefalù, he there fulfilled his vow, by raising the present cathedral. Like other works of the

* The Greeks, who suffered no likeness to escape them, gave it this name from the resemblance of the promontory on which it was built to a head (κεφαλη).

same era, it is in the Norman style of architecture. The choir is adorned with mosaics, and the vaulting supported by many fine columns, of different sorts and sizes, which probably belonged originally to some heathen temple.

In six hours after leaving Cefalù we arrived at Termini. The country around the former principally produces manna and olives; but, on approaching the latter, the objects of cultivation change, and vineyards and extensive corn-fields succeed. We crossed two considerable streams, the Fiume Grande, or the ancient Himera Septentrionalis—the scene of one of the most disastrous battles on record, in which the Carthaginian army was almost annihilated by the forces under Gelon—and on whose banks the city of Himera was situated, and the Fiume Torto.

Not far distant from Himera were the Thermæ Himerenses, which, after the destruction of that city, became populous and flourishing. Warm springs of various qualities, still in vogue at Termini, seem to point out that place as the site of the ancient Thermæ.

In various parts of the modern town there are scattered remnants of former magnificence. In the Palazzo Pubblico are several inscriptions, with representations of the medals of the ancient Himera, in marble. These inscriptions have been published by the Prince of Torremuzza in his collection.

The country around Termini exhibits a pleasing appearance, from the intermixture of corn-fields, vineyards, orange, and olive-trees, and the number of casinos sprin-

kled over the declivities of the mountains. At Termini, from whence to Palermo there is an excellent road, we exchanged our mules for a carriage. Carriage-travelling is a luxury almost unknown in Sicily, where, from the execrable state of the roads, or rather tracks, the most wealthy and the most delicate, when on a journey, must needs be content with a litter*. With regard to the dangers upon which travellers in Sicily have so often enlarged, these may now be ranked with the tales of the nursery:—

> Tales told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing.

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* The Lettiga or litter, is a sort of narrow chaise, holding two persons, the one opposite the other: it is mounted on two poles, and borne along by mules at the rate of from two to three miles an hour.

PALERMO.

Palermo, città magnifica, ha un contado ove contende l'amenità con la dovitia d'ogni cosa, e si chiama perciò Conca d'Oro.—*Rosacci, Descrizione di Sicilia.*

PALERMO was originally called Panormus, in reference either to the fertility of its environs, or the convenience of its port. The more general opinion is, that it derived its name from the excellence of its harbour, though, from the altered state of the city and its vicinity, we cannot now say how justly it was applied. Of its ancient port, which entered into the heart of the city, and conveyed vessels to the very doors of the inhabitants, no vestige remains. The city was known only by the name of Panormus, a strong presumption that it derived its origin from the Greeks; though, from an ancient Chaldaic inscription, which was once preserved in the tower of Baych, some have inferred that its primitive inhabitants were emigrants from Chaldæa and Damascus. Fazzello dates its foundation 3360 years before Christ. Thucydides records that, with Soluntum and Motya, it was occupied by the Phœnicians. It afterwards fell into the hands of the Carthaginians, and was looked upon as their capital in the island. It was at that time divided into two parts, the old and the new; the latter of which was taken by the Romans, in the first Punic war; and shortly afterwards the old city was compelled to surrender. After

the defeat of Asdrubal by Cecilius Metellus, it entered into alliance with Rome, and obtained the honours and privileges of a free city. The *Respublica Panhormitanorum* appears in many old inscriptions yet extant. One of these records the alliance with Rome, and the origin of the Prætorship; and exhibits an eagle as the arms of the city. Historians have commemorated the spirit of its female inhabitants, who, during a siege, when hemp was not to be procured, cut off their hair to make bow-strings for the archers. The heroism of the women must ever excite that of the men. The besieged, animated by the devotion of the fair sex, renewed their defence with so much vigour, that the assailants were beat off; and a reinforcement soon after arriving, the city was saved. The women of Palermo still value themselves on this story, which their bards have not neglected to celebrate. "The hair of our ladies," (says one of their quaint poets), "is still employed in the same office; but now it discharges no other shafts than those of Cupid; and the only cords it forms are the cords of love."

During the siege of Syracuse, Panormus tripled the supply of auxiliary troops which the other confederate cities sent to Marcellus. Hence the verse of Silius Italicus:—

Tergemino venit numero fœcunda Panormus.

After the fall of the Roman empire, it became, in 515, subject to the Greeks of Constantinople. Under the reign of Justinian it was seized by the Goths; but, being recovered by Belisarius, it continued a dependency of the

Greek empire till 826, when it became the metropolis of the Saracens. After remaining in their possession two centuries, it fell into the hands of the Normans; and since that period has been successively under the dominion of different nations.

We can form an idea of the ports, theatres, and temples of Panormus, only from the descriptions of different authors who wrote while those objects were still in existence. All the monuments of Greek and Roman magnificence have long since been swept away. The two last, which survived the lapse of ages, were the towers called Baych and Pharat, of which Fazzello so pathetically laments the destruction.

Palermo, though in many instances it presents an incongruous mixture of pomp and poverty, is still, upon the whole, a regularly built and handsome city. It may be considered as divided into four quarters, by two principal streets, terminated by lofty gates, and forming at their intersection a small octangular piazza, called the "Quattro Cantonieri," or "Piazza Vigliena." Among the many noble edifices with which it is adorned, the following merit notice:—the College of the Jesuits—the Cathedral, whose oriental Gothic outside is disgraced by a Greek interior of comparatively modern date—and the Royal Palace; to which is attached a curious chapel in the arabesque style, covered from top to bottom with rich but rude mosaic.

In its interior, Palermo presents a scene of confusion somewhat similar to that of Naples. "Swarms of priests, nobles, officers, and other loungers, yawning on chairs

before the coffee-houses—cobblers, tailors, coopers, carpenters, and artisans of every description, at their respective employments outside their shop-doors—complete the usurpation of the sides of the streets, driving foot passengers to run the gauntlet among the numerous carriages. The constant calling out this occasions, on the part of the coachmen, who seek to distinguish every person by an appropriate appellation, added to the hurry of business, and the thirsty groups around the fantastically decorated iced-water stalls, conspire to crowd and confuse the whole scene*."

The situation of Palermo, too, rivals even that of Naples. Its effect, when viewed from the bay, is admirably given by Hughes:—"It was a fine evening in the month of May when we cast anchor in the bay of Palermo. The land breeze wafted fragrance from the orange groves in its environs; the sea was covered even to the horizon with innumerable little vessels, whose white triangular sails, crossing each other to catch the gale, seemed like the extended pinions of aquatic birds; whilst the deep radiance of the setting sun gilded the fantastic summits of that grand semicircle of mountains which surround the 'Conca d'oro,' that golden shell in which Sicilian poets represent Palermo as set like a beauteous pearl†."

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* Smyth's Memoir.

† The gardens in the suburbs of Palermo, and the Conca d'oro, are unrivalled in beauty. "La città di Palermo," (says Bisaccione, lib. i. Mem. Hist.) "ha d'intorno una corona di monti, che rendono il

This bay is formed by the Monte Catalfano on one side, and Monte Pellegrino on the other. At the extremity of this sweep, and under Monte Pellegrino, is the present port, with its mole, far inferior to the ancient, and little deserving the epithet Panormus. Adjoining the city was the river Orethus, on the banks of which Asdrubal was defeated by Metellus. Its name is now changed to Admirati, from the name of the builder of the bridge by which it is traversed. Monte Pellegrino, famed for the shrine of S. Rosolia, is supposed to have been the site of Ercta, a strong post where the Carthaginians encamped under Amilcar Barcas; of the situation and peculiarities of which Polybius has left a minute account.—(Polyb. lib. i. c. 5).

Palermo still retains some traces of its Saracenic conquerors. The palaces of Zisa, Cuba, and Mare Dolce, were the habitations of the Saracenic princes. From the top of the Zisa the eye takes in, at one glance, the whole of the Conca d'oro. Here you may appreciate the justness of Fazzello's description of the situation of Palermo —a description at once brief and accurate. "On one side it is washed by the Tuscan sea; on the three others it lies open to an extensive plain, bounded by rugged and lofty mountains, entirely bare of trees. The circuit of

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piano e la città in forma di conca." It is called by Fazzello—"Ager non Siciliæ modo sed Italiæ quoque pulcherrimus." Its beauty in ancient times may be learned from Athenæus:—Η δε Πανορμῖτις της Σικελιας πᾶσης Κῆπος προσαγορευεται, δια το πᾶσα εἶναι πληρης δενδρων ἡμερων.—Lib. xii. 524.

this spacious plain is about twenty-five miles; and, like an immense amphitheatre fashioned by the hand of nature, it affords the highest delight to those who look down upon it from some of the neighbouring eminences."

Near the Zisa is the Capuchin convent of which the most curious part is the cemetery, consisting of a large subterranean space, divided into spacious galleries, the walls of which are hollowed out into niches; each of them containing a dead body, placed upright upon its legs, and fastened by the back and neck to the inside of the niche. The bodies are previously dried in a room called the oven, and the whole have much the appearance of mummies. Brydone, who visited this cemetery, tells us that it is a less horrible sight than might at first be imagined; that the countenances of the dead retain, for ages, a strong resemblance to what they were during life; and that, after the first feeling of repugnance is overcome, they may be considered as portraits, drawn it is true by no very flattering pencil, yet portraits drawn after the life. Of the numbers who visit the cemetery, there are probably few who can be brought to see with the eyes of Brydone; few who would not, with a more recent tourist*, find it "difficult to express the disgust arising from seeing the human form so degradingly caricatured, in the ridiculous assemblage of distorted mummies, that are here hung by the neck in hundreds, with aspects, features, and proportions, so strangely altered by the operation of drying, as hardly to bear a

* Captain Smyth.

resemblance to human beings:" there are probably few who would not agree with him, that " from their curious attitudes, they are calculated to excite derision, rather than the awful emotions arising from the sight of two thousand deceased mortals*."

The favourite promenade at Palermo is that styled the " Marina," consisting of a carriage road and a wide pavement, called the " Banchetta," for pedestrians, and situated in front of a line of noble buildings facing the sea. The beauty of the prospect, and the numbers of all ranks who here take the air, render this a very lively and amusing scene during the evening. At the eastern extremity is the " Flora," a fine botanical garden always open to the public, containing avenues of orange, citron, and lime-trees, and embellished with fountains as well as with cenotaphs in honour of many of the more distinguished of the ancient Sicilians.

During the festival of S. Rosolia—a festival which lasts from the ninth to the thirteenth of July, and rivals, if it does not even surpass, that held at Messina in honour of the Virgin—the public garden is illuminated, and presents at that time a very magnificent spectacle. The bones of this tutelary Saint of Palermo—who, as we have already seen, abandoned the comforts of her father's house, and the pleasures of a court, to lead a life of solitude and devotion on Monte Pellegrino, and who,

* The bodies of the nobility are deposited in richly decorated coffins or chests, from a foot and a half to two feet deep.

according to the legend, disappeared about the year 1159 —were, owing to a vision vouchsafed to some favoured mortal, discovered in a cavern on that mount during the plague of 1624. According to the direction of the vision, the precious relics were carried in procession about the city, and the plague was stayed.

The anniversary of this opportune discovery has ever since been celebrated by drawing in procession a gorgeous machine sixty feet in height, called the car of S. Rosolia, decorated with various allegorical figures, and surmounted by a silver statue of the Saint herself. The ponderous nature of the machine may be inferred from the circumstance that no fewer than fifty oxen are required to set it in motion. During the festival the illuminations and fireworks are on the most magnificent scale; especially the latter, which are usually so managed as to represent some historical event. " The most splendid," observes Captain Smyth, " that I had an opportunity of seeing was, in some respects, an appropriate subject for pyrotechnical illustration, being the attack and burning of Troy; when, after numerous beautiful evolutions, a grand maroon battery opened, and, amidst the flight of many hundred rockets, the city crumbled away, and a magnificent illuminated temple appeared in its place. This part of the festival is succeeded by horse-races in the crowded streets; yet without any accident occurring, although there are no riders to guide the animals, but the populace divide as the horses advance, and close immediately behind, adroitly giving the poor crea-

tures a blow as they pass. On the last evening, there is a splendid illumination of the interior of the cathedral, in which the drapery of gold and silver tissue, the mirrors, and the lights are so tastefully arranged as to command unqualified admiration. The whole winds up on the fifth day, with a procession of all the saints of Palermo, amidst a tremendous noise of drums and trumpets. A part passes on to Mount Pellegrino, where a fine causeway has been made leading up to the Grotto, in which is a statue of bronze gilt*, with head and hands of Parian marble, representing a handsome girl, in a reclining posture: the jewels with which it is ornamented prove the faith of her devotees†."

Eastward of the Marina is the river Orethus, and beyond this the suburb of the Bagaria, which like the plain between the city and Monreale, is a favourite resort of the Palermitan nobility during the *villeggiatura*. Of the villas with which this suburb is studded, the most remarkable are those of the Valguanera, Butera, and Palagonia families: the first is admired for the chasteness

* On the contrary, Brydone, who is ardent in his admiration of this statue, tells us that it is of the finest white marble, and covered with a robe of beaten gold. "The artist," says he, "has found means to throw something that is extremely touching into the countenance and air of this beautiful statue. I never in my life saw one that affected me so much, and am not surprised that it should have captivated the hearts of the people."

† For a more detailed account of the festival of S. Rosolia, the reader is referred to Brydone.

of its plan; the second is famed for its princely establishment; and the last, only for the whimsical nature of its decorations, among which a variety of unheard-of monsters still bear a prominent part—though, of late years, some of the more hideous and disgusting have, it seems, been removed.

JOURNEY TO GIRGENTI.

Muojono le città, muojono i regni,
Copre i fasti e le pompe arena ed erba;
E l'uom d'esser mortal par che si sdegni.
O nostra mente cupida e superba!—Tasso.

Leaving Palermo, we proceeded through Monte Reale towards Alcamo. The views from the road leading to Monte Reale are all that the most luxuriant fancy can desire; rich, varied, romantic; comprising at once the bay, the city of Palermo, the plain covered with a forest of orange-trees, and the noble chain of mountains that surround this Conca d'oro. We found the interior of the cathedral at Monte Reale covered with old and rude mosaics, representing various passages of our Saviour's life; under each of which, the artist, as if conscious of the difficulty of deciphering the story from the mere pictured representation, has taken care to subjoin a verbal description. The doors of this cathedral are of bronze, and the relievos, which also represent scriptural subjects, are of a piece with the mosaics of the interior. One of these relievos reminded me of Hudibras. In it, Adam is represented fast asleep, and Eve in the act of "coming from her closet in his side;" for she is only half way out.

Above Monte Reale the valley began to contract, till, having gained the highest point of a mountain pass, we

descended for a considerable distance by a narrow defile in the midst of naked hills, and at length saw expanded before us a fertile plain abounding in corn, wine, and oil; forming the head of a fine bay enclosed between two bold promontories jutting out on the east and west. As we approached Alcamo, the country again swelled into considerable hills, covered with corn. We reached Alcamo early in the evening, and thought this town the noisiest we had yet met with in a country where all are noisy. The cries of the people in the streets were absolutely deafening.

Beyond Alcamo the country presents for some miles the same corn-covered hills as we met with in our approach to it; but towards Segesta it becomes neglected and barren, affording only scanty pasture for a few sheep. The temple of Segesta is visible at a considerable distance. It stands on a gentle eminence, under lofty hills. Its picturesque effect is heightened by its being placed on a barren knoll, without any object near it to divert the attention, or detract from its grandeur*. The peristyle is entire; for the injury it had sustained was re-

* C'est une belle idée qu'avoient les anciens de placer les temples au sommet des lieux élevés. Ils dominoient sur la campagne, comme les idées religieuses sur toute autre pensée. Ils inspiroient plus d'enthousiasme pour la nature, en annonçant la Divinité dont elle émane, et l'eternelle reconnoissance des générations successives envers elle. Le paysage de quelque point de vue, qu'on le considerât, faisoit tableau avec le temple, qui étoit là comme le centre ou l'ornement de tout.—*Corinne*, Vol. i. 231.

paired by order of the king of Naples in 1781. In this repair, which an inscription on the pediment commemorates, two additional steps, which till then had been concealed under ground, were brought to light.

This temple consists of thirty-six columns; each front presenting six, and each side fourteen, including the angular columns. The entablature and pediments are nearly entire, but of the cella nothing is left. The length of the base on which the columns rest is about one hundred and ninety feet, that of the front seventy-eight, and the circumference of each column twenty feet. The temple is of the Doric order, and its columns present the serried files peculiar to that order; the intercolumniation being little more than one diameter. The columns are all formed of round stones like mill-stones, placed one above another, but not always of equal thickness; for in some of the pillars there are ten, in others twelve or thirteen, of these stones. The pillars diminish gradually towards the top: the stone of which they are composed is a yellow marine concretion, and much corroded by time. The capitals betray a want of finish, and on a close inspection the sculpture appears rough and coarse; but, in a proper point of view, the beauty of the proportions is very striking. The dedication of this temple, and the period of its erection, are unknown.

On a hill opposite to that on which the temple stands, some scattered remains still point out the site of the ancient Segesta. The whole hill is covered with fragments of walls and buildings; but nothing remains sufficiently

entire to enable us to guess its purpose, except a portion of a theatre, fronting the east, and commanding an extensive view of the distant country and the sea.

The city of Segesta is said to have been founded by Æneas. It was long the rival of Selinuntum. In the course of their struggles it had recourse to the Athenians for aid; and when these were defeated under Nicias, by the Syracusans, it next invited the Carthaginians into Sicily. After destroying its rival by their assistance, it underwent the fate usually attending such connexions, and was subjected to its own allies. It was afterwards nearly destroyed by Agathocles.

Segesta was very unfavourably situated, on rocky and uneven ground, surrounded by sterile mountains, and without the advantage of a considerable stream. Castell-a-Mare is generally supposed to have been the emporium of the Segestians; but its distance from their city must have subjected them to great inconvenience.

From Segesta to Trapani, the ancient Drepanum, the country presents little worthy of remark; and Trapani itself derives its chief interest from the poetical celebrity it owes to Virgil. Here Æneas landed after the destruction of Troy, and here he lost his father. Here, too, after his departure from Carthage the following year, he again took refuge; and here he celebrated the games which make so prominent a part of the fifth Æneid, and which Virgil probably introduced in compliment to Augustus, who had instituted games of the same kind in honour of Julius Cæsar. The Isola d'Asinello is thought to be the rock alluded to by the poet in the

description of these games. The scene of the foot-race must have been near the base of Mount Eryx, or St. Juliano, as it is now called, for there is no other rising ground in the vicinity.

This mountain, which is one of the highest in Sicily, is about five miles distant from Trapani. The temple of Venus, built by Æneas on its summit, from which the goddess derived the name of Venus Erycina, was long afterwards celebrated for its riches and splendour. Nothing, however, now remains on the summit of the mountain, except a few large stones, and a well, said to have been sacred to the presiding divinity. At the foot of the hill is a convent and church of Carmelites, where the miraculous Madonna di Trapani is preserved.

The situation of Trapani is dreary, surrounded as it is by a large tract of ground laid out in salt-beds, and a flat extensive beach, without gardens, and with scarcely the appearance of vegetation. The inhabitants are indebted to an aqueduct for their supply of water. With all its disadvantages, however, the place carries on a considerable trade in salt and coral and images of the Madonna; it is also celebrated for the cameos which its ingenious inhabitants execute out of the various species of shells found on the shore. Here too, as well as on many other parts of the Sicilian coast, the tunny is caught in large quantities.

"The tunny is a gregarious fish: the shoals enter the Mediterranean early in the year, with an extended base for the tides to act upon, as they swim, broad, deep, and in a conical form. In the progress of the shoal to the

eastward it inclines over towards the European coasts, and the fish are caught in great abundance during the months of May, June, and July. The manner of catching them is similar to that practised by the ancients: large nets are spread out in the shape of a parallelogram, about fifteen hundred feet long, three hundred wide, and from forty to a hundred feet deep, divided into four quadrilateral spaces, called rooms, having channels of communication with each other. These nets are moved east and west, at about a mile distant from the shore, across the known route of the fish, with each of the spaces at right angles, and secured vertically by anchors and stones at the bottom, while the upper edge of the net is floated by large logs of the cork-tree. The whole is then connected with the shore by a stout single net of very wide meshes, called the wall, or by others *il codardo*, which arrests the progress of the tunny, and induces them to enter the outer room, called the *bordonaro*, which is thereupon raised a little, and closed by the boatmen on the look-out. The fish, alarmed and seeking to escape, then swim from side to side, and thus enter the next room, when their retreat is again prevented, and thus successively, until they enter the *corpo*, or chamber of death, where the meshes are smaller and stronger, and made of rope of superior quality. When by these means the chamber is filled, which sometimes occupies two or three days, large flat-floored boats, constructed for the purpose, assisted by many smaller ones, close round, and weighing the net, secure the prey with harpoons, and another species of sharp hook on a wooden staff, which

is struck into the head to prevent the fish from floundering*." The average length of this fish is from four to eight feet, with a girth nearly as great. The flesh, though coarse in appearance, is nutritious.

It is singular that Virgil's account of this part of Sicily should be so different from that of Homer, when only the space of a few months intervened between the visits of their heroes. In this part of his poem, Virgil seems to have followed history rather than Homer; for this very country, where Æneas met a hospitable reception, is by Homer made the habitation of Polyphemus and the Cyclops, where Ulysses lost so many of his companions, and himself so narrowly escaped. The island of Licosia, where he moored his fleet, lay very near the port of Drepanum, and Homer describes the adventure of Polyphemus as having happened on the shore of Sicily exactly opposite to that island. Virgil, who was better acquainted both with the geography and history of the country than Homer seems to have been, entirely changes the scene of action, and, perhaps not improperly, places it at the foot of Ætna.

Between Trapani and Marsala, the country is in general open and arable; on approaching the latter, however, a few vineyards, palms, and other trees, vary the scene. The island of Pantaleone, about five miles from Marsala, towards Trapani, deserves notice, as the site of the ancient city of Motya, celebrated in the wars of Car-

* Smyth's Memoir.

thage and Syracuse. In the year 397 before Christ, it was taken by Dionysius the elder, who laid siege to it with an army of eighty thousand foot and three thousand horse. The island, between which and the main land a communication was formed, is so small that it is difficult to imagine how it could ever have been the seat of a rich and powerful city; yet so exactly does it correspond with the description of Diodorus, as to leave no doubt that this was the real situation of Motya.

Marsala stands partly on the site of the ancient Lilybæum, one of the strongest places in Sicily. It gave its name to one of the three promontories of the island; and is nearly opposite the coast of Africa, from which it is distant about a hundred miles. According to Strabo, and other writers ancient and modern, the African coast has been plainly descried from hence. Marsala commands a noble sea view, diversified by the three islands, Maretimo, Levanzo, and Favignano; but the environs are dreary from the stony nature of the soil, and the want of trees and shade. The ancient city, according to Polybius, derived its chief strength from the deep ditches which bounded it on the eastern and western sides. Those to the west are still visible, and may be traced to the sea, which apparently flowed into them. Of this once powerful city scarcely any vestiges now remain. During the reign of Charles V. the entrance of the noble port was stopped up, to prevent the ingress of pirates, by whom, from its vicinity to Africa, it was much infested. The Saracenic appellation, which superseded the ancient name of Lilybæum, was Marset Allah, or the Port

of God: at present it is called Lo Stagnone. The approach is rendered dangerous by sunken rocks, to which Virgil alludes:—

Et vada dura lego saxis Lilybeia cæsis.

The present town, of which our own Thomas-à-Becket has the honour of being the patron saint, is handsome and populous.

The road from Marsala to Mazzara runs through an open country, abounding in various aromatic shrubs. The country about Marsala is favourable to the vine. Many of its wines are exported: they are strong, improve by the transport, and retain their spirit and flavour many years. This district also produces the soda plant, which is said to be very profitable: it is sown in March, and gathered and burnt in August.

From a passage of Diodorus, Mazzarum is supposed to have been the emporium of Selinunte, on which republic it was dependent. "Hannibal," he observes, "having collected the troops of the Egestans and other allies, breaking up his camp from Lilybæum, directed his march towards Selinunte. When he came to the river Mazzara, he took the emporium, situated there, at the first assault." The present town appears to occupy the same spot, for it is built on the margin of the river, which forms a small port under its walls. In different parts of the city are broken fragments of granite columns, and a few scattered inscriptions, and in the cathedral three ancient sarcophagi; but no object to detain a traveller.

The remains of Selinunte, sometimes called the *Pilieri*

di Castel Vetrano, may be descried at the distance of several miles. They consist of three temples, all of them in a state of the most complete dilapidation, yet magnificent even in ruin. They are of the Doric order. A few stems of the columns of the larger temple, which was of the most stupendous dimensions, are still standing, and one of them nearly of the original height. At the eastern end are the remains of two fluted columns, but all the rest are plain. These structures are situated on an eminence opposite the ancient city, and in the intervening space was the port, now choked up. Within the circuit of the city walls, which may still be traced, are the remains of three other temples, also of the Doric order, but of inferior size.

From history we learn that Selinunte, the rival republic of Segesta, was destroyed by Hannibal, the Carthaginian general. It was afterwards rebuilt and restored to its former splendour; but in the year 268 before the Christian era, it was retaken by the same enemies, and the inhabitants transferred to Lilybæum. In later times it was ruined by the Saracens, who landed here in 827, destroyed most of the inhabitants, and gave to the city the new name of *Beldel Braghit*, said to signify *Terra degli Pulci*, or the land of fleas—thus applying to a part of Sicily an epithet which might properly enough characterize the whole.

The ancient name, Selinus, is said to have been derived from the Greek σελινον, parsley, of which Fazzello says the soil produced a good deal in his time. It was built by the inhabitants of Megara, who were settled in

the country between Syracuse and Leontium. Thucydides says, "the Megarans, who are also called Hyblenses, a hundred years after their city was founded, sent hither Pamilus, and founded Selinunte." Virgil mentions this place in his description of Æneas's voyage along the coast, and gives it the epithet *palmosa.*

Teque datis linquo ventis, palmosa Selinus.—Æn. iii. 705.

The ruins of the Selinuntian temples are the most gigantic I have ever beheld. The eye wanders with astonishment over the huge masses of stone scattered on the ground in the wildest confusion. Here the painter may find an inexhaustible field for the employment of his pencil; and here "the modern pilgrim, as he sits to view the desolation of this once noble city, may people the awful solitude with the illusions of imagination; and, as he reflects upon the past and conjectures the future, may console himself for his own misfortunes, by considering the transient nature of all human grandeur*:"—

. . . . . Shall man repine
That his frail bonds to fleeting life are broke?
Cease, fool! the fate of gods may well be thine:
Wouldst thou survive the marble or the oak?
When nations, tongues, and worlds must sink beneath the stroke.—
BYRON.

Sciacca—our resting-place between Castel-Vetrano and Girgenti—is agreeably situated on an eminence

* Hughes.

near the sea. Sciacca carries on a considerable trade in corn, being one of the *caricatori* of Sicily, and maintains a productive anchovy-fishery. In the time of the Greek republics it was dependent on Selinunte, and known by the name of *Aquæ*, or *Thermæ Selinuntiæ*. It was probably frequented, as in modern times, for its medicinal springs and vapour baths. The springs at the foot of the mountain, and those near the town, are of different kinds; the one a sulphureous boiling water, the other, called Aqua Santa, tepid and purgative. But the most celebrated of the baths are those of S. Calogero, near the summit of the mountain, three miles distant from the town; where there is a handsome church, together with several buildings for the accommodation of those who use the baths, and of the hermits who attend the patients. The baths at present in vogue are supposed to be the same that were known to the ancients, and ascribed to Dædalus; as they correspond with the description given by Diodorus.

On approaching within three or four miles of Girgenti, we came to its present port, hidden in a manner by impending hills. It is one of the greatest *caricatori* in the whole island. Nature has bestowed on this spot a species of stone, which has the property of preserving corn for a long period. The grain is deposited in artificial caverns, called *matamores*, hollowed in the rock, of a pyramidal shape—the apex of the pyramid being open to the air. In process of time a crust of saline particles is formed on the inner surface of the cavity; and to this the above useful property is attributed. One of these

caverns, still called the *Fossa della trovata*, which had been covered near thirty years, fell in by accident, and the grain within was found in perfect preservation.

"Nothing is charged for thus housing the grain for home consumption; but on doing so for export, a rent is paid to the king, he being the proprietor of these caverns. Considerable profit, however, is said to be derived by the king in both cases, by the increase of measure; for when one of these matamores is opened, the corn is taken to the large magazines aboveground in the *caricatore*, where it is exposed some days to the air, which swells the grain considerably; and the merchant of course only receives the same number of salms that he deposited*."

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* Smyth's Memoir.

GIRGENTI.

Arduus inde Acragas ostentat maxima longè
Mœnia, magnanimum quondam generator equorum.—Virg.

The hill on which modern Girgenti stands rises to the height of more than 1200 feet above the level of the sea.

The road which leads up to it, over the Acragas and between the positions once occupied by the Carthaginian and Roman armies, commands a fine view of those noble temples which still adorn the southern boundary of the ancient city—a city "which was such a phenomenon of political prosperity, that these very relics of its ancient magnificence are not needless testimonies to the truth of what history, silent, or little better than silent, about its means of acquiring, has told of its wealth and splendour*." As far as we can judge at present, from the scanty records that have come down to us, it would seem that the form of government adopted at Agrigentum, was, as in most of the other cities of Magna Græcia, that of a democracy; occasionally interrupted by the successful ambition of individuals denominated tyrants. Its unexampled prosperity has been attributed to the fertility of its soil, the advantages of its situation, and the soundness of its laws. The wisdom of these latter may be inferred—from the great wealth of many of its inhabi-

* Mitford's Greece.

tants*, a fact which sufficiently proves the security of private property—from the long intervals of peace it enjoyed—and, above all, from its general freedom from those scenes of turbulence and commotion which, in a population so numerous and so peculiarly constituted, might naturally have been expected. Diogenes Laertius, whose statement is thought to come the nearest to the truth, makes the gross population amount to 800,000, of whom the citizens bore but a small proportion to the free-settlers, as did also the free settlers to the slaves; for the first of these classes amounted to no more than 20,000, and the second but to 180,000, the remaining three fourths consisting of slaves. With regard to the first of the three causes to which the prosperity of Agrigentum has been attributed; it is evident that so confined a territory, which, as Mitford observes, scarcely exceeded the smallest English county in size, however great may have been its fertility, however prolific the vineyards and olive groves, of which Diodorus speaks in such favourable terms, can never sufficiently account for the fact; not though we should include among the exports of the city, that breed of "magnanimous steeds" so famed in the

* Diodorus tells us that their vessels for water were usually of silver, and that their cars and litters were, for the most part, made of ivory richly adorned. He also tells us, that, when Antisthenes entertained his fellow citizens in the streets, at the marriage of his daughter, the bride was escorted by above eight hundred chariots; and that not only all the horsemen of the city, but those of the neighbouring towns, too, were invited, and made part of the cavalcade.—Lib. xiii.

Grecian games, and the sulphur which is still dug up in such abundance from the mines of Palma and Siculiana in its vicinity. Its situation, over-against the coast of Carthage, has been assigned with more probability as the cause of its opulence; for thus situated, it might well become an emporium for the mutual barter of commodities between the two states. Nor should we forget to take into account the probable superiority of its artisans over those with whom they traded on the opposite coast; a superiority which could hardly fail to afford them the greatest of all commercial advantages—that of exporting manufactured goods, and receiving a return in specie or raw materials. But, to whatever cause attributable, the prosperity of this city led, as usual, to voluptuousness; and so effeminate had the people become, that, during the very siege which ended in its capture, it was found necessary to pass a decree, limiting each citizen, whose turn it was to mount guard during the night, to a bed, a tent, a woollen mantle, and two pillows. Agrigentum, from the reign of Theron to its capture by the Carthaginians, ranked among the foremost cities of Magna Græcia. During this period its inhabitants were proverbial for their wealth, their hospitality, and the encouragement they afforded to the fine arts. Much of that wealth which had flowed in upon the city was applied to the furtherance of works calculated to embellish and improve it: hence those beautiful temples—erected during the period in question—which still command the admiration of posterity, and attest, in one respect at least, the justness of Empedocles's remark, that his countrymen "built as

if they were to live for ever, and lived as if they were to die on the morrow*." The pleasant story told by Athenæus of a large building at Agrigentum, called the *Trireme*, may be quoted as tending to illustrate the correctness of the latter branch of the sentence. He tells us, that, during a great feast, at which a number of young men were present, the company became so intoxicated, that, from their reeling and tumbling one against another, they fancied themselves at sea, overtaken by a storm, and began to tremble for the consequences. At length, as the only chance of saving their lives, they determined to lighten the vessel, and forthwith commenced tossing the costly furniture out at the windows, to the no small amusement of the bystanders in the street; nor did they desist, till they had gutted the mansion, which, from this notable feat, was ever afterwards denominated the Trireme.

"Agrigentum, in its site, possessed something of the magnificent peculiar to itself. Nature traced out its plan on a vast platform of rock: art had but to perfect the design of that great architect. This magnificent area, which is nearly square, is elevated to a very considerable height above the surrounding territory; its perpendicular precipices formed a basis for walls; ravines, penetrating into the interior, offered commodious situations for gates and sewers; whilst numerous little eminences, scattered about within, seemed as if designed for the advantageous display of noble edifices†. Imagination can scarcely con-

* Ælian ascribes this saying to Plato.—*Var. Hist.* lib. ii.

† Polybius thus accurately describes the site of Agrigentum: Ὁ δὲ

ceive a more glorious prospect than that which the southern cliff of this great city once displayed, surmounted by a long unbroken line of the finest monuments of Grecian art*! Among them six majestic temples, of that severe Doric order, which so happily combines elegance and simplicity with solidity and grandeur." The south east angle is still crowned with the colonnade of Juno Lucina, or the Temple of the Virgins, as it was sometimes styled, in allusion to the celebrated portrait of Juno, painted by Zeuxis from the naked charms of five of the loveliest Agrigentines†, and deposited here—a portrait which presented the spectator with features and proportions "more perfect than the life in any individual;" and where he had "the pleasure of seeing all the scattered beauties of nature united, by a happy chemistry, without its deformities or faults‡." Next to the temple of Juno Lucina, or rather Juno Lacinia—for, if dedicated to that goddess at all, it

περιβολος αυτῆς και φυσει και κατασκευῇ διαφερόντως ησφαλισται· κεῖται γαρ το τεῖχος επι πετρας ακροτομου και περιρρῶγος, ἡ μεν αυτοφυως, ἡ δε χειροποιητον· περιεχεται δε ποταμοις, &c.—Lib. ix. c. 27.

* The Agrigentines were of Dorian descent: Ἑλληνες τε οντες και το αρχαιον Δωριεῖς. (Lucian). They derived their origin from the people of Gela, these latter from the Rhodians, and these again from the Dorians. Its Grecian name (Ακραγας) it derived from the river which washed it on the south and south-west, and the name of the river itself seems to have been borrowed from the broken ground through which it flowed, (εν τῳ γῳ ακρῳ).

† Tantus diligentiâ (Zeuxis) ut Agrigentinis facturus tabulam quam in templo Junonis Laciniæ publicè dicarent, inspexerit virgines eorum nudas et quinque elegerit, ut quod in quâque laudatissimum esset, pictura redderet.—*Plin. N. H.* xxxv. c. 9.

‡ Dryden.

was probably under the name of Lacinia, from Lacinium, a town of the Brutii, where she was held in great repute —stands a magnificent temple almost entire; for scarcely any thing but the roof is wanting*. It is commonly supposed to have been dedicated to Concord, and owes its extraordinary state of preservation to the circumstance of its having been converted into a Christian church, though it is now no longer applied to the purposes of worship.

The style of these temples, like that of the Pæstan ruins, and of one of which small relics only are left at Pompeii, differs from what is commonly met with in Greece, by greater massiveness and simplicity. "Hence," says Mitford, "some have been disposed to infer that the Pæstan, Sicilian, and Pompeian buildings have all been anterior to the age to which they are usually attributed, and that they are Italian and not Grecian architecture. But not to say any thing of the total want of testimony to the existence of an Italian people capable of teaching architecture to the Greeks, the following considerations, I think, may sufficiently account for the difference between the style of the Attic and that of the Sicilian and Pæstan buildings. Sybaris was destroyed about eighteen years before the invasion of Greece by Xerxes, and the buildings of Agrigentum, where the noblest ruins of Sicily remain,

* This, the most perfect specimen of a Grecian temple now in existence, like that of Juno Lacinia, has thirteen columns on each side, and six in front. Its length is about 128 feet; its breadth 54. The cella is 48 feet long by 24 in width. The height of the columns is 24 feet; their diameter 4 feet 7 inches.

were raised, according to Diodorus, immediately after that event, when Athens was also to be restored, after its complete destruction by the Persians. It is likely that the Agrigentines and Sybarites would build in the style of their forefathers; but we are well informed that the Athenians did otherwise. Themistocles, who superintended the rebuilding of Athens, splendid in his disposition, even to excess, acquainted with the elegancies of Asia Minor, and possessing power to command the science, art, and taste of that country, would not restore when he could improve. Cimon, who succeeded him in the administration, was also remarkable for his magnificence; and he, too, had seen whatever the Asiatic coast possessed of great and beautiful. But the ornamental buildings of both those great men were comparatively little to what were afterwards raised under the superintendence of Pericles and the direction of Phidias. The fame of the buildings of Athens then spreading over Greece, a new style of architecture was introduced gradually everywhere. The Ionic order had been imported into Attica from Asia; the Corinthian was soon after invented by an Athenian architect; and the Doric itself began to change its ancient simple and massive grandeur for more embellishment, lightness, and grace*.

* The proportions of an order are but a matter of convention. They often vary in the same age, in the same country, nay in the same edifice; and surely a Phidias working in the metropolis of Grecian art, with its two best architects and the Pentelic quarry at his command, might well produce more elegance than contemporary or

"Mistakes about things often arise from mistakes about names. The order of architecture called Doric has been supposed, even by Vitruvius, originally peculiar to the Dorian Greeks; but apparently, indeed almost evidently, without foundation. For, till after the age of Xerxes, only one order of architecture, as we are well assured, was known in Greece; and that is not likely to have had a name, because names arise only from the necessity of distinguishing in speech two or more things of the same kind. But when the Ionic order was imported from Ionia in Asia by the Athenians, who were themselves original Ionians, the term Ionic would naturally grow into use as a distinguishing name for the new order; and then, and not before, a name was wanted for the old one. Ionic and Doric being the two great distinctions of the Greek nation, and the old style of architecture holding its vogue among the Dorian cities, for some time after the new one had been adopted by the Athenians, the Doric name would thus as naturally adhere to the one as the Ionic to the other*."

The Temple of Hercules, the next in order, looks as though it had been overturned by an earthquake, for it now lies in all the confusion which such an event might be expected to produce. This temple, which, in size as well as plan, bears some resemblance to the Parthenon, was one of the noblest structures of Agrigentum, and, as we learn from Cicero, was held in peculiar veneration by

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even later artists, who were confined to the ruder materials and tastes of a remote colony.—*Forsyth.*

* Mitford's Greece, Vol. ii. c. 10.

the inhabitants. It was decorated with various masterpieces of painting and sculpture. Among these was Zeuxis's celebrated picture of the Infant Hercules strangling the Serpents—a work of which, according to Pliny's account, the painter himself entertained so high an opinion, that he could never be prevailed upon to put a price upon it, and therefore presented it to the Agrigentines. There was also a no less famous bronze statue of the same deity by Myron, on which the artist had inscribed his own name, in small studs of silver, on the thigh*. From a passage of Cicero—who, in noticing the attempt of Verres to carry off this statue, observes that, but for the wearing away of the mouth and chin by the kisses of admiring votaries, nothing could have been more beautiful—we see that the effects of superstition are pretty much the same in all ages. All the world knows that from a similar feeling of mistaken devotion, an old bronze statue of Jupiter Capitolinus, transformed by the magic of the Pope's wand, into a St. Peter, and now occupying the chair of that saint at Rome, has nearly lost the great toe of one foot:—

> Le peuple se livrant aux transports de son zèle,
> Baise le pied d'airain de son premier pasteur;
> Et le métal usé par le lévre fidèle,
> De la foi des Latins atteste la ferveur.
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> CHARLEMAGNE, Chant i. p. 23.

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* Phædrus, as we have already seen (Vol. i. p. 407), tells us it was a common practice with artists of inferior merit to inscribe on

It was under cover of night that Verres sought to rob the temple of this miracle of art; and Cicero, who gives a humourous account of the matter, records the punning remark of the Agrigentines on the occasion—that the god, in foiling the Prætor's nocturnal attempt, made as great an addition to his triumphs, as in conquering the Erymanthian Boar.

The same great man, in a passage already alluded to, describes the temple of Hercules as situated near the forum:—"Herculis templum est apud Agrigentinos, non longè a foro, sane sanctum apud illos et religiosum." —(In Verrem Act. ii. lib. 4). Hence, we may infer, with some degree of certainty, that the ruins in question are properly assigned to the temple mentioned by Cicero; for it so happens, that at a short distance from these ruins, on the right as you advance towards the west, there are still some vestiges of a long building decorated with pilasters, which, as it stands near the sea gate, may not improbably have formed part of the forum.

But of all the temples of Agrigentum, that of the Olympian Jupiter, which follows next in the line, was the most remarkable for the grandeur of its dimensions. It was the largest temple in Sicily, and inferior only to that of the Ephesian Diana. And yet of this mighty fabric, which might perhaps, by those who reared it, have been deemed almost indestructible, not one stone is now left upon another. Diodorus states it to have been 340 feet in

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their works the name of Myron, or some other great sculptor, for the purpose of getting a readier sale.

length, by 160 in width*, and 120 in height; while, according to the same authority—since corroborated by actual measurement—the flutings of the pillars were large enough to admit the body of a man; the pillars themselves being thirteen feet and a half in diameter. The temple was what is termed pseudo-peripteral; in other words, it was not surrounded by a colonnade, each pillar projecting something more than a semi-diameter from the wall, and this wall, which formed the intercolumniation, consisting of massive blocks of stone compactly joined together without cement. The portion of the column which protruded from the inner side of the wall was squared like a pilaster. The temple had two fronts, each adorned with a pediment; and, contrary to the usual plan, each pediment was supported by seven columns, while on each flank there were fourteen, including those at the angles. In modern times this fabric has been denominated the temple of the Giants, not so much from its vast size, or the story of the Gigantomachia with which one of its pediments was embellished, as from the circumstance that on the walls of the cella stood enormous statues thirty feet high, representing the vanquished giants sustaining on their uplifted arms the ponderous entablature of their conqueror's temple†. The

* All the editions of Diodorus have 60 feet for the width; but this reading, whether attributable to the blunders of transcribers or not, is evidently erroneous.

† From the same circumstance "the city arms of Girgenti—three giants supporting a tower—derive their origin; in fact, three of the

interior of the edifice, it seems, had but little decoration to boast of: indeed, a structure of such vast dimensions needed not the foreign aid of ornament. On the eastern pediment, however, was the above-mentioned relievo of the Titanic war; on the western, another representing the Taking of Troy—"a work," says Hughes, "so admirably executed that each Homeric hero might be known by his costume and characteristic traits of countenance. A similar subject upon a temple at Carthage thus offers itself to the admiring eyes of Æneas:"—

. . . . . Videt Iliacas ex ordine pugnas,
Bellaque jam famâ totum vulgata per orbem;
Atridas, Priamumque, et sævum ambobus Achillem.—Æn. i. 456.

The wars that fame around the world had blown,
All to the life, and every leader known.
There Agamemnon, Priam here he spies,
And fierce Achilles, who both kings defies.—Dryden.

This practice of decorating the pediments of their temples with the richest sculpture, seems, notwithstanding Denon's confident assertion to the contrary, to have been almost universal among the ancients. "Those lofty and conspicuous receptacles were," as Hughes well observes, "destined to contain the boldest combinations, or the most graceful portraitures of Grecian art. There

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original statues remained perfect till the year 1401, when they fell down by the shameful neglect of the inhabitants. The words of Fazzello are as follow:—'Pars tamen ejus, tribus gigantibus columnisque suffulta, diù post superstitit; quam Agrigentina urbs insignibus suis additam adhuc pro monumento habet.'"—*Hughes.*

the sculptor sought to rival the bard, embodying his ideas in the most animated forms, and giving a local habitation to the characters of his imagination. There the mysteries of religion, or the actions of the gods, portrayed with impressive grandeur, struck the beholder with awe as he entered into their sanctuaries; or scenes of national glory and renown, by consecrating the past, excited enthusiastic patriotism in the breasts of future heroes. A battle, either of gods or men, was a favourite subject with the artist, not only for the passions which it inspired, but because the different attitudes of the combatants, the dying and the dead, were well accommodated to the varying altitude of the pediment under which they were placed. The statues themselves were finished with a kind of religious exactitude, even in parts which could not meet the spectator's eye; witness those beautiful specimens from the pediments of the Parthenon which now adorn our national museum."

On the south-west angle of the cliff are the sole remains of the temple of Vulcan, consisting of two elegant columns, attached to a pretty rural casino amidst vines and olives, whose foliage serves to set them off to great advantage. Between these remains and the platform of another temple, which passes for that of Castor and Pollux, is the bed of the Piscina, or fishpond, which, according to Diodorus, was "seven stadia in circumference, and twenty cubits deep; stocked with fish of various kinds for public festivals, and covered with swans and other aquatic birds, for the gratification of the inhabitants," whose favourite resort was here in the umbrageous walks upon its banks.

The Piscina was the work of that portion of the Carthaginian prisoners allotted to the Agrigentines after the battle of Himera. It is now covered with orange groves and gardens, and, being watered by a small stream, forms still an agreeable retreat. Nearly opposite the remains of the temple of Vulcan, beyond the river Hypsas, and under the hill which still retains the name of the "Campo Romano," is the spring of petroleum mentioned by Pliny and Solinus; but now in great measure divested of its bituminous properties. Between the two conical hills, situated a little to the north of this spring, a more interesting object presents itself in a little plain of turf, called La Meta, or the Goal; according to tradition the very spot where the citizens of Agrigentum were wont to train those celebrated steeds, which so often bore away the prize at the Olympic games. Near the Meta are some remains of those vast cloacæ, in the construction of which the Carthaginian prisoners were employed, under the direction of Phæax, and which, from the name of that ingenious individual, were, like all similar works, termed Phæaces.

About two miles below the southern barrier of the ancient city, the rivers Hypsas and Acragas unite their streams, and, at the distance of about two miles further, fall into the ancient port, once crowded with the vessels of neighbouring states, but now affording shelter only to a few fishing boats. The triangular plain, comprised between this southern barrier and the two rivers, was the principal burying-ground of the Agrigentines; and, oddly enough, within the precincts of this cemetery are the ruins

of a temple of Esculapius, identified by Polybius's description of its site*. Of this temple, which, though of comparatively small dimensions, seems to have been a pseudo-peripteral temple like that of Jupiter Olympius, two columns and a pilaster, attached to the wall, are still standing, together with a stone staircase of a circular form, leading to the upper part of the building. It was from the shrine of this edifice, that Verres carried off the beautiful statue of Apollo, which Scipio had restored to the Agrigentines after the capture of Carthage. At a short distance to the left is a square building of composite architecture, which, being situated near the sea-gate, and the only one that escaped destruction, passes generally for the tomb of Theron†. Hannibal, who, after the fall of Himera and Selinuntum, laid siege to Agrigentum, found it expedient in the course of his operations to destroy the sepulchres that were here crowded together. His troops were on the point of demolishing the tomb of Theron, when they were deterred from their object by a sudden flash of lightning, which struck the building at that critical moment. The idea that heaven had thus interposed to shield from violation the ashes of a virtuous prince could hardly fail to gain ground, when, shortly afterwards, a pestilence breaking out in the Car-

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* Το προ της πολεως Ασκληπιειον.

† Some antiquaries denominate it the tomb of Phalaris's horse; though apparently for no other reason than because, among other extravagancies, the Agrigentines were accustomed to raise monuments to those steeds that had come off victorious in the race.

thaginian camp, Hannibal himself and great numbers of his troops fell a sacrifice to it. To atone for this violation of the dead, and restore confidence to the dispirited and superstitious soldiery, Himilco, who succeeded to the command, is stated to have had recourse to the horrid expedient of human sacrifices—a statement, however, which, as it comes from prejudiced adversaries, and seems little in accordance with his conduct after the fall of the city, may well be called in question.

The part of the plain we are now considering is strewed with huge fragments of those celebrated walls to which Virgil refers in the motto, as forming so conspicuous a feature in the prospect of Agrigentum. They were partly formed out of the cliff itself, which here rises abruptly from the plain, and were of such thickness as to admit of being hollowed out into niches for tombs; probably to the no small injury of the defences of the place. Many of these sepulchral niches still remain.

The eastern and western boundaries of the city were formed by a continuation of the same cliff as marked its limits towards the south—for the city, it must be remembered, stood upon a vast platform of rock—but on those two sides scarcely any ancient monument now exists; if we except some inconsiderable remains of gates, and of bridges thrown across ravines to connect the town with the suburb of Neapolis on the east, and that under Mount Camicus on the west. The site of these once populous suburbs is now, like that of the city itself, covered with orchards and gardens, and groves of almond and olive trees. Nothing remains but some vestiges of the ancient

sepulchres that have been so successfully ransacked for those beautiful Grecian vases, of which Girgenti has afforded so many of the finest specimens.

The northern part of the platform rises gradually to a great height, and is bounded at its extremity by a lofty precipice, which, though to all appearance impregnable, was yet surmounted by a wall of great thickness, vast fragments of which lie scattered on the plain below. About the middle of this northern boundary rises the "Rupe Atenea," a high peak commanding a charmingly diversified prospect—the modern city and the ancient ruins—the surrounding hills, each of them interesting as the site of some encampment of Grecian, Carthaginian, or Roman forces—the mountains of the interior—and the blue expanse of the Mediterranean. This peak took the name of the "Rupe Atenea" from a tradition that it was the site of a double temple of Minerva and Jupiter Atabyrius*, which Gellias and his friends turned into their funeral pile during the sack of the city by the Carthaginians. Diodorus, on the evidence of Polyclitus, records a circumstance which gives us a high notion of the extraordinary wealth of this Gellias. "Polyclitus," says he, "in his history, affirms, that, while he served in the Agrigentine army, he saw a wine cellar in the house of Gellias, in which there were a hundred vessels, cut out of one and the same rock, each of them containing a

* Επι δε τῆς κορυφῆς Αθηνᾶς ἱερον ἑστισται και Διος Αταβυριου. (Polyb). The worship of this deity was introduced from Rhodes, where is a mountain called Atabyrium.

hundred hogsheads; and that close to them was a sort of vat, made of white cement, capable of holding a thousand hogsheads, out of which the liquor ran into the vessels." He also relates an anecdote, from which it would appear that Gellias was almost as much distinguished by his wit as by his wealth. "It is said, that this Gellias was of very mean presence, but endowed with great wit and ingenuity. Being sent on an embassy to the Centuripæ, that people, observing the pitiful appearance of the man, so little in accordance with his great reputation, received him, as he entered the assembly, with a burst of laughter; upon which he coolly remarked;—'that what they saw was not at all to be wondered at; for the people of Agrigentum were accustomed to send the finest men to the noblest cities; while to those that were mean and insignificant, they deputed such as himself.'"

The south-west angle of the platform is surmounted by an ancient edifice now converted into a modern church, under the name of St. Blaize. This structure, which some take for the temple of Proserpine, others for that of Ceres and Proserpine, erected by Theron, had neither colonnade nor cella, being built in that style called "in antis," the simplicity of which rendered its conversion into a Christian church the more easy. On the southern side a broad flight of steps cut in the solid rock itself led down towards the city, the principal streets of which may still be distinguished by the deep worn wheel-tracks of the ancient cars. "But solitude has succeeded to the tumultuous throng which once circu-

lated there: corn waves over the regal mansion of Phalaris, and the reign of silence is disturbed only by the shepherd's pipe or reaper's song*."

This city, the modern part of which is confined to the summit of Mount Camicus, is said to have owed its existence to Cocalus, that most ancient king of the Sicanians†, who, after affording protection to Dædalus, availed

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* Hughes.

† Siciliæ primo Trinacria nomen fuit; postea Sicania cognominata est. Hæc à principio patria Cyclopum fuit; quibus extinctis, Cocalus regnum insulæ occupavit; post quem singulæ civitates in tyrannorum imperium concesserunt, quorum nulla terra feracior fuit.—*Just.* lib. iv. c. 2.

Thucydides informs us that the name by which that island (Sicily) first became known to the Greeks was Trinacria; and that the first inhabitants, concerning whom any tradition reached them, were the Cyclopes and Læstrygons; whose history, however, with his usual judgment, he professes to leave to the poets. The Sicans, from whom it acquired the name of Sicania, he supposes to have passed from Spain; driven from their settlements there by the Ligurians. Afterward the Sicels, forced by similar violence from their native Italy, wrested from the Sicans the greatest and best part of the island, and fixed upon it that name which it still retains. At a very early period the Phœnicians had established, in some of the most secure situations around the coast, not colonies, but factories, for the mere purposes of trade; and probably less the uninfluenced violence of the barbarous natives, than Phœnician policy directing that violence, has given occasion to those reports, so much cultivated by the poets, of giants and monsters peculiar to Sicily. No Grecian trader dared venture thither; but some Phocian soldiers, in returning from the siege of Troy, being driven by stress of weather to the coast of Africa, and unable, in the imperfection of navigation, thence directly to reach Greece, crossed to the Sicilian coast. It happened that there they fell in with some Trojans, who, after the overthrow

himself of his services in forming a strong-hold upon this mount. Of its history during the dark ages little is

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of their city, had wandered thus far in quest of a settlement. Brotherhood in distress united them: they found means to make alliance with the Sicans in the western part of the island; and, establishing themselves there, Trojans, Greeks, and Sicans, formed together a new people, who acquired the new name of Elymians. The strong-holds of Eryx and Egesta, called by the Romans Segesta, became their principal towns.

It was, according to Ephorus, as he is quoted by Strabo, in the next age, or generation, after this event, that Theocles or Thucles, an Athenian, being driven, also by stress of weather, on the eastern coast of the island, had opportunity to observe how little formidable the barbarous inhabitants in that part really were, as well as how inviting the soil and climate.

On his return he endeavoured to procure the authority of the Athenian government for establishing a colony there; but, not succeeding, he went to Chalcis in Eubœa, where his proposal was more favourably received. Many Chalcidians engaged in the adventure. Thus encouraged, many from other parts of Greece joined them; and, under the conduct of Thucles, they founded Naxus, the first Grecian town of Sicily.

A prosperous beginning here, as in Italy, invited more attempts. It was, according to Thucydides, in the very next year after the founding of Naxus, that Archias, a Corinthian, of Heracleid race, led a colony to Sicily. To the southward of Naxus, but still on the eastern coast, he found a territory of uncommon fertility, with a harbour singularly safe and commodious. Within the harbour, and barely detached from the shore, was an island, about two miles in circumference, plentifully watered by that remarkable fountain, which, through the poets chiefly, has acquired renown by the name of Arethusa. From this advantageous post he expelled the Sicels, and founded there the city which became the great and celebrated Syracuse. Meanwhile Naxus so increased and flourished, that, in the sixth year only of its foundation, its people, still under the con-

known. In the time of Urban II. it was erected into a bishop's see; San Gherlando—whose shrine, composed of massive silver finely wrought, still adorns the cathedral—being the first who was raised to that dignity. Among the remains of antiquity in the cathedral, the most curious is a sarcophagus—now used as a font—decorated with relievos, by some supposed to represent the death of the tyrant Phintias, who, after his expulsion from Agrigentum, was killed in a wild boar chase near Carthage; by others, the death of Adonis, or the adventures of Hippolytus. The cathedral is famed for a remarkable echo, somewhat resembling that of the whispering gallery at St. Paul's. If one person places himself at the western entrance, and another at the opposite end of the church, directly behind the high altar, they can hold a conversation together in very low whispers. Brydone tells us that for a long time this circumstance was known but to few; that several of the confessionals being situated near the great altar, the wags who were in

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duct of Thucles, driving the Sicels before them, founded first Leontini, and soon after Catana. About the same time a new colony from Megara, under Lamis, founded the Hyblæan Megara. It was not till above forty years after, that any settlement was attempted on the southern coast, when a united colony of Rhodians and Cretans founded Gela. But the superiority of the Greek nation in Sicily was already decided; and Tauromenium, Selinus, Himera, Acræ, Casmenæ, Camarina, Acragas, called by the Romans Agrigentum, and Zanclé, afterwards called Messina, became considerable cities, mostly colonies from those before founded in that island, or in Italy. The interior of both countries remained to the former race of inhabitants.—*Mitford's Greece*, Vol. i.

the secret used to take their station at the door of the cathedral, and by this means overheard all that passed between the confessor and the penitent; that, as they did not fail, upon occasion, to make their own use of the information thus acquired, every woman in Girgenti found it necessary to change either her gallant or her confessor; till, at length, the secret was divulged, and the confessionals removed to a more convenient position. Near the cathedral is the church of Santa Maria dei Greci, curious as containing some remains of the temple of Jupiter Polyænus.

The town of Girgenti, though it makes an imposing appearance at a distance, is meanly built, and remarkable for nothing so much as for dirt and poverty. The streets, which are wretchedly paved, are so narrow as well as so steep, that they are for the most part inaccessible to carriages. The Sicilian women are celebrated for their fecundity, and none more justly so, if we may judge from the swarms of children in the streets, than those of Girgenti.

Maccaluba.—Such is the name applied to a mud volcano, three or four miles north of Girgenti, consisting of numerous little hillocks with craters, on a barren knoll, about two hundred feet above the arid plain by which it is surrounded, and half a mile in circuit. These craters are continually throwing up a fine cold mud mixed with water, and occasionally bubbles of air of a sulphureous smell. The eruptions, which are greatest in hot weather, owing probably to the crust then becoming harder,

are sometimes attended with a hollow rumbling noise, as well as with slight local earthquakes. On such occasions the mud is ejected to the height of from thirty to sixty feet, though in general the ebullition scarcely exceeds a few inches. Warm sulphurated hydrogen gas is said to escape occasionally from the fissures; but Captain Smyth states that he could discover no agency of fire, and found that Fahrenheit's thermometer, when immersed, rose only to 58°.

JOURNEY TO CASTRO GIOVANNI AND SYRACUSE.

Umbilicus Siciliæ.—Cicero.

On quitting Girgenti we proceeded towards Castro Giovanni, the ancient Enna, the fabled capital of the kingdom of Ceres. The lofty mountain on which it stands is said to be the highest inhabited ground in Sicily: it is situated, as the "Umbilicus Siciliæ"—the phrase which Cicero applies to it—would lead us to imagine, nearly in the centre of the island. Owing to its great elevation above the level of the sea, and the consequent purity and coolness of the air, it forms an agreeable retreat during summer; at which time it becomes sometimes the resort of strangers, as well as of the Sicilians themselves. The town, situated on a table-land at the summit of the mountain, is everywhere intersected by deep ravines, the sides of which are honeycombed with caves, some of them containing two or three apartments, and still occupied by the poorer classes. The abrupt and insulated character of this mountain, the table-land at its summit, and the perennial springs with which it abounds, recall Cicero's description of Enna—a description as accurate as it is concise*.

* Enna . . . est loco præcelso atque edito: quo in summo est æquata agri planities, et aquæ perennes: tota vero ab omni aditu cir-

Ceres was the favourite deity of the Sicilians, and here, at the eastern extremity of this table-land, on the verge of a tremendous precipice near 2000 feet in perpendicular height, and commanding a glorious prospect over the extensive vales below and the flanks of the giant Ætna, is pointed out the spot on which her temple stood —once as much an object of reverence with the Pagan pilgrim, as the Santa Casa of Loreto is now with the Catholic.

From the same spot also we look directly down upon the little lake, where

> . . . . . Proserpine gathering flowers,
> Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
> Was gathered.

Sicilian authors, indeed, have gravely discussed the question, whether it was from the neighbourhood of Enna or of Ætna that Proserpine was carried off. Cicero, however, who alludes to this fabulous incident, in his invectives against Verres, adopts the common opinion*. Diodorus, too, coincides with him in making Enna the scene of the abduction; and, like him, paints it as a terrestrial paradise, abounding with limpid streams, and shady groves, and fragrant flowers. But "its dark surrounding

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cumcisa atque dirempta est: quam circa lacus lucique sunt plurimi, et lectissimi flores omni tempore anni.

* Hic dolor erat tantus, ut Verres, alter Orcus, venisse Ennam, et non Proserpinam asportasse, sed ipsam abripuisse Cererem videretur.

woods are vanished from this 'fair field of Enna,' together with those flowers whose powerful odour was able to deprive dogs of their scent in the pursuit of game; yet the blessings of Ceres still remain, and the corn yields a fifty-fold increase*." Of the various mines in the vicinity, some of which yield considerable quantities of sulphur, coal, and copper, the most curious are the salt mines, from which rock salt is procured in great abundance, and of the same violet hue with that mentioned by Pliny as met with at Centorbi, in the same neighbourhood.—(N. H. xxxi. 7). This mountain formed the strong-hold of Eunus: hither he repaired with the revolted slaves during the first Punic war; nor was it till after he had defeated three prætorian armies, that he was at last overpowered by Perpenna.

From Enna we proceeded towards Syracuse, passing through Palagonia and Lentini. On approaching the latter place we looked in vain for any indications of that astonishing fertility which Diodorus and Pliny ascribe to this region, where wheat was said to yield one hundred fold, and to shoot up almost spontaneously;—but this must have been in the golden days of Ceres. Such is now the desolate condition of the Leontine fields, that Cicero, who traversed them some nineteen hundred years ago, might, were it possible for him to revisit them, still indignantly exclaim, as he then did when describing the forlorn state to which he found them reduced, "in uberrimâ Siciliæ parte Siciliam quærebam."

* Hughes.

Within a short distance of Lentini is an expanse of water, called the Lake of Biviere, which, though nineteen miles in circumference during the winter months, often dwindles during the heats of summer to a circumference of eight or nine; leaving an extensive swamp exposed to the action of a vertical sun, and, as usual in this warm climate, engendering *malaria* with all its evil consequences. These bad effects might, however, be easily prevented by deepening the channel of the rivulet San Leonardo, and thus opening an outlet into the sea. Instead of this, "the Biviere," observes Captain Smith, "was considerably enlarged, during the reign of King Martin, by a stratagem of the then Prince of Butera (to whom the fishery on the lake belongs), who obtained leave to turn a stream into it, under pretence that the admission of more water would certainly force a passage to the sea, and thus act as a drain; but which, escaping into marshes on every side, from no efforts being made to conduct it in the proper direction, only increased the general evil, and added to the perquisites of the crafty prince."

Lentini, the ancient Leontium, once a celebrated and populous city, and famous for its struggles with Syracuse itself, presents scarcely any vestiges of its former grandeur; so totally was it demolished by the great earthquake of 1693. Among the few remains of the ancient town, which was seated on the side of a hill, may be observed numerous caverns, apparently designed for human habitations, and similar to those at Castro Giovanni. These excavations are supposed by some to have been

the work of the Saracens, who, after the Norman invasion, retired to the fastnesses in the interior, where they supported themselves by predatory excursions upon their conquerors*. It has, however, been conjectured by many, that these caves, as well as those met with in other parts of the island—especially in the Val d' Ispica†—may have been the work of the primitive inhabitants of the country—the first attempt of a rude people towards the construction of a town; while subsequently they may have served as a place of refuge in time of danger.

The descent from Lentini towards the coast is by a circuitous route, through scenery agreeably diversified with hill and dale, and enriched with myrtles, rhododendrons, and other flowering shrubs. The olive-tree, with which the country is thinly sprinkled, appears to be the favourite resort of the cicala—a species of grasshopper —"which," as Hughes observes, "makes the air resound with its shrill and piercing cries, accurately illus-

* "During the reign of William the Bad," observes Sismondi, "Les Sarrasins, cantonnés dans les montagnes, occupoient encore la plus grande partie de l'interieur de l'isle: ils n'obeissoient qu'à des chefs de leur nation, et la soumission de ceux-ci au roi étoit plus que douteuse."—Vol. ii. p. 263.

† The Val d' Ispica is situated between Spaccaforno and Modica, among wild and romantic cliffs, and was known to the Romans by the name of the *Ispica Fundus*. The sides of the valley are hollowed out into a multitude of grottos difficult of access. These singular abodes are still occupied by a sturdy half-civilized race, who subsist on the simplest diet—the berries of the myrtle-tree, the arbutus, the dwarf olive, the stunted oak, the bramble, and other plants, with which the whole country is overrun.

trating the expressions of the bucolic poets*;" who have given a truer idea of the noise made by this insect, than either Homer, who compares it to the softness of the lily, or Anacreon, who likens it to the melody of song:—

Μακαριζομαι σε τεττιξ,
Ὁτε δενδρεων επ' ακρων,
Ολιγην δροσον πεπωκως,
Βασιλευς ὁπως ασιδεις.

Happy insect, what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine;
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king.—Cowley.

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* . . . . Rumpunt arbusta cicadæ.—*Virg.*

Τοι δε ποτι σμιραις ορεδαμνισιν αιθαλιωνες
Τεττιγες λαλαγεῦντες εχον πονον.—*Theocr.*

"This latter expression of the Sicilian poet is particularly appropriate; the cries are unceasingly fatiguing."—*Hughes.* It ought, however, to be remarked, that Theocritus himself sometimes uses the word αιδω with reference to the cry of the cicala.

SYRACUSE.

Tempus edax rerum, tuque invidiosa vetustas,
Omnia destruitis; vitiataque dentibus ævi
Paulatim lentâ consumitis omnia morte.—Ovid.

The entrance to modern Syracuse, now reduced to the little island of Ortygia, the cradle of its infancy, is over a fortified isthmus which separates the two harbours from each other; the larger one being on the right, the smaller on the left. The former of these, even for the largest ships of modern days, is one of the most commodious harbours in the world; and the latter—separated from the other by the island, and communicating with it formerly by two passages only, both of them so narrow that they might easily be defended by a very small force—was peculiarly adapted to the ancient trireme, which drew but little water, and was set in motion by oars. Capable of containing seventy of these vessels, Dionysius caused it to be secured towards the sea by gates, which permitted only one of them to pass at a time; while, on the mainland side, a wall was carried from one entrance to the other, so that the vessels in the port were in fact within the citadel, which the same Dionysius had caused to be constructed near the isthmus. No pains had been spared to render this citadel complete. Within it was a mint, a prison, a magazine containing arms for 70,000 men, and superb porticos, where they might exercise themselves without

exposure to the sun. It was called Pentapyla from the number of its gates. Within its limits also was comprised the famous palace of Dionysius, which, with the citadel itself, was demolished by the populace on the surrender of the latter to Timoleon by Dionysius II. On the same site Hiero II. erected a still more splendid palace, which subsequently became the residence of the Roman prætors, and the depository of their plunder. In process of time, Hiero's palace, falling to decay, was succeeded by the Castello di Mahrietto, a Saracenic fortress; and this again being destroyed in the turbulent times that followed, the present lines—which, were they not commanded by the high ground of Acradina, would be almost impregnable—were constructed under the auspices of the Emperor Charles V. Having passed the defences on the isthmus, we repaired to the Albergo del Sole, over the door of which we found placed, appropriately enough, Cicero's well-known panegyric upon the climate of Syracuse;—for here, according to the saying recorded by him, the sun was never known to be obscured entirely during any one day of the year by clouds or tempest*.

The first thing a traveller usually goes to see at Syracuse is the celebrated fountain of Arethusa, than which, however, nothing can be better calculated to mortify one's

* Urbem Syracusase legerat, cujus hic situs atque hæc natura esse loci cœlique dicitur, ut nullus unquam dies tam magnâ turbulentâque tempestate fuerit quin aliquo tempore ejus diei Solem homines viderent.—*In Verrem*, ii. lib. v.

classical predilections; for alas! Arethusa, the lovely Arethusa, is now converted into a public wash-tub. In nothing does it correspond with Cicero's description, except its site*, being still protected from the sea by one of the bastions of the city walls. Its waters, to judge from that description, must be sadly diminished; its sacred fish exist no longer; Diana's grove, as well as the statue of the goddess that once adorned its margin, have long since disappeared; and the bare-legged nymphs, who may daily be seen here standing up to their knees at washing stones, are but sorry substitutes for those of Diana's train.

At the distance of about thirty yards from the fountain, near the angle of the bastion which protects it from the encroachment of the sea, is a copious spring issuing from the bottom of the great harbour, and with such force that it reaches the surface of the salt water before it mingles with it. This spring, the situation of which may be clearly distinguished in calm weather by the ebullition on the surface, is called the Occhio di Zilica, and passes for that very Alpheus whom the poets represent as having pursued Arethusa under the sea from Greece to Sicily, and as emerging at last in the fountain of the nymph†. Its change of position is accounted for by re-

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* In hâc insulâ extremâ est fons aquæ dulcis, cui nomen Arethusa est, incredibili magnitudine plenissimus piscium, qui fluctu totus operiretur, nisi munitione, ac mole lapidum à mari disjunctus esset.

† . . . . . Alpheum fama est huc Elidis amnem
Occultas egisse vias subter mare; qui nunc
Ore, Arethusa, tuo Siculis confunditur undis.—*Virg. Æn.* iii. 694.

ferring it to some of those convulsions that have so often affected the waters of Arethusa, alternately changing them from sweet to bitter, and from bitter to sweet. As none of the ancient poets or historians who speak of Arethusa take any notice of this spring, which may perhaps proceed from the same source as Arethusa itself, the probability is that it did not then exist. Had there in those days been any symptom of such an ebullition, they would hardly have neglected to adduce it as a strong argument in favour of Alpheus's submarine excursion; the rather, as it rises pretty much in the direction of Greece from Ortygia.

That a story so palpably absurd should have gained such credit among the ancients may well excite our astonishment; for it must be borne in mind that not only poets, but historians and philosophers, mention it with all the gravity of seeming belief. Pliny refers to it more than once; expressly observing that whatever was thrown into the Alpheus re-appeared in the fountain of Arethusa*. As the priests of Diana had charge of the fountain, and were probably interested in supporting the credit of the

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Hic Arethusa suo piscoso fonte receptat
Alpheum, sacræ portantem signa coronæ.—*Sil. Ital.*

* "Quædam flumina odio maris ipsa subeunt vada, sicut Arethusa fons Syracusanus, in quo redduntur jacta in Alpheum, qui per Olympiam fluvius Peloponnesiaco littori infunditur."—*N. H.* lib. ii.

Et illa miraculi plena, Arethusam Syracusis fimum redolere per Olympiam, verique simile quoniam Alpheus in eâ insulâ sub ima maria permeat."—Lib. xxxi.

story—for it was Diana who transformed the nymph into a river and conducted her, by submarine passages, from Greece to Sicily, to enable her to elude the pursuit of Alpheus—it might, as Brydone observes, have been the invention of those priests. Or perhaps, according to the suggestion of Hughes, "the origin of the fable may be referred to the lively imagination of the Greeks, joined to that natural attachment of the mind to whatever in a foreign country recalls to its recollection the beauties of our native land. At Pisa, in Arcadia, was a beautiful spring, from which two streams issued, called Alpheus and Arethusa; the Ortygian colonists observing a submarine stream in the island—for that of Arethusa is found to flow under the small harbour, where it branches out in different directions*—invented the fable, and applied the old names to the newly discovered favourite: the story grew, and Arethusa increased in fame with the celebrity of Syracuse."

Near the extremity of the island is a strong fort, defending the entrance of the harbour on the side opposite to the Plemmyrian Promontory, styled the Castello di Maniace, from the name of the individual by whom it was begun. The Saracens, on the capture of Syracuse in 878, destroyed an ancient castle which stood on the same site. One hundred and sixty years subsequent to that event, Maniaces, a general in the service of the

* The channels were seen by Fazzello, and the waters are always found discoloured after heavy rains, probably from the soil of Acradina, in which are the springs—*Hughes.*

Greek Emperor, aided by the Normans, regained possession of the city, and commenced building the fort in question. He retained his conquest, however, but two years; for, at the end of that period, the Saracens returning in greater force, he was compelled to evacuate the place; though not without previously stipulating for the wonderful privilege of taking with him certain Christian relics, more especially the body of S. Lucia, the tutelary Saint of Syracuse.

The Saracens completed the work which Maniaces had begun; but, in 1704, the castle was almost totally destroyed by the blowing up of a powder magazine. It was subsequently repaired, and is still a place of some strength; but the only Saracenic part remaining is a richly ornamented gateway, once surmounted by two brazen rams of curious workmanship, now at Palermo. The excavations made in the vicinity of the fort have brought to light some substructions, which may perhaps have formed the basement of those vast granaries noticed by Livy (lib. xxiv.), which, when filled, contained a supply capable of meeting the exigencies of the most protracted siege; while the walls with which Dionysius surrounded the island, and the fortress which he built upon the isthmus, rendered it proof against an assault. Hence the master of Ortygia was always master of the city; as was sufficiently exemplified during the sway of the two Dionysii. In after times, so conscious was Marcellus of the strength of Ortygia—for the reduction of which he himself had been indebted to treachery—that he forbad any Syracusan citizen to dwell within its walls.

—(Cic. in Verrem, ii. l. v.) The circuit of the modern walls is computed at about two miles. Some remains of the old Greek masonry, consisting of very large blocks of stone closely joined together without cement, may still be observed at the base of the fortifications: there are also several ancient wells, cut in the rock, between the fortifications and the sea.

This part of the shore of Ortygia, where, in ancient times, there was a public promenade, is noticed by Cicero as the scene of the infamous debaucheries of Verres. Here, under cover of his splendid tent, did he wile away his time, admitting none to his presence but his youthful son, and the companions of his lust. "Here," says the indignant orator, "whilst our fleets passed out of the Syracusan harbour, stood a prætor of the Roman people dressed in sandals, with a purple cloak, and a tunic reaching to his ancles, reclining upon a wretched harlot." —(In Verrem, ii. lib. 5).

On the opposite side of the entrance to the harbour is the bold headland, called by the ancients the Promontory of Plemmyrium—a name famous in Grecian story. It was here, between the Plemmyrian Promontory and the extremity of Ortygia—a space of about a mile in length—that the Syracusans, following the advice of Hermocrates, blockaded the Athenian fleet, by throwing chains across a line of barks stretching from one headland to the other. While we contemplated the prospect before us, "fancy eagerly retraced the various scenes which occurred in that last and memorable conflict upon this spot: the gloomy silence of the forlorn Athenians

on one side, cut off from every hope of escape, tormented by the shame of recent defeat, the thoughts of home, and the pledges of affection there which they were destined never to behold again: on the other, the ardent courage of the Syracusans burning for revenge upon their unprovoked assailants, and animated at the sight of parents, wives, and children, by whom the shores of Ortygia were lined. In the midst, Nicias rising above himself, reproving some, encouraging others, exhorting all, shewing an example of undaunted bravery, and shining far more bright in misfortune than success;—then the shock and tumult of battle—the shouts of the victors—the terror and despair of the vanquished aggressors*."

Among the few existing remains of the ancient Ortygia are portions of two large Doric columns, in a dwelling-house erected on the site of the temple of Diana, in a quarter of the town called Resalibra. This temple, dedicated to the divinity who was supposed to preside in a more especial manner over the island of Ortygia, and who was accordingly worshipped there under the title of Σωτειρα, "the Protectress," was in all probability the oldest structure of the kind ever raised by the Syracusan Greeks. How little the goddess merited the epithet Σωτειρα was evident in the sequel; for it

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Hughes' Travels in Greece, &c.

was during the celebration of a festival in honour of her, denominated *Canephoria*, and the licence consequent upon it, that Marcellus took the city by escalade.

The great square, where the principal buildings of the modern city are congregated together, is also embellished by the western façade of the cathedral. This edifice, which comprises within its walls the celebrated temple of Minerva, with twenty-four of its columns, is from this latter circumstance dedicated to the "Madonna delle Colonne." The columns, of which there were thirteen on each flank and six in front, are twenty-eight feet and a half in height by six and a half in diameter. The nave of the church is formed out of the cella of the temple, the walls of which have been pierced to open communications with the side aisles—these aisles consisting of the north and south porticos of the peristyle, the intercolumniations of which have of course been walled up*. The temple of Minerva, according to Cicero's description of it, seems to have been almost unequalled for the richness of its decorations. "Its doors," he observes, "were the theme of universal praise. There the labours of Hercules were curiously wrought in ivory, the corners of each separate panel being adorned with large

* The breadth of each aisle is seventeen feet, that of the nave thirty-two, making the entire width of the church, and therefore of the ancient temple, sixty-six feet. The pillars of the east and west porticos being wanting, the length of the temple cannot be determined with equal facility.

golden bosses of admirable workmanship, while a Medusa's head, composed of the same costly materials, shone above the portal, surrounded with its bristling snakes."—(In Verrem, ii. lib. 4). Of the exquisite paintings with which the interior was decorated, no less than eight-and-twenty—one of them a celebrated equestrian combat representing Agathocles; others, portraits of Sicilian kings and tyrants, equally valuable for skilfulness of execution, and accuracy of resemblance—did the rapacious Verres carry off; "stripping the temple to its very walls*."

Among the videnda of Syracuse must be enumerated a public library and a museum. The library—a handsome apartment, with painted ceiling, the frescos of which are undergoing the usual fate of frescos, being almost half-defaced by damp—contains but few manuscripts, but possesses a choice collection of classics.

Among the multiplicity of heterogeneous objects, ancient and modern, sacred and profane, deposited in the museum, are a number of monumental inscriptions, most of them found in the catacombs, and referable to the times of the Lower Empire. Some few are interesting, as tending to shew the gradual changes and corruptions of the language; while others "partake of the simplicity, modesty, and brevity that shine so conspicuous in the epitaphial language of the Greeks, and are so much

* Omnia præter tectum et parietes abstulit.—*Cic. in Verrem*, ii. lib. 5.

more affecting than the laboured strains of modern panegyric*."

Though, like other Grecian cities, Syracuse abounded with baths—the usual repositories of the choicest sculpture—and though the excavations made among these and other ruins have generally been attended with success; yet, as these excavations have hitherto been made only on a limited scale, we need hardly be surprised to find that the museum presents but few remains of ancient art. Among those few, the first that claims notice is a much admired torso of Venus, discovered in one of the baths of Acradina, as recently as the year 1804, by the Chevalier Landolina. "The goddess," observes Hughes, "appears in the act of ascending from the bath, and drawing gracefully with her left hand the drapery round her body; the head and right arm are unfor-

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* Hughes;—from whose work on Greece and Albania the following specimens are extracted:—

Θ. Χ.
ΝΕΘΑΡΙΟΝ. ΓΑΥΚΥ. ΧΑΙΡΕ.
ΘΑΝΕΙΝ. ΠΕΠΡΩΤΑΙ.

ΧΡΥΣΗΣ. ΕΝΘΑΔΕ. ΚΕΙΤΑΙ.
ΟΛΙΓΗ. ΚΟΝΙΣ.

Θ. Χ.
ΕΥΦΡΟΣΙΝΗ. ΧΡΗΣΤΗ. ΚΑΙ. ΑΜΕΜΠΤΟΣ.
ΕΖΗΣΕΝ. ΕΤΗ. Μ.

ΛΕΟΣΘΕΝΗΣ. ΛΕΠΙΔΟΣ. ΚΑΙ. ΕΡΑΣΜΙΟΣ.
ΕΖΗΣΕΝ. ΕΤΗ. Κ.
ΜΗΝ. Δ. ΗΜΕΡ. Η

tunately broken, but the position of the latter was evidently across the bosom: her emblems, a dolphin and a concha marina, appear sculptured upon the pedestal. The height of this statue, which is of Parian marble, was six feet; and the beauty of its design, the delicacy of its attitude, the roundness and voluptuous grace of its limbs, and its high finish, mark it as one of the first order—a fine example of that *beau ideal* in which the Greek artists excelled all others, when they collected and concentrated in one object those charms which are found diffused over the species*.

"Another monument, discovered by Landolina, is a statue of Esculapius, about three feet and a half high, more antique than the Venus, but inferior to it in sculpture, though the drapery is excellent. The right arm alone is broken; but as part of the club remains, with the tail of an entwined serpent, and as on the pedestal appears a hemisphere, covered by a reticulated veil representing the cortina of the oracular tripod, this statue has offered no bone for connoisseurs to pick, but is decided at once to be a genuine son of Apollo. A mutilated statue of the beardless father—though the son,

* Though the attitude of this torso bears no resemblance to that of the famous Venus of the Neapolitan Museum, yet the antiquary Capodieci would have it that it was the Callipygian Venus mentioned in Athenæus (lib. xii.) Such statues were probably not uncommon in ancient Syracuse:—Και Καλλιπυγῳ θυουσι Συρακουσιοι· ἡν Νικανδρος ὁ ποιητης καλλιγλουτον που κεκληκεν.—*Cl. Alex.* Vol. ii. p. 33.

by some unaccountable freak, has this ornament of the face a foot long*—lies neglected on the floor, by the side of a Goddess of Plenty; having been discovered, with five others, since lost, on the site of Hiero's palace. These, together with a colossal head, found near the same spot, and thought to have belonged to a statue of 'Jupiter the Deliverer,' are the only fragments in the museum—for there is not one entire statue—worthy of notice."

The walls are hung with a few curious pictures painted by Greek artists of the middle ages, who, as if conscious of their inability to arrive at expression, contented themselves with producing mere forms;—for here, as usual, we meet with the vacant features, the inflexible attitudes and distinct contours which characterize all the works of that period; while the want of chiaroscuro and perspective is but poorly compensated by embossed work and ornaments of gold.

The museum also contains a fine collection of those *terra cotta* vases, for which Syracuse was so celebrated, and for which it seems so difficult to find a suitable name. "Antiquaries," observes Forsyth, "cannot yet agree on

* Dionysius the first, whose wit at least equalled his tyranny, when in want of money, is said to have carried off a magnificent golden beard from the Epidaurian Esculapius, under plea of this unequal distribution between the father and the son. The statue mentioned in the text was discovered in a bath, where, indeed, it would be most appropriately placed. The bath of Hippias, described by Lucian, was similarly adorned:—*Και εικονες εν αυτῳ λιθου λευκου τῆς αρχαιας εργασιας, ἡ μεν Υγειας ἡ δε Ασκληπιοῦ.—Hippias*, §. 5.—*Hughes.*

any common name for those vases, which have been successively called Etruscan, Campanian, Sicilian, Athenian. One proposes the epithet Italo-Greek; another, Greco-Italic; another, Ceramographic; another, painted Campanian, Etruscan, &c. They seem to dislike so general a denomination as *Greek;* yet this appears to me the fittest of all. Etruria and Campania were only colonies of the plastic art, but the mother-country was Greece. The term Greek would exclude only the vases strictly Etruscan, few of which were painted, very few indeed painted historically. *Tuscanica* were little clay figures, not vases. The pottery of Etruria was but black earthenware. Arretium wrought only for the kitchen. It was *Greece,* or Magna *Græcia,* or the *Greek* cities of Sicily, that furnished the temple and the tomb." Many of the subjects depicted on the *paterœ* and lamps deposited in this museum are admired for their elegance; others are curious for the ludicrous nature of their decorations; while others, again, are remarkable only for that indecency which so often deforms the remains of ancient art.

Syracuse derived its name from the marsh Syraco—now called "Il Pantano"—on the right bank of the Anapus; and, from the circumstance of its being divided into four quarters, was sometimes denominated Tetrapolis*. This celebrated city, as we have already seen,

* Ea tanta est urbs, ut ex quatuor urbibus constari dicatur.—*Cic.*

owed its foundation to a colony from Corinth, led by Archias in the second year of the eleventh Olympiad, and "was, indeed, notwithstanding the singularly happy situation of the latter, a mountain produced from a mole-hill." The island was the first part occupied, and this, which had previously been called Omothermon, was now called Ortygia or Quail-island, and dedicated to Diana. The city soon spread beyond the confines of Ortygia, and Acradina—supposed to have been so called from "the wild pear-tree," (απο της αχραδος), which probably flourished on its site—became, according to Plutarch, the most populous quarter of the whole*. Tycha was added next, and last of all, as its name implies, Neapolis†. After the inclosure of the three heights called Epipolæ within the walls, a work executed under the auspices of the elder Dionysius, the city was sometimes styled Pentapolis, though this last quarter was never occupied by the habitations of the citizens. On the completion of the walls of Epipolæ, the city, which was now a hundred and eighty stadia, or about twenty-two miles, in circumference, was probably the largest then existing in Europe. Long before this period, indeed, Thucydides states it to have been not less than Athens‡; and Cicero expressly tells us, that in

* Ακραδινην ὁ κρατιστον εδοκει και αθρανστοτατον ὑπαρχειν τῆς Συρακουσιων μερος πολεως.—*In Vitâ Timol.*

† Quarta autem est urbs, quæ quia postrema ædificata est, Neapolis nominatur.

‡ Πολιν ουδεν ελασσονα ἀυτην τε καθ' ἀυτην των Αθηνων.—Lib. vii.

his time it was confessedly the largest and most beautiful of all the Grecian cities*. Taking into consideration its military fame, its naval pre-eminence, and its influence over neighbouring states, we shall find no instance of a city, so circumscribed in territory, extending its renown so far as Syracuse:—

Μεγαλοπολιες Συρα-
κουσαι, βαθυπολεμου
Τεμενος Αρεος, ανδρων
Ἱππων τε σιδαροχαρμᾶν
Δαιμονιαι τροφαι:—

The mighty Syracusan town,
Mars the war-god's favourite seat,
Generous nurse of coursers fleet,
And steel-clad men of high renown.

But alas! how are the mighty fallen! Syracuse, the wealthiest and most powerful of all the Grecian states, which, by its own unassisted strength, was able to contend so long against all the power of Carthage and of Rome—which contained within its walls fleets and armies that were the terror of the world—this proud city is now reduced to the condition of a petty town. "From the height of its glory, Syracuse fell at once beneath the sword of conquering Rome . . . . It retained, indeed, the shadow of its former glory under the oppression of

* Urbem Syracusas maximam esse Græcarum urbium pulcherrimamque omnium sæpe audistis.—*In Verrem*, ii. lib. 4.

Rome, and the degeneracy of the Byzantine empire, till the convulsions of earthquakes and the fanatic fury of Saracenic invaders, rendered it a scene of desolation, and reduced its inhabitants to the limits of the first settlers in the little island of Ortygia. At this time Syracuse lost its title of capital of the island; for the Arabs, who first landed in Sicily in the year 827, and conquered Syracuse near the end of that century, transferred the seat of government to Palermo, which they made the residence of their emir, and divided the island into three districts—the Val Demone, the Val di Mazzara, and the Val di Noto. Ortygia, even then and for some time afterwards, retained a population of near a hundred thousand souls; but this has since gradually dwindled away. At present it is said to contain twelve thousand inhabitants, seven parish churches, besides the cathedral, ten convents of monks, seven of nuns, a seminary for the priesthood, and a college for general studies. Its streets are narrow and dirty, its nobles poor, its commonalty ignorant, superstitious, idle, and addicted to festivals: much of its once fertile land is become a pestilential marsh, and that commerce which formerly filled the finest port in Europe with the vessels of Italy, Rhodes, Alexandria, Carthage, and every other maritime power, is now confined to a petty coasting trade. Such is modern Syracuse! Yet the sky which canopies it is still brilliant and serene; the golden grain is still ready to spring almost spontaneously from its fields; the blue waves still beat against its walls, to send its navies over

the main; Nature is still prompt to pour forth her bounties with a prodigal hand; but man, alas! is changed; his liberty is lost; and with that the genius and prosperity of a nation rises, sinks, and is extinguished*."

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* Hughes' Travels in Greece, &c.

ACRADINA—TYCHA—NEAPOLIS—EPIPOLÆ.

Acradina.—Of the remaining divisions of Syracuse, which come next to be considered, Acradina, the first in order, is styled by Cicero, "the second city, containing a spacious forum, a beautiful portico, an ornamented prytaneum, a commodious senate-house, and a magnificent temple of Olympian Jupiter; its different parts being connected by a broad street, running completely across it, intersected by many oblique ones." Of the massive edifices above enumerated, which, however, formed but a small portion of the splendour of Acradina, scarcely a vestige now remains. Where there is so little to be had in the shape of certainty, antiquaries are fain to supply its place by conjecture. Thus, they tell you that the church of San Giovanni occupies the site of the temple of Jupiter, built by Hiero, who there suspended the Gallic and Illyrian spoils presented to him by the Roman senate. The forum they suppose to have been near the isthmus; and this conjecture is corroborated by a passage of Cicero, which clearly places it near the great harbour; for among the charges preferred by him against Verres is that of suffering a pirate to enter the port, and penetrate with impunity up to the very forum.—(Act. ii. lib. v.) In the same spirit of conjecture the co-

lumns discovered some few years since at a short distance from the isthmus, are assigned to that prytaneum from which Verres carried off a matchless statue of Sappho. The Syracusan mystagogi sighed as they pointed to the vacant frames and idle pedestals from which the choicest monuments of art had been ruthlessly torn away:—Hi, qui hospites ad ea quæ visenda sunt ducere solebant —ut ante demonstrabant quid ubique esset, ita nunc quid undique ablatum sit ostendunt. Even the loss of liberty seems scarcely to have affected the Greeks more deeply than the loss of the choicest productions of the pencil and chisel. We may form some notion of the poignancy of their chagrin on such occasions, from the fact that there is no instance on record of a Grecian city parting with any work of the kind till it had also parted with its freedom. Indeed, on this subject Pliny records a circumstance which may, at first, sound somewhat strange to modern ears. He tells us that Nicomedes offered to discharge all the public debts with which the people of Cnidus were at that time overwhelmed, provided they would but consent to part with the original Cupid of Praxiteles; and that they at once rejected the munificent offer. It should, however, be borne in mind, that the people of Cnidus probably derived no little advantage from the crowds of strangers attracted to their island by the high reputation of this admired statue.

On the shore of Acradina is pointed out a recess in the rock, the supposed site of Archimedes' house, and still denominated Buon Servizio, with a traditional allusion to the "good service" there rendered by him in

setting fire to the Roman gallies. Brydone seems to have speculated a good deal upon the way in which this feat, if really performed, was effected; and it must be admitted that his speculations upon this point have at least the merit of being amusing. "I should be apt to imagine," says he, "if this be not entirely a fiction—of which there is some probability—that it was neither performed by refracting burning-glasses nor speculums, but only by means of common looking-glasses, or very clear plates of metal. Indeed, from the situation of the place, it must have been done by reflection; for Archimedes' tower stood on the north of the little port where the Roman fleet is said to have been moored; so that their vessels lay in a right line betwixt him and the sun at noon; and at a very small distance from the wall of the city where this tower stood. But if you will suppose this to have been performed by common burning-glasses, or by those of the parabolic kind, it will be necessary to raise a tower of a most enormous height on the island of Ortygia, in order to interpose these glasses betwixt the sun and the Roman galleys; and even this could not have been done till late in the afternoon, when his rays are exceedingly weak. But I have very little doubt that common glasses would be found all-sufficient to perform these effects.

"Let us suppose that a thousand of these were made to reflect the rays to the same point: the heat, in all probability, would be increased to a greater degree than in the focus of most burning-glasses; and abundantly capable of setting fire to every combustible substance. This experiment," continues he, with admirable naïveté,

"might be easily made by means of a battalion of men, arming each with a looking-glass instead of a firelock; and setting up a board at two or three hundred yards distance for them to aim at. I suppose it would take considerable time before they were expert at this exercise; but, by practice, I have no doubt that they might all be brought to hit the mark instantaneously at the word of command; like the lark-catchers in some countries, who are so dexterous at this manœuvre, that, with a small mirror, they throw the rays of light on the lark, let her be ever so high in the air; which, by a kind of fascination, brings down the poor bird to the snare.

"You may laugh at all this; but I do not think it impossible that a looking-glass may one day be thought as necessary an implement for a soldier as at present it is for a beau. I am very apprehensive the French will get the start of us in this signal invention; as I have been assured long ago, that few of their men ever go to the field without first providing themselves with one of these little warlike engines, the true use of which, happily for us, they are as yet unacquainted with. You will easily perceive, that, if this experiment succeeds, it must alter the whole system of fortification as well as of attack and defence; for every part of the city, exposed to the view of the besiegers, may be easily set in a flame; and the besieged would have the same advantage over the camp of the besieging army*."

* Buffon actually made this experiment. He constructed a kind of frame, in which were fixed four hundred small mirrors, disposed

At a short distance from Buon Servizio is a point of land styled "Il Capo dei Capuccini," where those monks have a spacious convent, moated round, and entered by a draw-bridge; such a precaution being necessary to secure them from the predatory attacks of Barbary corsairs. The gardens of this convent, termed the Selva, and sheltered by the surrounding cliffs from every wind that blows, are famed for their prodigal beauty. "The finest fruits here flourish in luxuriance—the lofty and precipitous sides of the quarry are covered with a garniture of vines and creepers;—trickling fountains, moss-grown caverns, and detached masses of grey rock, add to the picturesque effect of the scene, whilst the air, impregnated with the fragrance of orange trees and roses, sheds a delicious languor over the senses, and inclines the mind to repose and contemplation*." The gardens occupy the site of one of those vast lautomiæ, or stone quarries, from the materials of which the greater part of ancient Syracuse is supposed to have been built. There are no less than nine of these lautomiæ, but this, which is called the Palombino, is larger than any of the rest; not even excepting the Paradiso, so celebrated for the cavern called the Ear of Dionysius. The floor of the quarry is upwards of a hundred feet below the sur-

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in such a manner, that the rays reflected from each of them fell exactly on the same point. By means of this he melted lead at the distance of 120 feet, and set fire to a haystack at a much greater distance.—*Brydone.*

* Hughes' Travels in Greece, &c.

face of Acradina; in some parts the rocks form natural arches; in others, the arches are fallen in: here, stands a huge detached rock, like an enormous pillar; there, is seen a mass projecting from the sides of the lautomiæ, or a cavern penetrating into them; the whole composing a scene as romantic as it is unique. Cicero gives a beautiful description of one of these Syracusan stone-quarries: "Lautumias Syracusanas omnes audistis, plerique nôstis: opus est ingens, magnificum, regum ac tyrannorum; totum est ex saxo in mirandam altitudinem depresso et multorum operis penitus exciso: nihil tam clausum ad exitus, nihil tam septum undique, nihil tam tutum ad custodias nec fieri nec excogitari potest."—(In Verrem, ii. lib. 5). Whether this description was meant to apply to the Palombino or to the Paradiso cannot now be ascertained with certainty. Stolberg and Brydone refer it to the former; Hughes, on the contrary, assigns it to the latter. Both these lautomiæ were probably used as places of confinement, and the main features of the description are equally applicable to both.

On following the cliffs and crags, which, for the most part, form the boundary of Acradina towards the sea, frequent vestiges of the ancient walls are still observable. Here and there, indeed, the defences seem to have been rather the work of nature than of art*;—such is the

* Polybius thus describes them:—*Ουσης γαρ οχυρᾶς της πολεως δια το κεῖσθαι κυκλῳ το τειχος επι τοπων ὑπερδεξιῶν και προκειμενης ὀφρυος, προς ἣν και μηδενος κωλυοντος ουκ αν ευμαρῶς τις δυναιτο πελασαι, πλην κατα τινας τοπους ωρισμενους.*

steepness of the precipice, which, in some places, is cut into the shape of a battlement. Several of the old gateways may also be distinguished. That to the north, at no great distance from a gap in the rock—called Scala Greca—which separated Acradina from Tycha, was, like the others, well contrived for defence; being so placed that, to approach it, the assailants were under the necessity of exposing their right side for a considerable distance to the missiles of the besieged. A little to the west of Scala Greca stood the tower called *Galeagra*. Near this tower it was, that, during the conferences between Epicydes and Marcellus for the liberation of Damippus, a Roman soldier, by counting the courses of stone and computing their height, discovered that the wall was much lower than had been imagined. This discovery he forthwith communicated to Marcellus, who only waited for a favourable opportunity of turning it to account. Nor had he to wait long; having succeeded in penetrating into the city on one of the nights of Diana's festival, when the inhabitants, more intent upon propitiating their Protectress than upon protecting themselves, were in a state of general intoxication.

Among the objects usually visited in the interior of Acradina, is a Franciscan convent containing the shrine of the virgin martyr, S. Lucia, the protectress of the modern town. Caravaggio, it seems, after his escape from Malta*, met with a hospitable reception from these

* See Appendix, Roman School, Art. Caravaggio.

monks, and in return executed for them a large painting representing the Martyrdom of the Saint: the colouring of this picture, which is placed behind the altar of the church, is now almost defaced by the damp. Beneath the church is a spacious crypt containing the tomb of the Saint, adorned with one of the most successful efforts of modern art—"the very image of female youth and beauty in the attitude of repose. There is a pathos in the calm serenity and celestial innocence of the countenance which cannot be surpassed; while a mysterious and golden light, shed over the Parian marble from a hundred lamps, which burn, like the Vestals' fire, continually before the sepulchre, aids the deception of the artist, and keeps the spectator almost breathless lest he should awake the beauteous form that sleeps before him*."

At no great distance from the Franciscan convent are some indistinct ruins, which, in defiance of Diodorus, now pass for the Hexacontaclinos, or palace of sixty couches or triclinia, which Agathocles, according to that historian, caused to be built in the island of Ortygia; and that, too, on so magnificent a scale, that "the gods in jealousy played heaven's own artillery against it, and levelled it with the ground." From Mirabella's account of a statue of a Naiad holding an urn, found here in 1612, some take these ruins for the remains of a bath; but whether referable to a palace or a bath, they are remarkable only for a chamber with a singularly con-

* Hughes' Travels in Greece, &c.

structed arched ceiling. The vaulting is formed by parallel rows of a sort of hollow tube of baked clay, in shape not unlike a French wine bottle, filled with cement, and open at the bottom, where it receives the tapering point of the next—the central tube being open at both ends, and acting as a key-stone to the arch. The arch, when thus completed, received a covering of cement, in which was embedded a coating of thick tiles; the whole composing a vaulting of great strength.

The church of St. Marcian, said to be the first structure in Europe appropriated to Christian worship, is now a subterranean crypt, over which the modern church of S. Giovanni has been erected. Opposite the tomb of this Saint Marcian, the protomartyr and first bishop of Syracuse, stands a block of red granite, to which he is said to have been tied at the time of his decapitation; and which, in the opinion of all good Catholics, owes its colour to the blood with which it was bespattered on that and similar tragical occasions.

The Catacombs, contiguous to this crypt, are vast excavations of uncertain date, forming extensive subterranean streets of tombs cut out of the solid rock. The entrance to them is by a passage six feet high, eight broad—expanding afterwards to twenty—and carried on in a right line, so as to form the principal street, with an aperture in the roof for the admission of air. From this master-line other streets branch off in different directions, all of them bordered with columbaria, and oblong sepulchral niches of various sizes. Here and there are found little squares and circular openings formed by different

convergent avenues, and ventilated by the external air, admitted through conical apertures. From the marks of gates and locks still remaining, it has been conjectured that some of the recesses were private property. The walls of many of them are decorated with rude paintings on a vermilion ground, representing palm-branches, doves, circles inclosing crosses, and other religious emblems, Pagan as well as Christian. Lamps, urns, vases, crucifixes, and monumental tablets have here been found in great abundance; many of which are now deposited in the public museum.

These Catacombs, which consist of two stories, have been referred to very different ages, and assigned to very different objects; but the most plausible opinion seems to be, that which ascribes them to the Romans, during the period between the colonization of Syracuse by Augustus and the division of the Empire. That they were merely the quarries from which the Syracusan Greeks drew materials for building the city, seems very improbable; for we can hardly suppose that ingenious people to have been so indifferent to the waste of time and labour, as to have cut their quarries into such precise and inconvenient shapes, and still less that they would have formed them into two distinct tiers or stories. Nor is it at all more probable that the Greeks would provide such extensive receptacles for their dead; and for this plain reason, that, as the bodies of their dead were generally burnt*, small niches for cinerary urns were all that

* Το δε απο τουτων, διελομενοι κατα εθνη τας ταφας, ὁ μεν Ἑλλην

was required. It should be remembered, too, that no example of such a cemetery exists in any Grecian city which was not a Roman colony; whereas, at Rome itself, as well as at Naples—which was colonized by Romans —we meet with catacombs the very counterpart of those at Syracuse.

Tycha.—This quarter, which, according to Cicero's account, formed the third division of Syracuse, derived its name from an ancient temple of Fortune (Τυχη) which stood within its limits, and, according to the same succinct account, contained a numerous population, with a spacious gymnasium and various sacred edifices. But of the numerous buildings, public and private, which adorned this once populous quarter, not a vestige now remains. That the materials of so many edifices should thus have completely vanished may well excite astonishment; for the whole of that platform of rock on which Tycha stood exhibits not the smallest trace of habitation, if we except the channels of aqueducts, the deep-worn tracts of chariot wheels, and the mouldering remains of the city walls.

εκαυσεν, ὁ δε Περσης εθαψεν, ὁ δε Ινδος ὑαλω περιχριει, ὁ δε Σκυθης κατεσθιει, ταριχευει δε ὁ Αιγυπτιος.—(Lucian. de Luctu, § 21). With regard to the Romans, Pliny tells us that it was not originally the custom to burn their dead, though that custom was afterwards introduced. "Ipsum cremare apud Romanos non fuit veteris instituti; terra condebantur."—*Plin.* lib. vii. § 55. And though the practice of burning gained ground under the emperors, yet Macrobius informs us that in his days it had wholly ceased:—"Urendi corpora defunctorum usus nostro seculo nullus."—*Saturn.* c. vii.

NEAPOLIS, which, as its name imports, was built subsequently to Acradina and Tycha, and of course subsequently to Ortygia, is by Cicero denominated the fourth city of Syracuse. "The fourth city," says he, "which was built the last, is called Neapolis; and, at its highest point, boasts a capacious theatre; it also contains two superb temples, the one dedicated to Ceres, the other to Libera*, and a beautiful colossal statue of Apollo, surnamed Temenites"—signum pulcherrimum et maximum.

Of the two temples here mentioned not a vestige remains; but the theatre, which like most other Greek theatres, was cut out of the solid rock, has in great part withstood the ravages of time. It is seated on the side of a commanding eminence, overlooking the harbour, the sea, the rest of the city, and the adjacent country. It was the largest structure of the kind in Sicily, and, according to some accounts, was capable of accommodating 30,000 spectators, though Captain Smyth, with more appearance of probability, states the number at no more than 13,000. The area of the theatre consists of a segment of a circle exceeding that of a semicircle by seven-and-twenty feet; the diameter of the circle being a hundred and sixteen. Upwards of sixty rows of seats, separated into three divisions by two broad corridors, termed by the ancients, belts, are still distinguishable.

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* This epithet was sometimes applied to Proserpine:—Vetus est hæc opinio—insulam Siciliam totam esse Cereri et Proserpinæ consecratam—raptam esse Liberam, quam eandem Proserpinam vocant, ex Ennensium nemore.—*Cicero in Verrem.*

A spacious gallery, appropriated to the fair sex, encircled the upper part of the building. The whole of the pit was divided into cunei*, or wedges, by eight flights of steps, diverging from the orchestra up to the inner circle of this gallery. The theatre was, as usual, hypæthral; but though there was no roof, the holes that still remain exhibit evident indications of an awning used to supply its place, and protect the spectators from the excessive heat of the sun. The stream of water from the neighbouring aqueduct†, which, after turning the mills of Galermi—built in the very centre of the coilon or pit—falls in a succession of beautiful cascades down the steps, amidst a profusion of shrubs and creepers, was

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* Each cuneus appears to have been distinguished by its peculiar name or title, cut in large Greek characters upon the projecting cornice of the highest corridor. Four of these inscriptions have escaped the injuries of time; we are thus enabled to ascertain those portions of the Syracusan theatre which were dedicated to the Queens Philistis and Nereis, Jupiter Olympius, and to the benevolent Hercules. The originals are as follow:

ΒΑΣΙΛΙΣΣΑΣ ΦΙΛΙΣΤΙΔΟΣ. ΒΑΣΙΛΙΣΣΑΣ ΝΗΡΗΙΔΟΣ.
ΔΙΟΣ ΟΛΥΜΠΙΟΥ. ΗΡΑΚΛΕΟΣ ΕΥΦΡΟΝΙΟΥ.—*Hughes.*

† The great platform on which Syracuse was built is in many places intersected by aqueducts. A good view of the channel of one of these—which is four feet wide and thirty deep—may be obtained at no great distance from the theatre. It is divided into an upper and lower aqueduct, containing a considerable portion of rock between them. The upper channel, which is now dry, being broken open at this particular spot, together with the mass of rock intervening between the two, a copious and rapid stream may be observed flowing over the lower level.

formerly conveyed round the whole theatre by a channel cut in the rock and encircling the coilon. Indeed, "the attention of the architect seems to have been directed not more to the magnificence of the building than to the convenience of the spectators. The seats are at least two feet and a half in breadth, the stone being a little raised at the back of each row of seats, to accommodate the feet of those who sat upon the bench above, and prevent those unpleasant expostulations to which the poet alludes in the Roman circus, where such a convenience was probably omitted*:"—

> Tu quoque, qui spectas post nos, tua contrahe crura,
> Si pudor est, rigido nec preme terga genu.—
> OVID. AMOR. lib. iii. El. 2.

> Do you, who sit behind, if so it please,
> Draw back, nor gall us with your rigid knees.

Vestiges of the same contrivance may be observed in the tragic theatre at Pompeii.

At a short distance to the south-east of the theatre stands a Roman amphitheatre, partly cut out of the calcareous rock of which the platform of ancient Syracuse is composed, and partly consisting of solid masonry. The form is, as usual, elliptical: the two entrances, and a part of the corridor, which runs round the ellipse, have been cleared from rubbish. To judge from a broad vein of earth running obliquely quite across the building, this

* Hughes' Travels in Greece, &c.

amphitheatre, though still in tolerable preservation, seems to have suffered from the effects of an earthquake.

Above the theatre is a winding street cut to the depth of five or six feet in the solid rock, down which, according to tradition, Timoleon was wont to be borne in his litter, to the public assembly, upon the shoulders of Syracusan citizens. The direction of the street at least seems to favour this tradition; for it leads from where the villa stood* towards the theatre; and we know that a Greek theatre was almost as often the scene of the public assemblies of the people, as of dramatic representation. The sides of the street, throughout its whole extent, are lined on either hand with niches of various shapes and sizes for the reception of cinerary urns. Among these, one somewhat larger than the rest is pointed out, erroneously no doubt, as the receptacle of the mortal remains of the immortal Archimedes. The tomb of that philosopher, who, as Rollin observes, set greater store by a mathematical demonstration, than by all those dreadful engines which so long kept the Roman army in check, was, it seems, at his own request, decorated with the figure of a sphere inscribed in a cylinder; but was lost sight of by his ungrateful countrymen, even previous to Cicero's appointment to the quæstorship of Sicily. It is interesting to observe how anxiously that great man sought for the forgotten tomb, and how he exulted in the success of his search:—"Ego autem," says he,

* On the edge of Neapolis stands a farm-house called Tremila, built upon the ruins of Timoleon's Villa.

" cum omnia collustrarem oculis (est enim ad portas Agragianas magna frequentia sepulchrorum) animadverti columellam non multum e dumis eminentem, in quâ inerat sphæræ figura et cylindri. Atque ego statim Syracusanis (erant autem principes mecum) dixi, me illud ipsum arbitrari esse quod quærerem. Immissi cum falcibus multi purgarunt, et aperuerunt locum: quo cùm patefactus esset aditus ad adversam basim accessimus; apparebat epigramma exesis posterioribus partibus versiculorum dimidiatis ferè. Ita nobilissima Græciæ civitas, quondam vero etiam doctissima sui civis unius acutissimi monumentum ignorasset, nisi ab homine Arpinate didicisset." The mention of the Portæ Agragianæ, and of the frequent tombs in this passage—though the site of the Portæ Agragianæ is utterly unknown—may perhaps have given rise to the placing of the tomb of Archimedes in this quarter of the town. Yet, to say nothing of the probability that for " Portas Agragianas" we ought rather to read " Portas Acradinas"—there having been formerly a splendid gate of Acradina not far from the spot where the house of the philosopher is supposed to have stood, and where it is most likely he would be buried—it seems evident that Cicero would never have looked for a tomb overgrown, according to his own representation of it, with brambles and brushwood, " septum undique et vestitum vepribus et dumetis," on a rocky platform where neither bush nor bramble could have taken root. Involved as the subject is in obscurity, we cannot do better than follow Hughes's advice; contenting our-

selves with the reflection " that Archimedes rests in that most honourable sepulchre which is the lot of the great and good"—Ανδρων επιφανων πασα γη ταφος*.

The last object to be noticed in Neapolis is the Paradiso, as famous for its picturesque scenes, its luxuriant shrubs, and delicious fruits, as the Palombino already mentioned. In one or other of these lautomiæ it was that the greater part of the Athenians, made prisoners on the defeat of Nicias, were doomed to pass the remainder of their days; though some, who had the good fortune to be acquainted with the tragedies of Euripides, were set at liberty by their Syracusan masters, for their power of repeating passages from those inimitable works:—

When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,
And fettered thousands bore the yoke of war,
Redemption rose up in the Attic muse,
Her voice the only ransom from afar.
See! as they chant the tragic hymn, the car
Of the o'ermastered victor stops; the reins
Fall from his hands; his idle scymitar
Starts from its belt; he rends his captive's chains,
And bids him thank the bard for freedom, and his strains.—Byron.

The most singular object in this lautomia is a cavern about a hundred and eighty feet long, from seventeen to thirty-five wide, and about sixty high, called, from its resemblance to a human ear and the use to which it

* Thucydides.

is supposed to have been applied, the Ear of Dionysius*. The story goes, that Dionysius directed this cavern to be cut in the shape of an ear, and that the task was performed so scientifically, that, from a small chamber above, of very difficult access—apparently nothing more than the finish of a circuitous channel, about six feet deep, which runs along the top of the cavern—he could overhear the conversation of those whom he had ordered to be immured in this dungeon, himself the while unseen. That calumniated man, however, could seldom have had his curiosity gratified; for they who have made the experiment, by ascending to the chamber in question, inform us, that if more than one person happens to be speaking at a time, the result is nothing but a confused clamour. The whisper or voice of a person below is not heard so distinctly by a listener stationed in this chamber, as by one also stationed in the cavern below. There, as Hughes observes, "the whisper of a person at the farthest extremity is heard very distinctly by a listener at the entrance applying his ear to the wall, provided the whisperer speaks slow and distinctly, and at the same time brings his mouth nearly in contact with the side of the grotto. A very low whisper is heard only as an indis-

* The ground plan of the cavern is of a serpentine shape, the sides incline to each other in a wavy line towards the roof, which is finished by a narrow channel five feet eight inches in depth, and decreasing in breadth from three feet three inches to one foot eight inches. At about mean distance, on the right hand side, is a large and deep recess or chamber, called the tympanum of the ear.

tinct murmur; the full voice is drowned in the confusion of the echoes . . . The most agreeable effect produced was by the notes of a German flute, the finest by a bugle-horn—the sound in both instances being multiplied till it appeared almost like a band of music."

Epipolæ.—This division of the city consisted of three heights, commencing where Tycha and Neapolis terminated. Of these heights, notwithstanding their commanding situation, no advantage was taken as a military post till the time of the Athenian invasion, when Nicias took possession of them, and erected the castle of Labdalus, according to Claverius and Fazzello, on the very spot where Hexapylon afterwards stood. Supposing Labdalus, however, to have been a fortress at all—for doubts have been entertained on the subject—others are for placing it lower down in the descent, near the stone quarries of Epipolæ, where some few remains of an ancient work may yet be traced. However this may be, from the period above mentioned the importance of Epipolæ was duly appreciated, and these heights became in the sequel, with the works of Euryalus and Hexapylon, one extensive and almost impregnable fortress. The fort called Hexapylon, which was planned by the elder Dionysius, crowned the north-west extremity of the great Syracusan platform. The consummate skill with which it was constructed is sufficiently attested by what yet remains—by its spacious subterranean passages—its huge square towers of solid masonry—its gateways admirably contrived for the purposes of defence—and

its walls, built of enormous blocks of stone, joined together without cement, and varying in thickness as the situation required. "To this point the forlorn hope of the Roman army, which scaled the walls during the night of Diana's festival, penetrated without any opposition from the inebriated guards: the castle itself was broken open at the dawn of day, and Marcellus entered with his legions. From these heights his eye could take in at one view the whole expanse of this magnificent city, with its palaces and temples glittering in the sun, and its harbours filled with triumphant fleets. The splendour of the scene, the recollection of its ancient glory, the knowledge of its impending fate, and the importance of his own victory, so forcibly impressed themselves upon the imagination of this stern conqueror, that he burst into tears*."

The highest crag of Epipolæ, and the most distant from the city, was denominated Euryalus, or Euryelus, from some fancied resemblance to a broad nail. The works with which this height was crowned were also of great strength; but, with the exception of a cistern cut in the rock at one edge of the precipice, not a vestige of them now remains—the ruins having been completely used up in the construction of the present village of Belvedere.

Having hired a boat for the purpose of visiting the fountain of Cyane, we crossed the great harbour, and, en-

* Hughes.

tering the mouth of the Anapus, took that opportunity to inspect the remains of the celebrated Olympiæum, which stood on a rising ground to the right of the river, and at no great distance from its banks. These remains consist only of a few scattered fragments, and two gigantic columns of the Doric order, each column being composed of three enormous blocks of stone. This temple, which, as we learn from Plutarch (in Vitâ Niciæ), was the depository of the public treasure and of the registers of the Syracusan tribes, was also embellished with one of the three finest statues of Jupiter that antiquity could boast*; denominated—from the situation of the temple, at the head of the great harbour—Jupiter Urios, or "Disposer of the Winds." This was the statue from which, as the story goes, the elder Dionysius stripped off a splendid golden mantle wrought out of the spoils taken from the Carthaginians—observing with affected gravity, as he replaced it with one of wool, that such a dress was too heavy for summer, and too cold for winter, while a woollen one was equally fit for both seasons. The statue itself, as we learn from Cicero, was afterwards stolen by the rapacious Verres.

Hence we proceeded a short distance further up the

* Tria ferebantur in orbe terrarum signa Jovis imperatoris uno in genere pulcherrimè facta: unum illud Macedonicum quod in Capitolio videmus: alterum in Ponti ore et angustiis: tertium quod Syracusis ante Verrem fuit . . . . Quod cives atque incolæ Syracusani colere, advenæ non solum visere verum etiam venerari solebant, id Verres ex templo Jovis sustulit.—*Cic. in Verrem*, ii. lib. 4.

deep and turbid stream of the Anapus, which, though it enjoys the reputation of being the only navigable river in Sicily, and is complimented by Theocritus with the name of the μεγαν ῥοον, is, notwithstanding its depth, navigable for nothing better than a boat; and that, too, not without some inconvenience, owing to the narrowness of its channel, and the quantity of reeds and aquatic plants that line its banks. We soon came to the spot where the Anapus receives the transparent stream which descends from the fountain Cyane*—something more than a mile from the place where the former empties itself into the great harbour. Following this stream, the surface of which is almost hidden by a profusion of aquatic plants, and which is sometimes called the Papyrus, we met with numerous specimens of that beautiful rush to which the stream owes its present name. No where else in Europe does the papyrus flourish in a natural state; but here it is found in such abundance, that it is even used for binding up the corn. The principal root, which is bulbous, runs horizontally near the surface of the water, throwing off long fibres, which descend perpendicularly, and attach themselves slightly to the bottom of the stream; so slightly, indeed, that the plant may almost be said to float. From each division of the bulb, a triangular rush of a bright green colour shoots up to the height of eight or ten feet, surmounted by a large

* Quàque suis Cyanen miscet Anapus aquis.—*Ovid. de Pont.* lib. ii. Ep. 10.

tuft of delicate filaments; these again being, at their extremities, subdivided into others bearing small flowers.

The fountain itself*, now called La Pisma, is a fine circular basin sixty or seventy feet in diameter, and upwards of six-and-twenty in depth, the water of which is so perfectly transparent, that the smallest pebble is distinctly visible at the bottom; where also may be seen some large fragments of marble—supposed to be the remains of the temple of Cyane—reflecting the prismatic colours, together with shoals of fish sporting about, and glittering in the sun-beams with scales of purple and gold†. Here the Syracusans held an annual festival, on which occasion they were wont to immerse bulls in the waters of the fountain, as sacrifices to Proserpine, in imitation of Hercules who established the rite, when, returning from Spain, he passed this spot with the herds of Geryon.

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* Three different stories are told of the origin of this fountain. According to Diodorus, Pluto, when he carried off Proserpine from the fields of Enna, opened himself a passage to the infernal regions in this very spot, and caused the spring to rise as a memorial of that event. Ovid says, that the nymph Cyane, endeavouring to oppose the ravisher, was changed by him into the fountain: while Plutarch tells us, that Cyane here slew her father, who had offered her violence, and that Proserpine formed the fountain out of her tears.

† This spring is clear, has a bed of rock, the stone of which is blue, and the fish have a beautiful blue colour, (such as I never saw in fish before), with the polish of the gold-fish. I conjecture that this was the origin of the name *Cyane;* for *Cyaneus*, in Greek, signifies a dark blue colour.—*Stolberg's Travels*, vol. ii., *Holcroft's Translation.*

Such are the objects most deserving of notice in Syracuse and its vicinity; few and unimportant if considered merely with reference to themselves, but deeply interesting, if the historic recollections with which they are associated be taken into account; for who can behold, unmoved, even the most trifling remains which the lapse of time and the page of history have so splendidly consecrated:—"Quis est quem non moveat clarissimis monumentis testata consignataque antiquitas?" Who can quit such a scene without a feeling of regret? "As," to quote the beautiful language of Hughes, "we passed slowly and silently over the deserted platform of this once populous city, on our departure from it, we turned our eyes toward the heights of Epipolæ glittering in the morning sun, anxious to catch the last view, as it were, of a friend from whom we were about to part for ever:"—

. . . . . Χαιρ' Αρεθουσα,
Και ποταμοι τοι χεῖτε καλον κατα Θυμβριδος ὑδῶρ.

CATANIA—FESTIVAL OF S. AGATHA.

> Here may be seen in bloodless pomp arrayed,
> The pasteboard triumph, and the cavalcade:
> Processions formed for piety and love.—GOLDSMITH.

AT the distance of about five miles from Syracuse, on the road to Catania, opposite the peninsula of Thapsus —or, as it is now called, Magnisi—and on the left hand side of the road, stands a square pedestal, surmounted by a few layers of an enormous circular column, called La Guglia, and said, though without any sufficient authority, to be the remains of a monument erected by Marcellus to commemorate his conquest of Syracuse.

Having passed the Symæthus, now styled the Giarretta, from the name of the boat used in ferrying passengers over it, we arrived in the evening at Catania—a city, not only among the most ancient, but among the finest in Sicily, and worthy of its beautiful situation at the base of Ætna. The remains of temples, theatres, baths, and aqueducts sufficiently attest its ancient magnificence. From this city it was, that the first sun-dial ever set up at Rome was taken by Messala, during the first Punic war.

Catania may be said to consist of three principal streets, each of them about a mile in length. The most splendid of the three, which is terminated at one end by the cathedral, commands a glorious view of the flanks

and summit of Ætna. It has been justly remarked of this town, which makes such an imposing appearance from the sea, that it does not, like most other towns of Sicily, disappoint expectation on entering it; the regularity and spaciousness of its streets, the number and beauty of its churches, convents, palaces, and public buildings, principally composed of lava, faced with limestone, and enriched with marbles derived from ancient edifices, conspiring to give it an unwonted air of elegance and grandeur.

The Catanians are said to be indebted for the width and regularity of their streets to the Duke of Camastro, who, being appointed to superintend the rebuilding of the city after the terrible earthquake of 1693, which nearly levelled it with the ground, caused what little had withstood the shock to be taken down, that there might be nothing to obstruct the execution of his plans. To the architecture of Catania, however, it is objected, not unfairly, that its great fault is excess of ornament; and to its plan, that the principal streets, lying parallel to the cardinal points of the compass, are exposed to the full glare of the mid-day sun, which produces an almost intolerable heat.

The hospitals, asylums, and other public institutions, with which Catania is well provided, attest the charitable disposition of its inhabitants; who are also famed for their polite manners and easy deportment. Of the various private museums, the first in reputation is that of the Prince Biscari, which, together with many exquisite

specimens of medals, gems, vases, and other treasures, contains also a choice collection of bronze statues.

As of old every heathen town had its tutelary god*, so now almost every town in Sicily has its tutelary saint, nor is Catania worse provided than others in this respect; S. Agatha—who suffered martyrdom here during the reign of Decius, partly for her refusal to gratify the passion of Quintianus, partly for her firm adherence to the Christian faith—being the Patron Saint.

In the old church of S. Agata delle Sante Carceri is an altar-piece of the fourteenth century, representing the Martyrdom of that Saint, and bearing the following inscription:—"Bernardinus Niger Græcus faciebat, 1338" —a work of which it is scarcely too much to say that its antiquity constitutes its principal merit. It derives some interest, however, from the circumstance of the painter's having introduced into it a representation of the Catanian amphitheatre, which has since been overwhelmed by a stream of lava.

To this Saint is dedicated the present cathedral, an elegant structure, the façade of which is decorated with superb granite columns taken from the ancient theatre.

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* Non Divos specialibus faventes
Agris, nubibus, insulisque, canto;
Saturnum Latio, Jovemque Cretæ,
Junonemque Samo, Rhodoque Solem,
Ennæ Persephonem, Minervam Hymetto,
Vulcanum Liparæ, Papho Dianam.—*Sidon. Apollin.* i. Car. 10.

The old cathedral built towards the close of the eleventh century, but destroyed by the earthquake of 1693, had been dedicated to the Virgin; but, on the rebuilding of the edifice, the inhabitants, unable to decide between the claims of the Virgin and S. Agatha—for during the tremendous eruption of 1669, when the lava was rolling down in an enormous torrent towards the sea, the veil of S. Agatha being carried in procession, and held up before the fiery stream, its progress was arrested, and the city spared—hit upon the expedient of drawing lots in order to determine to which of the two they should dedicate it; when fortune declared in favour of the Saint. Accordingly, a grand festival, recurring twice a year—in February and August—has ever since been observed in honour of herself and veil.

Blunt, in his "Vestiges of Ancient Manners discoverable in Modern Italy and Sicily," has given a detailed and interesting account of this festival; tracing it through all its coincidences with the ceremonies of Paganism, particularly those observed in honour of Ceres. Thus, for example, the horse-race which takes place in the Corso, and ushers in the festival, is, as we learn from Ovid, only a repetition of what took place at the festival of Ceres:—

> Circus erat pompâ celeber, numeroque Deorum,
> Primaque ventosis palma petetur equis.
> Hi Cereris ludi.—FAST. iv. 391.

> With pomp adorned, with gods in gallant train,
> With rival coursers scouring o'er the plain,
> The Circus greets kind Ceres.—BLUNT.

And what makes the coincidence the more remarkable is, that, as the magistrates of Catania preside over this modern mockery of a horse-race, so did the Prætor preside over those of old*.

A second coincidence may be traced in the enormous wax candles borne in procession on the third day by the different trades, as we may also learn from Ovid:—

> Et si thura aberunt, unctas accendite tædas:
> Parva bonæ Cereri, sint modo casta, placent.—Fast. iv. 411.
>
> Then light the unctuous torch, should incense fail:
> With Ceres, chaste, not costly gifts, prevail.—Blunt.

There is, however, this difference between the cases in question; that wax tapers might, with some shew of reason, be offered up to Ceres, considered as emblematic of the pines which she had plucked up and lighted at Ætna, when she traversed Sicily in quest of her daughter Proserpine:—

> Illic accendit geminas pro lampade pinus:
> Hinc Cereris sacris nunc quoque tæda datur.—Fast. iv. 594.
>
> There for a torch two lofty pines she lights,
> And hence the flambeaux grace her mystic rites.—Blunt.

Whereas no such reason can be assigned for making a similar offering to S. Agatha.

The ceremonies of the fourth day—when the silver

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* See Vol. i. p. 291.

throne, supported upon shafts about twenty yards long, on which the Saint is borne in procession through the city, by means of hundreds of men clad in white frocks and caps; the male spectators rending the air with cries of Viva S. Agata, and the females (masked the while) seizing the hats, sticks, and gloves of the gentlemen whom they encounter, and expecting them to be redeemed by some display of gallantry—present various points of resemblance with the customs observed at the celebration of the Eleusinian mysteries; not only with regard to the colour of the dress worn by those who take part in the procession, for then, as now, white was the only colour adopted:—

> Alba decent Cererem; vestes Cerealibus albas
> Sumite, nunc pulli velleris usus abest:—FAST. iv. 620.
>
> In Ceres' games be all your garments white;
> That goddess loathes the colour of the night:—BLUNT.

not only in the silver throne and the Viva S. Agata, which are but modern editions, the one of the Καλαθιον, or Holy Basket, drawn about in a consecrated cart at the festival of Ceres; the other, of the Χαιρε Δημητερ (Hail Ceres!) of the Pagan worshippers;—not only in these particulars may we trace the coincidence, but also in the very day selected for the exhibition (the *fourth* in both cases), as well as in the practical jokes of the masked females, probably derived from the jesting and raillery levelled against all who passed over the bridge of the Cephisus, during the celebration of the Eleusinia.

The exhibition, on the fifth day, of such parts of the body and dress of the Saint, as are still said to exist, may, it is thought, have been copied from a similar exhibition of relics at the Eleusinia. "Veils," says Psellus, "were generally spread before the shrines, to conceal the things which were contained therein. At the Eleusinian mysteries, however, they were exposed; it being judged better to display them periodically only, lest that which was sacred should be too often submitted to the eyes of the profane*."

"Finally," observes Blunt, "as the greater and less Eleusinia were celebrated twice in the same year, at an interval of six months, so are there now two annual festivals to S. Agatha—the one in February and the other in August. These differ not from each other in any material points, except that the one in August is on the whole more splendid, and in particular that the idol is exalted upon a stupendous car, high as the roofs of the loftiest houses, and is thus drawn in triumph about the town by upwards of twenty yoke of oxen. The festival of S. Rosolia, the patron saint of Palermo, exhibits a similar spectacle; and I doubt not that both the one and the other derive their origin from a common source—the honours paid to pagan deities, but especially to Ceres, whose worship, radiating from Enna, the centre of Sicily, and the throne of her glory, extended to the most remote and inaccessible shores of the island. Is it asked,

* Meurs. Eleusin. Vol. ii. p. 480.

then, from whence come the towering car and multitude of oxen? I answer, from paganism. From the rites of Juno, of Cybele, or of Ceres. Thus, in the murrain amongst the cattle, so beautifully described in the third Georgic, it is expressly mentioned that no heifers could be found to drag the chariot of the Queen of Heaven:—

> Tempore non alio, dicunt regionibus illis
> Quæsitas ad sacra boves Junonis: et uris
> Imparibus ductos alta ad Donaria currus.—iii. 531.
>
> 'Twas then that buffaloes, ill-paired, were seen
> To draw the car of Jove's imperial queen
> For want of oxen.—DRYDEN.

In the Æneid the same honours are recorded to have been paid to the Mother of the Gods:"—

> . . . . . Qualis Berecynthia mater
> Invehitur curru, Phrygias turrita per urbes.—vi. 784.
>
> So thro' the Phrygian cities forth is led
> Throned on a car, with turrets on her head,
> The Berecynthian Mother.—BLUNT.

ÆTNA.

Ah, me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,
To follow half on which the eye dilates,
Thro' views more dazzling unto mortal ken
Than those whereof such things the bard relates,
Who to the awe-struck world unlocked Elysium's gates.—BYRON.

WE deferred our visit to the summit of Ætna till we were about to leave Catania, on our return to Messina.

In the structure of this "snow-clad pillar of the heavens, this nurse of endless frost," as Pindar calls it—

Κιων δ' ουρανια
Νιφοεσσ' Αιτνα παντες
Χιονος οξειας τιθηνα—

every thing wears a character of vastness. The base of the mountain, which covers an area of eighty-seven miles in circumference—the greater diameter extending from east to west—is well defined by the rivers Symæthus and Alcantara, and the sea-shore. The inclination of the sides is very various; the whole length of the ascent from Catania being about four-and-twenty miles, while from Linguagrossa it is but eighteen, and from Randazzo scarcely twelve—Ætna differing in this respect from most other mountains, which are generally steepest towards the south. Owing to this gentle inclination on the side of Catania, the height of the mountain, to a

spectator placed there, appears to be much less than it really is. It is only when the traveller has accomplished half the ascent, and, beginning to look down upon the rest of the island, finds the summit to all appearance as far removed from him as ever, that he becomes thoroughly sensible of its commanding altitude.

Ætna is divided by nature into three distinct zones or regions, usually distinguished by the names of the Cultivated, Woody, and Desert Regions; differing so widely from each other in aspect, climate, and produce, that, as Brydone observes, they might with equal propriety be denominated the Torrid, Temperate, and Frigid Zones.

The Cultivated Region comprises a tract of country of variable width, to whose luxuriant beauty no language can do justice; for here the soil, fertilized by the matter ejected by the volcano, and situated in one of the most genial climates upon earth, teems with every variety of flower and shrub and tree that can delight the eye, and every species of fruit that can gratify the palate. Some idea of the fertility of this tract may be formed from the circumstance that it contains a population of upwards of a hundred and forty thousand souls. "We are not to be surprised," observes Brydone, with reference to this wonderful fertility, "at the obstinate attachment of the people to this mountain, and that all his terrors have not been able to drive them away from him: for though he sometimes chastises; yet, like an indulgent parent, he mingles such blessings with his chastisements, that their affections can never be estranged; for at the same time that he threatens with a rod of iron, he pours down upon

them all the blessings of the age of gold." In general this beautiful region varies from six to nine miles in width; towards Catania, however, on the line of road leading to Nicolosi, the width equals eleven miles; while, towards the north, it dwindles to little more than one and a half.

About three miles above Nicolosi—an assemblage of unsightly huts one story high, built of the dark ferruginous substance ejected by the mountain, and surrounded by a wide plain of black sand disgorged by the neighbouring Monte Rosso* in the year 1669, and as yet presenting no other sign of vegetation than a few lichens and straggling weeds—we entered upon the Woody Region†, a vast forest, varying from six to seven miles in

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* The name Monte Rosso, derived from the red colour of the scoriæ, is common to many of the conical hills formed round every crater. They are all nearly alike in shape, the inside resembling a funnel, the outside a sugar-loaf, and consisting of black or red scoriæ.—*Simond.*

† The neighbourhood of Maletto is richly clothed with fine oaks, pines, and poplars; above Nicolosi and Milo are produced stunted oaks, with fir, beech, cork, hawthorn, and bramble; and in the districts of Mascali and Piraino, there are groves of cork and luxuriant chesnut trees. The vicinity of Bronte abounds with pines of great magnitude; but the Carpinetto boasts that father of the forest, the venerable "Castagno di cento Cavalli," supposed to be the oldest tree in the world. It appears to consist of five large and two smaller trees, which, from the circumstance of the bark and boughs being all outside, are thought to have been one trunk originally: some say the two smaller ones are saplings, planted purposely to complete the circle; the peasants strongly affirmed that the roots, having been inspected, were found to be in common. The largest trunk is thirty-eight feet in circumference, and the circuit of the

width, encircling the mountain like a mighty belt; affording pasturage to numerous flocks and herds, and abounding with charming sylvan scenes on the grandest scale. Near its upper extremity we found the Grotta dei Capri, so called from serving as a place of refuge to the flocks of sheep and goats that browze upon the herbage of this wild tract. It is to some such cavern as this—and there are many such on the sides of Ætna—that the goatherd in Theocritus alludes, when, in the full feeling of the varied blessings of a rural life, he exclaims—

Αιτνα ματερ εμα· κηγω καλον αντρον ενοικω,
Κοιλαις εν πετρησιν· εχω δε τοι ὁσσ' εν ονειρῳ
Φαινονται, πολλας μεν οϊς, πολλας δε χιμαιρας.—Idyll. ix. 15.

Ætna's my parent! there I love to dwell
Where the rock-mountains form an ample cell:
And there, with affluence blest, as great I live
As swains can wish, or golden slumbers give.
By me large flocks of goats and sheep are fed:
Their wool my pillow and their skins my bed.—Fawkes.

In the vicinity of this grotto are the reservoirs of snow, from whence Catania and several other towns both of Italy and Sicily are supplied with that refreshing article, so necessary to the comfort of these children of the sun. From several fragments of the old poets preserved by Athenæus, it would seem that the ancients were as much

whole five, measured just above the ground, is 163 feet: it still bears rich foliage, and much small fruit, though the heart of the trunks is decayed, and a public road leads through them.—*Smyth's Memoir.*

addicted as the moderns to this practice of cooling their potations with snow*. Perhaps we may trace some indication of the same propensity in that passage of Theocritus, where he represents Polyphemus as inviting Galatea to the cool streams formed by the snows of Ætna; and where the unwelcome suitor, after dwelling upon the riches of his rural possessions, is made to add, as a more powerful persuasive—

> Εντι Ψυχρον ὑδωρ, το μοι ἁ πολυδενδρεος Αιτνα
> Λευκας εκ χιονος, ποτον αμβροσιον προιῆτι.
> Τις κεν των δε θαλασσαν εχειν ἡ κυμαθ' ελοιτο.—IDYLL. xi. 47.

> From grove-crowned Ætna, robed in purest snow,
> Cool springs roll nectar to the swains below.
> Say, who would quit such peaceful scenes as these
> For blustering billows and tempestuous seas?—FAWKES.

Soon after passing the Grotta dei Capri we entered upon the Desert Region, "a dreary waste expanding to the skies," composed of black lava, scoriæ, and ashes, in the centre of which rises the cone, to the height of about eleven hundred feet. In this elevated region such is the rarity of the air, that there are perhaps few travellers who have not been struck with the splendid appearance of the heavens, "so thick inlaid with patines of bright

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* Και χιονα μεν πινειν παρασκευαζομεν.—*Alexis.*
Πρωτον μεν ειδεν ει χιων εστ' ωνια.—*Euthycles.*
Οινον γαρ πιειν ουκ αν τις
Δεξαιτο θερμον, αλλα πολυ τουναντιον,
Ψυχομενον εν τῳ φρεατι, χιονι μεμιγμενην.—*Stratis.*

gold;" stars that are lost to a spectator on the plain being here distinctly visible with the naked eye, while the rest assume a brilliance proportioned to the transparency of the medium through which they are viewed. About a mile from the base of the cone stands the Casa Inglese, a substantial structure erected in 1811 by the officers of the British army then in Sicily*; a convenient retreat for those who ascend the mountain during the summer season, though during the greater part of the year a single snow-storm suffices to bury it. At no great distance from this structure are some remains of a building of far more ancient date, by some supposed to have been erected for the accommodation of Hadrian, when he came hither to contemplate the noblest scene within his vast dominions, but generally called the Philosopher's Tower, from a tradition that Empedocles fixed his abode in this spot—a tradition for which, as Ætna could hardly fail to attract the attention of that great naturalist, there may be somewhat better foundation than for the well-known story, concerning the same philosopher, laughed at by Horace:—

> . . . . . Deus immortalis haberi
> Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Ætnam
> Insiluit.—Ars. Poet. 464.

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* The following modest inscription is placed over the portal of this useful edifice.—

ÆTNAM PERLUSTRANTIBUS HAS ÆDES BRITANNI IN SICILIA
ANNO SALUTIS MDCCCXI.

Then will I tell Empedocles's story,
Who, nobly fond of more than mortal glory,
Fond to be deemed a god, in madding fit
Plunged in cold blood in Ætna's fiery pit.—FRANCIS.

On quitting the Casa Inglese we found the difficulties of the journey increase upon us, our path lying across fields of frozen snow, on the acclivities of which, but for the armed poles with which we were furnished by the guides, the utmost caution would have been insufficient to have enabled us to keep our footing. In this lofty region, sometimes called the Region of Snow, no sign of vegetation is to be met with: not so much as a lichen is to be seen adhering to the projecting masses of lava. At length, we reached the base of the cone, which we no sooner began to ascend than we found we had fresh difficulties to encounter, not only from the steepness of this part of the mountain, but from the looseness of the ashes and scoriæ of which it is composed; owing to which the traveller frequently slides back to the distance of several feet, while attempting to make one step in advance.

We reached the summit, however, a short time before sunrise, and thought all the toils of the ascent amply compensated by the grandeur of the scene that opened on our view; certainly one of the most sublime and impressive that can be conceived. The crater, which, being composed of a vast accumulation of scoriæ and ashes, undergoes frequent changes, appeared to be about a mile in circumference, surrounded by several peaks, the two largest of which, visible from Catania, formed the bifid summit. Towards the centre of the crater we observed

two large mounds of ashes, each containing an aperture or vent at its summit, from whence issued occasionally clouds of dense smoke, accompanied with a slight rumbling sound. The sides of the crater were incrusted with efflorescences of various colours, those of a yellowish tint being the most predominant. Here and there, too, strange as it may appear, we beheld, in its different cavities, patches of snow, "disputing, as it were, the pre-eminence of the fire in the very centre of its dominions:"—

Summo cana jugo cohibet, mirabile dictu!
Vicinam flammis glaciem, æternoque rigore
Ardentes horrent scopuli: stat vertice celsi
Collis hyems, calidaque nivem tegit atra favilla.—
SIL. ITAL. lib. xiv.

Where burning Ætna, towering, threats the skies,
'Mid flames and ice the lofty rocks arise;
The fire 'mid everlasting winter glows,
And the warm ashes hide the hoary snows.

Modern tourists, from Brydone downwards, have exhausted their powers of description in endeavouring to convey an adequate idea of a sunrise on Ætna—from the first dawn of morning to the bright effulgence of the full orb of day. "But here description must ever fall short. The senses, unaccustomed to the sublimity of such a scene, are bewildered and confounded; and it is not till after some time that they are capable of separating and judging of the objects that compose it. . . . The body of the sun is seen rising from the ocean; immense tracts both of sea and land intervening: the islands of

Lipari, Panari, Alicudi, Stromboli, and Volcano, with their smoking summits, appear under your feet; and you look down on the whole of Sicily as on a map, and may trace every river, through all its windings, from its source to its mouth. . . . All these, by a kind of magic in vision, seem as if brought round the skirts of Ætna; the distances appearing reduced to nothing. Perhaps this singular effect is produced by the rays of light passing from a rarer medium into a denser; which, from a well-known law in optics, to an observer in the rare medium, appears to lift up the objects that are at the bottom of the dense one*." "At length," says Hughes, describing the same magnificent spectacle, "faint streaks of light shooting athwart the horizon, which became brighter and brighter, announced the approach of the great luminary; and when he sprang up in his majesty, supported on a throne of radiant clouds, that fine scriptural image of the giant rejoicing to run his course, flashed across my mind. As he ascended in the sky, the mountain-tops began to stream with golden light, and new beauties successively developed themselves, until day dawned upon the Catanian plains. Sicily then lay expanded like a map beneath our eyes, presenting a very curious effect: nearly all its mountains could be descried, with the many cities that surmount their summits; more than half its coasts, with their bays, indentations, towns, and promontories, could be traced, as well as the entire course of rivers, sparkling like silver bands that encircle the valleys and

* Brydone.

the plains;—add to this the rich tints of so delightful an atmosphere; add the dark blue tract of sea rolling its mysterious waves as it were into infinite space; add that spirit of antiquity which lingers in these charming scenes, infusing a soul into the features of nature, as expression lights up a beautiful countenance; and where will you find a scene to rival that which is viewed from Ætna? Though we were unable to distinguish Malta, I do not doubt the relation of others who profess to have done so; for the Lipari isles, as well as the Calabrian coast, were very much approximated to view by the refracting power of the atmosphere."

Doubts have often been started with regard to the antiquity of this volcano. Homer's silence on the subject has by some been deemed conclusive evidence that no eruption had taken place up to his time. Others, however, meet this objection by the positive testimony of Diodorus, who tells us that the Sicani were induced to abandon the neighbourhood of Ætna, owing to the alarm inspired by the horrors of an eruption. That this event must have occurred long before the age of Homer is evident, say they, from a statement of Dionysius of Halicarnassus—that the Siculi, who passed over from Italy about eighty years before the Trojan War, took possession of that very tract of country which the Sicani had thought proper to abandon. Hence, it has been urged with some degree of plausibility, that so great a length of time might probably have intervened between the abandonment of the declivities of Ætna by the Sicani, and their occupation by the Siculi, that the alarm occa-

sioned by the volcano had subsided. Supposing this opinion to be well founded, and that no eruption occurred between the one mentioned by Diodorus and the age of Homer, then the silence of that poet would be sufficiently accounted for; inasmuch as the tradition of events so remote might, in that rude period, have been almost lost, and therefore might never have reached him. However this may be, the earliest poet who speaks of Ætna as a volcano, is Pindar; and the earliest historian, Thucydides; according to whose account there had been, up to the commencement of the Peloponnesian war (431 B. C.) no less than three eruptions, subsequent to the occupation of Sicily by the Greeks.

In defiance of the proverb, nothing is more common than for travellers and travel-writers to institute a comparison between Ætna and Vesuvius, much of course to the disadvantage of the latter; which, notwithstanding the awe it so justly inspires among the votaries of St. Januarius, is after all, as Spallanzani expresses it, only "a volcano for a cabinet" compared with the former—whether we regard the quantity of matter ejected, or the altitude of the two mountains. "The products of the eruptions of Vesuvius," observes Daubeny, "may be said almost to sink into insignificance when compared with these coulées (the lava-streams of Ætna), some of which are four or five miles in breadth, fifteen in length, and from fifty to a hundred feet in thickness; and the changes made by them upon the coast are so considerable, that the natural boundaries between the sea and land seem almost to depend upon the movements of the volcano.

The height, too, of Ætna is so great, that the lava frequently finds less resistance in piercing the flanks of the mountain than in rising to its summit, and has in this manner formed a number of minor cones, many of which possess their respective craters, and have given rise to considerable streams of lava. Hence an ancient poet has very happily termed this volcano the Parent of Sicilian mountains, an expression strictly applicable to the relation it bears to the hills in its immediate neighbourhood; all of which have been formed by successive ejections of matter from its interior. The grandest and most original feature, indeed, in the physiognomy of Ætna is the zone of subordinate volcanic hills with which it is encompassed, and which look like a court of subaltern princes waiting upon their sovereign."

These beautiful hills, more than one of which is nearly equal to Vesuvius in size, are but as warts* or excrescences on the immense declivities of Ætna, serving to vary and beautify the ground. They are all either of a conical or spherical shape, and this very conformation, as well as the cavity at their summit—hollowed out with the regularity of a bowl, and frequently filled with groves of the spreading chesnut and forest trees of the most luxu-

* Extant nedum in summitate Ætnæ, sed etiam in ejus dorso, campestres voragines, quæ habent fere omnes peculiarem monticulam adinstar *verrucæ* in animalis cute exporrectæ; suntque prædicti colles valde acclives, habentque figuram coni acutanguli plano parallelo basi dissecti; et in summitate cujuslibet eorum sinuosa cavitas reperitur, à quâ olim flammæ, arenæ, et glaræ exierunt.—*Borelli.*

riant growth*—evidently attests their volcanic origin. During great part of our descent, these cones, as we looked down upon their wooded cavities, formed the most interesting feature of the landscape. Scarcely an eruption takes place without giving birth to one of them. It is, indeed, as Simond quaintly observes, in these "lateral craters, inferior as they seem, that the real business of the volcano is transacted, while the great crater above sends up its vast columns of smoke and harmless blaze to the skies, playing cup-and-ball with huge rocks thrown up and received back again into its flaming mouth." The cause of all this, as has been already intimated, must be sought for in the great altitude of Ætna itself†. "The symptoms which precede an eruption are generally irregular clouds of smoke, ferilli, or volcanic lightnings, hollow intonations, and local earthquakes, that often alarm the surrounding country as far as Messina, and have given the whole province the name of Val Demone, as being the abode of infernal spirits. These agitations increase until the vast caldron becomes surcharged with the fused minerals, when, if the convulsion is not sufficiently powerful to force them from the grand crater—which from its great altitude and the weight of the candent matter requires an uncommon effort—they explode through that part of the side which

* Plurimos præterea *nemorosos* et editos offendimus colles, quorum cacumina voragines, licet *silvescentes*, exhibebant.—*Fazzello.*

† Herschell makes that height 10,872½ feet; Captain Smyth 10,874 feet.

offers the least resistance, with a grand and terrific effect, throwing red-hot stones and flakes of fire to an incredible height, and spreading ignited cinders and ashes in every direction. These occasional mouths are so numerous, that from one spot I counted upwards of fifty, and the quantity of matter they throw out quickly forms a mount round the new crater, usually from five hundred to a thousand feet above the surface from which they rise, though some are considerably higher; and many, having been extinct for ages, are richly clothed with an exuberant vegetation.

"In a short time after the eruption, the lava bursts forth in a state of fusion, and glides at first with an awful velocity, but progressively slackens its pace as it cools and removes from the yawning source to a more level ground. As it increases in density, the sides begin to cake, and the surface becomes loaded with scoriæ, which, falling over repeatedly in scaly waves, with a crackling noise, retard the progress of the lava, until at length, unless very sulphureous and ferruginous, it does not move a furlong an hour, and in a few days its motion is so slackened as to be scarcely perceptible. It then, from the crusty scum that covers it, bears no terror in its appearance, being a moving mass of gigantic black cinders, burning and desolating, however, everything in its course. When the component parts have been favourable to re-ignition, a shower of rain has been known to reproduce considerable heat and smoke, after a lapse of many months*."

* Smyth's Memoir.

On contemplating the beauty of the scenery, and the richness and variety of the productions of Ætna*, during our descent through the Woody and Cultivated Regions, and more especially during our progress over its lower declivities in our subsequent journey to the pretty village of Giardini, we could almost have envied the inhabitants of this terrestrial paradise; where heaven seemed to have lavished its blessings with a too prodigal hand. But the number of lava-streams that we encountered in our passage—indelible marks of the frightful convulsions that have so often desolated this smiling land—tended not a little to sober down our feelings of admiration; satisfying us, upon more mature reflection, that, in this awful intermixture of evil, we might see enough to attest the impartiality of Providence, and "vindicate the ways of God to man."

At a short distance from Giardini, which is pleasantly situated on the sea-shore, is Point Schiso, a small volcanic projection—formed by one of the Ætnean lava-streams—where stood the city of Naxos, the earliest of the Grecian settlements on the island. About two miles

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* Ætna is no less an epitome of the whole earth in its soil and climate than in the variety of its productions. Besides the corn, the wine, the oil, the silk, the spice, and delicious fruits of its lower region; the beautiful forests, the flocks, the game, the tar, the cork, the honey, of its second; the ice and snow of its third; it affords from its caverns a variety of mineral and other productions—cinnabar, mercury, sulphur, alum, nitre, and vitriol; so that this wonderful mountain produces at the same time every necessary and every luxury of life.—*Brydone.*

northward of Giardini, on the Messina road, and approached by a zigzag path commanding, at every turn, the most romantic scenery, stands Taormina, at an elevation of a thousand feet above the level of the sea; and far even above this is the little town of Mola, perched among precipitous crags, one of which is crowned by the picturesque ruins of an old castle. Among the remains of Taormina—the ancient Taurominium—is one entire side of a Naumachia, more than three hundred and fifty feet in length; five reservoirs which probably supplied it with water; the church of S. Pancrazio, evidently formed out of the cella of some Grecian temple; part of an aqueduct near the church; some slight vestiges of what is supposed to have been the temple of Apollo Arcagetes, the tutelary deity of the Naxians*; and, above all, the ruins of its theatre—both in its construction and its situation one of the finest existing monuments of antiquity. The shape is that of a semicircle. The *cavea*, and great part of the *proscenium*, are still in very tolerable preservation. The circumference of the upper gallery, which was double, and supported by three rows of pillars, exceeded six hundred feet. The rows of seats in the *cavea* were divided into three tiers, and the whole edifice, pit and galleries together, was capable of affording accommodation to 40,000 spectators. Yet, notwithstanding its great size, the building was constructed with

* After the destruction of Naxos by Dionysius, a remnant of the inhabitants were settled on these heights of Mount Taurus by Andromachus, father of Timæus the historian.

so much attention to the conveyance of sound, that, even in its present state, the mere tearing of a piece of paper may be distinctly heard throughout its whole extent. Behind the seats of the upper gallery is a row of niches, intended either for the reception of statues, or, as some suppose, for the insertion of those *echeia*, or brazen vessels, which were sometimes used for the purpose of assisting the voice of the performer. In the construction of this theatre, advantage was taken of a natural recess in the hill on which it stands, commanding a magnificent prospect of the Neptunian and Heræan chains, and more especially of Ætna himself, whose varied declivities may be here surveyed in all their enormous extent. "Here, as the spectators sat in the spacious semicircle, they may have beheld him exhibiting the real terrors of an eruption, whilst they were listening to the scenic sufferings of that Typhœus, from whose convulsive movements these fiery throes were imagined to arise*:"—

> Degravat Ætna caput; sub quâ resupinus arenas
> Ejectat, flammamque fero vomit ore Typhœus.—
>
> OVID. MET. lib. v.

> While Ætna presses hard his horrid head:
> On his broad back he there extended lies,
> And vomits clouds of ashes to the skies.—MAYNWARING.

The views behind the theatre, extending up the Straits of Messina, and embracing a long line of the Calabrian

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* Hughes.

coast, though less grand than those in front, are still very beautiful. From hence we passed over the Taurominian heights, and through the important pass of Point S. Alessio, the ancient Promontory of Argennum, to Messina. On approaching the latter place, our road lay for several miles through a rich and well-cultivated country, studded with numerous villas, and displaying a scene of bustle and animation, the like of which we had not observed in any other part of Sicily. This portion of the neighbourhood of Messina, styled the Dromo, is the favourite resort during the Villeggiatura.

AGRICULTURE AND PRODUCE OF SICILY.

Reddit ubi Cererem tellus inarata quotannis,
Et imputata floret usque vinea;
Germinat et nunquam fallentis termes olivæ,
Suamque pulla ficus ornat arborem.—Hor.

"NEXT to Ætna, the principal mountains of Sicily are the Madonia and Pelorian or Neptunian ranges, forming the north and north-eastern coasts, and from thence gradually shelving down to the south-west part of the island, with inferior chains diverging in various ramifications.

"The coasts of the island are very romantic, and formed by nature into strong positions of defence; while the interior presents a combination of mountains, ravines, and valleys, the latter of which frequently branch out into extensive plains, affording a pleasing assemblage of rural scenes, possessing a soil exuberantly fertile, and animated by numerous flocks and herds. The hilly regions present, alternately, undulating slopes, bold crags, and rugged elevations, with woody declivities, abounding with elms, chesnuts, pines, oaks, ash, and other forest trees*."

All accounts, ancient as well as modern, agree in re-

* Smyth's Memoir.

presenting Sicily as unrivalled for the happiness of its climate and the fertility of its soil. Diodorus tells us that it had the reputation of being the first country where wheat was cultivated; a wild species of which grain was found in the neighbourhood of Leontium, and in many other parts of the island;—and Cicero tells us that it was the granary of Rome. Homer expressly says of Sicily:—

Αλλα ταγ' ασπαρτα και ανηροτα παντα φυονται,
Πυροι, και κριθαι, ηδ' αμπελοι, ἁιτε φερουσιν
Οινον ερισταφυλον, και σφιν Διος ομβρος αεξει.—Od. xi. 109.

Untaught to plant, to turn the glebe and sow,
They all their products to free nature owe.
The soil untilled the ready harvest yields:
With wheat and barley wave the golden fields.
Spontaneous wines from weighty clusters pour,
And Jove descends in each prolific shower.—Pope.

Among the moderns, the Abbate Ferrara represents "the fertility of the island as perfectly wonderful, arising solely from the happy temperature of the climate, and the natural richness of the soil;—that soil, except in the immediate neighbourhood of Mount Ætna, where it is volcanic and highly productive, being invariably composed of a calcareous loamy mould, descending every where to a great depth." According to the same account, "copious dews supply the place of rain during the early part of the summer; and the snow, accumulated on the mountains during winter, begins to melt towards June, and, forming a thousand rivulets, gives new vigour

and excitement to the growing crops." Such indeed are the natural capabilities of the soil, that, according to Simond's account, "Sicily would still feed five times its population, if that population were but left alone, and its industry not shackled by absurd regulations." Nor will this statement appear exaggerated, when it is recollected that the present population of the whole island was, in the days of its prosperity, equalled by that of its two principal cities, Agrigentum and Syracuse. The character of this diminished population, too, is sadly deteriorated, if Cicero's account of their ancestors may be relied upon. He represents them as superior to all the rest of the Greeks; remarkable for their industry, their frugality, and patient endurance of labour, with regard both to public and private affairs; and not less remarkable for their polished manners and singular sagacity*. Whereas, such is now the universal torpor superinduced by a long continued system of misgovernment, that what Juvenal says of the degenerate Roman of his day is at least as true of the Sicilian of ours—give him but bread and an occasional festival†, and he looks for nothing more:—

> . . . . . Duas tantum res anxius optat,
> Panem et Circenses.

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* Nihil cæterorum simile Græcorum: nulla desidia, nulla luxuria: contra summus labor in publicis privatisque rebus; summa parsimonia, summa diligentia. . . . Homines periti et humani, qui non modo quæ perspicua essent, videre, verum etiam occulta suspicari possent.—*In Verrem*, ii. lib. v.

† "At the festival of Corpus Christi," says Hughes, "we beheld

"There is no church in Sicily," says Kelsall, "the avenues of which are not beset with objects so loathsome, so morbid, that the stranger is filled with horror at the spectacle. *Eccelenza, morto di fame*—are the words constantly rung in his ears; and the translator* can safely affirm, that he never saw, either on the shores of the Euxine, or in the boggy swamps of Finland, any thing to be compared with the wretchedness of the Sicilian beggars, who perambulate the towns 'quædam simulacra modis pallentia miris.' Their condition conveys a bitter reproof, when it is remembered that they inhabit a country abounding with the choicest productions of nature—once the residence and delight of Ceres herself—where the population is so inconsiderable, and where the lands are for the most part left so waste, 'ut ager ipse lugere, ac pene desiderare dominos videretur.'"

To how low an ebb agriculture is now reduced in this island may be inferred from this circumstance, that every implement employed in husbandry is of the rudest con-

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all the citizens of Syracuse gratified to their hearts' content. With what joyous faces did they observe the fraternities of monks and friars arranging their processions, fixing up their fire-works, hauling down their crucifixes, dressing their dolls, and powdering their images! With what erect ears did they listen to that clatter of drums and pateraroes with which heaven's vault resounded! With what *vivas* did they greet every whirl of a catherine-wheel, and every discharge of a sky-rocket, which they seemed to consider as a courier sent off to the skies to tell the saints what a merry-making was going forward in their honour upon earth!"

* Kelsall translated Cicero's two last orations against Verres.

struction. "The Sicilians lay claim to the first application of iron to the ploughshare, yet the plough of the present day is but an imperfect implement, that merely skims the soil: their carts, hoes, and rakes are equally rude; and a bunch of brambles, drawn by an ox, supplies the place of a harrow. The primitive method of treading out the corn with cattle is still preserved, notwithstanding all its disadvantages*."

All this negligence, however, cannot wholly counteract the advantages of a happy climate and fertile soil. Imperfectly as the land is cleaned, and little as it is manured, it yields upon an average eight for one; while in some districts it returns sixteen, and in others as much as thirty-two, for one. The land is in many instances let in large tracts to companies of farmers, or rather shepherds, some of them proprietors of ten or twelve thousand sheep. The different flocks feed together, and once a year an account is taken of them all, in the following manner:—A large board, with as many divisions as there are proprietors, is provided; the sheep are driven one by one through a narrow passage, and a small pebble is thrown into the division appropriated to the owner of each; the colour of the pebble designating the sex and age of the animal, and denoting whether the ewes are in lamb or not. The result is afterwards entered in a ledger, where each proprietor is debited and credited with his share of the expences and proceeds, according to the size of his flock.

* Smyth's Memoir.

The usual process of cultivation, on the arable lands, is, to commence with a crop of wheat*. The wheat crop is succeeded by one of hemp, maize, lentils, or other pulse. The harvest begins about the latter end of June, and continues throughout July and August. Owing to the scarcity of manure, the lands in some places are suffered to lie fallow every other year.

In the vicinity of most of the towns and villages, considerable attention is paid to the cultivation of the vine; but, with the exception of Marsala wine, of which a considerable quantity is exported annually, most of the Sicilian wines are said to keep badly. Those grown in the neighbourhood of Syracuse, as well as some few others, find their way into Italy. Some of the Syracusan wines —as the Chevalier Landolina informed Stolberg— are still prepared after the manner thus prescribed by Hesiod:—

> Ευτ' αν δ' Ωριων και Σειριος εις μεσον ελθη
> Ουρανον, Αρκτουρον δ'εσιδη ροδοδακτυλος Ηως,
> Ω Περση, τοτε παντας αποδρεπε οικαδε βοτρυς.
> Δειξαι δ' ηελιῳ, δεκα τ' ηματα και δεκα νυκτας†.

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* The measure of land and the measure of corn bear the same name (salma), a salm of wheat being the usual quantity allowed for sowing a salm of land. A salm of land is about equal to four English acres, and a salm of corn to eight Winchester bushels.

† When Hesiod says that the grapes are to be exposed to the *sun* ten days and ten *nights*, he evidently means that they are to be so long exposed to the open air.—*Stolberg*.

Πεντε δε συσκιασαι, εκτῳ δ' εις αγγε' αφυσσαι
Δωρα Διωνυσου πολυγηθεος.—Opera et Dies, lib. ii.

Orion and the Dog, each other nigh,
(Together mounted to the midmost sky),
When in the rosy morn Arcturus shines,
Then pluck the clusters from the parent vines.
Forget not next the ripened grapes to lay
Ten nights in air; nor take them in by day.
Five more remember, ere the wine be made,
To let them lie and mellow in the shade:
And, on the sixth, briskly yourself employ
To cask the gift of Bacchus, sire of joy.—Cooke.

"The commentators," observes Stolberg, "have misunderstood Hesiod. Some have conjectured that Perses must have possessed a small vineyard; because he is directed to bring all the grapes home, and expose them first to the sun, and then lay them in the shade: but this was not the poet's meaning, which is explained by the present mode of conducting the vintage at Syracuse. The grapes are there plucked when they are ripe: but the ripe grapes are unfit for the wine-press, if the intention be to make muscadel; for, in this case, the maker exposes the grapes to the open air without observing any determinate number of days, being regulated in this respect by the weather; by which means the sun extracts the remaining watery parts. He then lays them in the wine-press; where they are suffered to remain for some days without being crushed, because they are supposed to be too dry to produce wine, after lying in the sun, unless they are previously put into a state of fermentation. This is what the poet calls lying to mellow in the shade."

The vines, which are usually planted about four feet apart—for where, as in some very fertile tracts, the land, instead of being cleaned with the hoe, is ploughed, the interval between the stems is something greater—are not trained from tree to tree, according to the system frequently adopted in Italy, but supported by reeds. The ground, agreeably to Virgil's direction, is turned up three or four times a year:—

> . . . . . Namque omne quotannis
> Terque quaterque solum scindendum, glebaque versis
> Æternùm frangenda bidentibus.—Georg. ii. 398.

> For thrice, at least, in compass of the year,
> Thy vineyard must employ the sturdy steer
> To turn the glebe, besides thy daily pain
> To break the clods and make the surface plain.—Dryden.

A vineyard yields no produce till the third year after planting. The grapes begin to ripen in July, and are plucked for the vintage in September—the produce of a thousand vines varying, according to circumstances, from a pipe and a half to four pipes of wine.

The currant vine, the treatment of which nearly resembles that of the grape, seems to delight in the volcanic soil of Stromboli and the rest of the Lipari isles, where it is much cultivated. The currants are picked towards the end of August; they are then exposed for a few days to the sun, sprinkled with lye to absorb the acidity, and packed for exportation.

The olive-tree is found in great abundance in Sicily. It flourishes both on the hills and in the plains, but chiefly

affects the former; especially where it meets with a southern aspect, and either a calcareous, or a lightish clayey and stony soil:—

> Difficiles primum terræ, collesque maligni,
> Tenuis ubi argilla, et dumosis calculus arvis,
> Palladiâ gaudent sylvâ vivacis olivæ.—VIRG. GEORG. ii. 179.

> And first for heath, and barren hilly ground,
> Where meagre clay and flinty stones abound,
> Where the poor soil all succour seems to want—
> These grateful most to Pallas' long lived plant.—
>
> DRYDEN *altered.*

It is true, indeed, that, upon the hills, the olive is less productive than upon the plains; but the deficiency in quantity is abundantly compensated by the superior quality of the oil. This tree usually blows in June. In October the fruit begins to ripen; but does not attain its full perfection till December, when the skin, the pulp, and even the stone itself becomes black. Frequently, indeed, the olives are suffered to hang much longer, but this practice is invariably prejudicial to the quality of the oil.

The olive-tree is proverbial for its longevity. The period during which it continues in full vigour varies from a hundred-and-fifty to three hundred years: its fruitfulness then gradually diminishes, till at length it becomes entirely barren. Added to its great length of life, it has also the advantage of requiring very little trouble in its cultivation; for in this respect, according to Virgil's accurate description, it differs wholly from the vine:—

Contra, non ulla est oleis cultura; neque illæ
Procurvam expectant falcem rastrosque tenaces,
Cum semel hæserunt arvis, aurasque tulerunt.—Georg. ii. 420.

Quite opposite to these are olives found:
No dressing they require, and dread no wound,
Nor rakes nor harrows need; but fixed below,
Rejoice in open air, and unconcern'dly grow.—Dryden.

Oranges and figs are grown in great abundance in Sicily. The latter, though delicious when fresh, are tough, hard, and dirty, when dried, owing to want of care in the mode of curing them.

The Indian fig, or prickly pear—the cactus opuntia—is found here in such profusion, that in many parts of the island the fields are hedged round with it; and an excellent fence it forms, each thorny pulpy leaf shooting out of the previous one without stem. The prickly fruit itself, which grows to the number of ten or twenty round the edges of the leaf, is said to be wholesome and nutritious, and for a month or two forms one principal support of many of the peasantry. It becomes ripe before the end of August, keeps fresh till December, and, provided a portion of the plant be gathered with it, is capable of being preserved so during the greater part of the year.

Hedges are also formed of the American aloe. The flower-stems of this superb plant shoot up with astonishing rapidity during the spring to the height of about twenty feet, and, when in full bloom, are covered with flowers from top to bottom; tapering regularly, and com-

posing a beautiful pyramid or thyrsus, with the fine spreading leaves of the plant for a base. This plant blows once in five or six years, and, as if exhausted with the effort, dies a few months afterwards; throwing up, however, a numerous progeny of suckers to supply its place. A species of thread much used in Sicily, called Zambarone, is obtained from the fibrous leaves of the aloe.

The country around Messina, especially on the side of the Dromo, is thickly studded with the mulberry-tree, which is cultivated less for the fruit than the leaves, the latter being stripped off for the nourishment of the silk-worm*. The almond-tree is met with in almost every

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* Even in this genial climate, the eggs of the silk-worm are kept in rooms, with long narrow apertures in the wall for the admission of only just sufficient air for their preservation. In April, these apertures are closed, and, unless the weather is mild, a slow fire is kept up. This precaution, however, is used only when the eggs are quickening; the incubation being previously accelerated by the women keeping them in their bosoms by day, and under their pillows by night, previous to their expected animation. In proportion as the caterpillars are produced, leaves of the white mulberry are strewed over them, upon which they creep: they are then placed in shallow baskets, on a kind of shelves made of canes, where they undergo the changes of moulting, during which they are kept clean, and regularly supplied with fresh leaves. As they are extremely voracious, if uninjured by any sudden change of atmosphere, an ounce of eggs will devour, from the time of hatching to the third and last casting, on an average 1500 pounds' weight of leaves. The three changes occupy about forty days, when they begin to envelope themselves in a cocoon or pod. Some of these cocoons are preserved for propagating the species, and in about ten days the chrysalis,

part of the island, and is very productive. The nut itself, and the oil expressed from it, form staple articles of exportation.

Among the more rare of the vegetable productions of Sicily may be enumerated the manna-tree, the ricinus palma Christi, and the cotton-plant. The former of these —the fraxinus ornus—a species of ash, is found in greatest abundance in the neighbourhood of Castellamare, Carini, Cefalù, and Caronìa. Towards the commencement of August, horizontal incisions are made in the bark of the tree, from whence exudes a glutinous liquor of a whitish colour, which being received on the leaves of the prickly pear, soon hardens in the sun, when it is scraped off and packed in boxes for exportation.

" The ricinus palma Christi grows luxuriantly in most parts of the country, and bears innumerable clusters of the bean, as pregnant of castor oil as those of tropical regions.

" The cotton-plant is an object of agriculture at Mazzara, and other places where the influence of the westerly breezes is most felt. It is a small shrub with a yellow flower, and attains the height of from one to two feet: it is sown in April, and blooms in July and August: the

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having undergone its last transformation, forces its way through one end of the cocoon, and issues forth a heavy, ill-looking moth. The other pods are placed in the sun, or in a slow oven, to kill the chrysalis, and are afterwards thrown into coppers of hot water to dissolve the glutinous particles by which the filaments adhere together: the raw silk is then wound off, over glass hooks, upon reels made for the purpose.—*Smyth's Memoir.*

pods are about the size of a large walnut; when ripe, they burst and expose the delicate down within, which is gathered for store in September and October.

" A trade is also carried on in the fruit, the spirit, and the syrup of the carubba, or locust, a species of bean, the produce of a beautiful indigenous tree—the ceratoria siliqua—that sweeps the ground with its fine arched branches. It is of a hardy nature, and flourishes in most parts of the island, and particularly in the country of Modica and the Val di Noto. The pods are long and hard, not unlike those of the tamarind; and are not only used for cattle, but as an alterative and stomachic food for the peasants.

" The liquorice plant is found growing spontaneously on the plains of Milazzo and Catania, and in the south-west of Sicily, where a considerable quantity of liquorice is manufactured for exportation. The roots are cut into slips and bruised in a press, then thrown into a caldron and boiled for several hours: they are afterwards placed on a strainer, through which the juice trickles into a trough; this liquor is again boiled until it condenses to a thick black paste, when it is packed up in bay leaves for sale*."

To the above productions of this fertile but neglected island, we might add the date—though no longer grown in any considerable quantity—and the pistacio nut; together with saffron and sumach, which may be reckoned among its exports. " Many plants of the most delicate na-

* Smyth's Memoir.

ture," observes Smyth, " flourish in the open air, of which the principal are some species of the musa, the lotus, the antholyza, the zizyphus, the nymphæa, the cannacorus, the cassia, and the euphorbia; and many rare species of the cactus, the acacia, the cyperus papyrus, and other botanical productions, more especially in the luxuriant grounds of Palermo, Girgenti, Syracuse, Carini, and the Ætnean regions. Such declivities as are too steep for cultivation, but have the advantage of a northern aspect, produce an abundance of brush-wood, consisting of the arbutus, the myrtle, the coronilla, several species of heath, the Spanish-broom, and the evergreen oak. These luxuriant beauties are cut down every third year, as in that time they attain a sufficient size to form fagots."

So much for Sicily. At Messina we put ourselves on board the steam-boat which plies between Sicily and Naples, and, after a short stay at the latter place, retraced our steps to Rome.

END OF VOL. II.

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